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MEMOIR OF BISHOP WILKINSON

VOL. II.

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Ever your loving Father
Geo. H. Thurn.

MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON

BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS DUNKELD AND DUNBLANE
AND PRIMUS OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH
FORMERLY BISHOP OF TRURO

BY

ARTHUR JAMES MASON D.D.
ONE OF HIS CHAPLAINS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW IMPRESSION

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CONTENTS

FIFTH PERIOD—TRURO

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Durham Offer	1
II.	Appointment to Truro	7
III.	The New Bishop and his Predecessor	22
IV.	Consecration and Enthronement	40
V.	Diocesan Work	56
VI.	Impressions and Recollections	71
VII.	Miscellaneous Letters	88
VIII.	Work Beyond the Diocese	94
IX.	Letters to the Archbishop	102
X.	The Cathedral	119
XI.	The Beginnings of his Community	139
XII.	The Community at Alverton	153
XIII.	Later Letters to the Sisters	165
XIV.	Illness and Resignation	179
XV.	The Voyage to South Africa	202

SIXTH PERIOD—ST. ANDREWS

I.	Entering upon Work in Scotland	229
II.	The Cathedral Centre	241
III.	Diocesan and Other Work	258
IV.	Reminiscences	278
V.	The Primus and his Work	304
VI.	The Mission of Help	321
VII.	Unity	364
VIII.	Personal Life in the Last Days	406
IX.	The End	419
	INDEX	445

LIST OF PLATES

PORTRAIT OF THE BISHOP (Photogravure) . . *Frontispiece*

From a Photograph by W. Dower, Truro

ST. NINIAN'S CATHEDRAL, PERTH, 1908 . . . *To face p.* 241

From a Photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh

BISHOP WILKINSON IN 1903 (Photogravure) . . „ „ 417

From a Photograph by W. Dower, Truro

MEMOIR

OF

BISHOP WILKINSON

FIFTH PERIOD

TRURO

CHAPTER I

THE DURHAM OFFER

It was towards the end of the year 1882 that Wilkinson received the most attractive invitation which had yet come to him to leave his work at St. Peter's. The great Lightfoot, who had been consecrated to the see of Durham in 1879, offered him a canonry at Durham with a view to his doing evangelistic work in the diocese at large. Such situations were as yet novel. Bishop Benson had recently made an experiment of the kind in Cornwall, but none of the older dioceses had been provided with a 'Canon Missioner.' The position of a canon in such a cathedral as that of Durham is one of the highest dignity; and to have the offer of the position from such a man as Lightfoot exalted the dignity a hundredfold. To have returned to the old diocese under that patronage and in those conditions would have been sweet to the heart of any man, especially to anyone who cared for his native county as Wilkinson did.

He set himself as usual to consult friends. Their advice varied. One wrote :

To consider your points one by one :

1. The influence at St. Peter's. This seems to me the most important point to consider carefully. There is so much in what you say, ' I have long felt that the work is beyond me,' that one asks, what would become of St. Peter's if your health should break down under the strain ? . . . God who sent you there will, if you are not leaving through any wrong motive or self-will, provide for your work in London. The fact that your work is in a good state to be handed over to another is an important one.

2. The fact that Bishop Lightfoot invites you to come is in itself important. He is far too wise a man to ask you to leave work in London without some urgent cause.

. . . I saw or heard the other day that there is a large increase in the number of undergraduates at Durham, and there may be a work to be done among them which will be very greatly for the good of the Church. Your connexion with the North is certainly not to be disregarded.

3. The canonry would give you what would perhaps prolong your life—work without the terrible strain of such a parish as yours or the far more terrible burden of a bishopric. Men of a less sensitive temperament than yours could bear the responsibility of a bishop's office better than you. If God clearly and unmistakably called you to the episcopal office, it would be like a call to martyrdom. . . . You will be a *free* man—free to speak to us all as occasion serves. You can speak to Bishops, clergy, to all, with a greater freedom than you would have in almost any position. Surely this is worth consideration. No one is so free as a canon. . . .

Perhaps what weighs most strongly with me is that you must probably under any circumstances soon give up St. Peter's, and one can hardly picture to oneself any position in which without a break down of health you could do more good than in this canonry.

Another wrote in like manner :

I think your eyes should be always open to the fact that the continual effort of keeping such a parish work as yours to the high pressure mark is a most tremendous strain, so continual,

so many-sided. Hence the *quære*, may not a change to another work be *meant* as a relief, granting a new power to the faculties by a shifting of the pressure of thought and care? Such a change, I believe, is at our time of life, a very useful, often a needful one. *Where* we work for God is immaterial—a refreshed force by which to do it is often a benediction.

But the doctors, on the whole, were against the proposal, and so were other weighty voices. From beside the dying bed of Archbishop Tait, one who was Bishop Lightfoot's Examining Chaplain—the present Archbishop of Canterbury—wrote:

After the most careful and prayerful weighing of the matter, I have myself been led pretty decidedly to the conclusion that you ought not to leave St. Peter's for such work as is proposed, important though it is. I have considered every word of what you say as to your link with the North, your inclination and experience in Mission work, and the importance you rightly attach to the great battlefield[1] of the colliery land. My own little experiences of Auckland and Newcastle and Durham at Ember-tides, and my talk with the ordinands, enable me to know *something* of what the needs and possibilities of those districts are, and I do not underrate them.

But, then, I do know, too, what you are in London, not merely as a parish priest (of that others can judge better), but as a centre of influence and usefulness and peace, far beyond any parochial relations direct or indirect. I honestly do not think I am looking at it, as the Bishop of Durham seems to fear, merely from a Londoner's point of view. The anomalous position I have come—in God's providence—to hold gives me perhaps quite exceptional opportunity of judging how far and deeply your influence direct and indirect does extend in the Church problems and difficulties of to-day. That this sort of influence on the side of peace and loyalty in these troubled days could be maintained in any activity if you were living at Durham is, I think, obviously out of the question. Others, of whom I claim to be one, can judge, I think, better than you can, what is the power God has at present placed in your hands, and how weighty the consequences might be, were you to lay it down.

In short, I cannot feel that you have any *call* to Durham

[1] Bishop Lightfoot had said that the battle of the Church must be fought in the North.

sufficiently emphatic to bid you resign your present position in the affairs of the Church at what must, after all, be its real centre. I do not at all say that these same objections would stand, were you called to a *higher* office. A Bishop's position in the Church of England of to-day is not a local one: a Canon Missioner's position *is* a local one, and you could not possibly retain, while working at Durham, the place in the Church at large which God enables you to fill at present.

The Bishop of London had no hesitation in giving his judgment. On November 15 he called at Wilkinson's house to talk the matter over with him, and was met by the question—probably not often put to a Bishop of London at the door of one of his presbyters—whether he came by appointment. There was no admittance for him otherwise. He wrote next day:

My dear Wilkinson,—When I called yesterday, and was asked 'whether I had an appointment,' I thought that when an Incumbent, not being either a professed student or a sluggard, finds it expedient to lay down any such rule, it can be no slight work that he is doing.

I had been trying all day to strip off, on the one side, all my own *præjudicia* (which are no doubt very strong) against your going, arising from personal feeling and from natural preference for my own diocese, and on the other hand, the very natural and perhaps strong attraction which *you* may have towards the old country, but which may be classed among the sentimental motives—so as to view the question in the *lumen siccum* of duty.

On the whole I cannot but think it your duty to decline. I do not undervalue the work which a missionary clergyman or canon may do—and still less what you as a missionary canon would do—in a diocese; but I consider that many might be found who could do *that* work as well, or nearly as well, as you would, while there are very few indeed in comparison who could supply your place as a parish priest, even were you beginning in a fresh place. But as it is, with the position you have established, the influence you have gained, and the machinery you have set at work, the value of the services done to our Lord's Church—not merely to your parish—is much greater, in my judgment, than could be rendered in the position now offered you. I may mention *inter alia* the proof you have given and are giving that it is possible in the Church of England to furnish all the aids,

ministerial and sacramental, needed for the spiritual health of her children, without the exaggerations (to use a mild term) which, borrowed from the Church of Rome, have a tendency to lead to it.

I have not touched on considerations arising from health, family, and income, because your decision would not hinge on these; but it is material that they all bear in one direction. I would rather talk on such a matter than write, but I shall not be in London again this week, and to-day is all engaged; and I fear you have not much opportunity of reaching Fulham, where, however, I shall be at home at luncheon time (1.30) to-morrow and Saturday.

May God guide you aright!

Affectely. yours,
J. London.

I have just been talking to the Bishop of Lichfield, who agrees with me.

These counsels did not immediately determine Wilkinson's questionings. He wrote to Bishop Lightfoot asking for time, and telling the opinions of friends who advised him to go. The Bishop answered on November 24 that he did not wish him to hurry his decision in a matter of so great importance.

Important it is, he added—more important perhaps than either you or I foresee—for the future of the Gospel and the Church in England. I have nothing to add to your summary of the views of those friends who see in this invitation to the North a call to a new and great work for Christ. It exactly expresses the ideal which I had in my mind. It would be faithless to suppose the problem insoluble; and honestly I say it, I do not know any man in England who seems better marked out than yourself for attempting the solution. I was disappointed that you were not called to Newcastle,[1] but I should at once recognise my short-sightedness in this disappointment, if you should see your way to the acceptance of this canonry. For I seem to see here the potentiality of a far greater, because an exceptional, work than in any ordinary episcopate.

The results, however, are in God's hands. I can only assure

[1] Through the exertions of Bishop Lightfoot the see of Newcastle had been founded that year. Ernest Wilberforce was chosen for the first Bishop.

you, if you need assuring, that, if you come, you shall have my confidence wholly. It is not in my way to distrust those whom I have deliberately appointed to important positions, and in this case I have carefully considered the matter in all its bearings.

How true the last paragraph of the great Bishop's letter was would be amply testified by Dr. George Body, to whom he turned next.

Wilkinson now proceeded to write out fully, on several sheets of foolscap paper, his 'Reasons for not leaving London.' They were conclusive, as against the Durham offer, but when he made this estimate of the situation, Wilkinson little knew how soon the whole matter would be reopened, and with a different issue.

CHAPTER II

APPOINTMENT TO TRURO

On the first Sunday in Advent, December 3, Archbishop Tait died. Three clergymen were engaged in taking a Mission together in Cornwall. One of them was Wilkinson's old friend the Rev. J. H. Moore. When they heard next morning of the Archbishop's death, one of them said, 'Now you will see; they will take our Bishop for Canterbury, and send Wilkinson to succeed him here.' Mr. Moore replied, 'If they do, I shall melt into a week of thanksgiving.' He was *voti reus*; the prophecy came true. The letter in which Mr. Gladstone offered the see of Canterbury to Bishop Benson ended with the post-script: 'Were not this letter sufficiently charged already, I would ask what information can your Lordship give me concerning Mr. Wilkinson (of St. Peter's, Eaton Square).' [1]

Wilkinson's connexion with Cornwall was already formed. In 1877, within a few months of the consecration of the first Bishop of Truro, the Bishop was walking with a friend, and asked him whom he should appoint to be one of his Examining Chaplains, as the number was not yet complete. The friend suggested Wilkinson. Bishop Benson was much struck by the suggestion, but he did not yet know Wilkinson well. 'Isn't he a very High Churchman?' he enquired. In a short time the chaplaincy was offered, and was accepted, and in the following summer Wilkinson was installed in the Canonry of St. Petroc in the humble building which then served as the cathedral of the new diocese.

The two men had corresponded before. On February 13 of

[1] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 548.

that year, 1877, Wilkinson wrote to ask the Bishop Designate if he could preach at St. Peter's on a Sunday in Lent. He said :

' Mr. Mason has been telling me some of your plans for Truro, in which I am deeply interested. They promise to supply the one great need which in a similar diocese (Durham)—so far as the power of Wesleyanism is concerned—was forced upon my mind continually. I should like, apart from my own wish to have the privilege of making your acquaintance, that my people should know you, so as to follow your new work with their sympathy and prayers. Pray forgive me for writing so freely, but I cannot feel that we are really strangers to each other.

Dr. Benson could not go, but he replied :

The thought of such a people and church as yours ' following my work (in its newness) with their sympathy and prayers ' is indeed a thought which would draw me to your bidding at once, if it *could* be. . . . You rejoice me much by saying that you do not feel we are strangers to each other. I have learnt so much from you, directly or indirectly, and had my thoughts so much in many ways directed to your work in lifting the souls of men—mine among them—that I think *your* sense of the bond with me comes from a sympathy which is not quite of this world. A thousand thanks—and the hope that you will let the word *Cornubia* just appear in your long Bede-roll.

The next letter was that which invited Wilkinson to be chaplain :

Kenwyn, Truro : 8 Aug., 1877.

My dear Sir,—I could not and should not complain if you thought this letter a presumptuous one, my personal acquaintance with you is so little, and is, in this, so contrasted with my reverence for your work and you.

But Arthur Mason shall sponsor me on the personal side, and he is most, most anxious that I should feel justified in writing.

After this long preface I ask you whether you will confer on me the very particular honour of being my chaplain, taking part (even occasionally, if it must be so) in my ordinations. I know that you throw your heart earnestly in with the importance of this Cornish work ; I can only say that it seems to me so *appallingly* important, that fifty times a day I can only fall back on the *call*, to enable myself the least to understand

how I can be supposed to face it, while *viri vere apostolici* have to work in beaten tracks.

I know that you fully appreciate this, that there is nothing whatever to be done *here*, except by enabling our overwhelming Nonconformity—a zealously religious people here at least—to find Godliness, Life, and a Moving Spirit in Churchmen. This they do not believe (and they have their reasons for it), and hence Church Doctrines which seem to them to have effected so little for us, come out to them in all the colours of superstition. There is nothing to be done except by traversing them through and through with a spiritual clergy.

You must not wonder then that I ask you if it is possible for you to think of coming down to see the groups of candidates and influence *them* from time to time, *when* you can spare yourself from your work in London. My dear Chaplain on the spot bids me say that for paper work in the examinations you shall have only just what you like to take—if it is only enough to enable you to judge of their pastoral views. Anything more we will not ask, but only *apponemus lucro* if you give it. But if I might call you Chaplain, and Examining Chaplain, and so have a claim not only to your prayers but to such good offices as you can add, I shall be indeed,

Your ever grateful,

E. W. Truro :

Wilkinson answered :

Aug. 16, 1877.

My dear Lord,—I am very much obliged to your Lordship for the proposal which you have made to me. I have the greatest interest in your Diocese, not only from my personal respect for yourself, but from the strong conviction which I entertain that you are called by God quietly to develop in Cornwall those Evangelical-Catholic principles which, having been tested in your Diocese, will be accepted by the Church at large in the next generation. In all my parishes (to compare small things with great) I have found that God generally begins to bless the work in some out of the way part and then sends the fire so kindled into the heart of the parish. God grant it may be so with Truro.

For myself you will kindly allow a word of personal explanation. The work here is overpowering. Apart from strangers, I have 12,000 (6000 rich, 6000 poor) and three churches. The upper divide into two or three different sets (so to speak) residing

for different periods of the year. Hence their number is more like 12,000 upper class. Public Church Work grows upon me as Church difficulties increase. Added to this, God was pleased three years ago to let me break down. Since then I am obliged to live by rule, not work beyond a certain hour in the evening, have food at regular hours, in fact obey Dr. Andrew Clark absolutely. Whenever I disobey I find that all my work suffers. I lose the calm spirit on which all my work here depends (under God), and undo much that had been accomplished when I was more obedient.

I thank God for the trial, for I needed it, and it has now almost ceased to be a trial. The result, however, is that I dare not (as in olden days) make *spurts*—overtake arrears by late hours, &c., &c. By hardly ever leaving home, I am able (thank God) to do, I hope, as much work as most men, but each time I leave home upsets everything. My first duty is to St. Peter's. I might never be able to go to Truro, much as I might desire it. For *Examining* Chaplain I have no capacity, as twenty years' hard practical work has developed another part of my being.

Now, my dear Lord, I have told you all and I leave myself in your hands. I can never fail (please God) to feel the deepest interest in your Lordship's work. If it will help forward that work to give me any office under your Lordship, I will thankfully accept it, but I know that God will guide you to do what is best for your Diocese and for His glory.

Forgive a long, egotistical letter, and believe me,

Your faithful servant,

G. H. WILKINSON.

To this the Bishop answered :

Kenwyn : Aug. 21, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been very much humbled, and very much lifted up—as who should help being ?—by your letter. You do indeed bid one lift up one's eyes to the Hills . . . .

I cannot help trusting that somehow you will find opportunity, and perhaps even sometimes health in the opportunity, for coming to show the Teachers here something of what you understand and express by 'Evangelical-Catholic' teaching. And in this trust I cannot help repeating, with deep earnestness, after seeking guidance very simply, my request that you would honour my work in the best way by binding yourself to it as a Chaplain. If you think you could come down here even once a year, especially if that could be alternately at Trinity

and at Advent, you would have had one word said to each of the men whom you desire to see work in this spirit, catching each company at either their deacon or priest ordination. . . .

Yours sincerely,

E. W. TRURON :

In the following November (Mrs. Wilkinson had died in the mean time) the two men met face to face for the first time. The Bishop wrote to Mrs. Benson :

I've been to see Wilkinson—tell Mason 'the half was not told me.' We had a very long, very serious talk, full of fears and yet of joyfulness. I knew him in a former state of existence very intimately.[1]

Wilkinson's first visit to Cornwall took place at the Trinity Embertide of the following year. He gave the addresses in preparation for the ordination, and preached at the ordination itself. Among those who were ordained was the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, now Rector of Lambeth, whose works on 'Vital Religion' and similar subjects have done so much to carry on the characteristic work of Wilkinson. The effect produced upon the candidates was very strong. One of them, the Rev. Alfred Swainson, now deceased, said that in the afternoon of Trinity Sunday he met in the street of Truro a layman whom he knew. The layman, by a momentary confusion of nomenclature, congratulated him upon having been 'converted,' and then saw his mistake and profusely apologised. 'No,' said Mr. Swainson, 'you were quite right; that was exactly what happened to us.'

There was an excellent institution of long standing in the diocese of Truro—long before the foundation of the see—known as the Devotional Conference, held twice a year for two consecutive days. That year the Bishop sent round to the clergy a printed notice, in which he said that he had invited Wilkinson to take part in the summer meeting of the Conference, and to read a paper on the Wednesday afternoon.

But hoping for your kind approval, he added, I have asked Mr. Wilkinson to remain with us two days more—until the

[1] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 438.

Friday evening, when he leaves for London—to continue devotional exercises and addresses with us in the cathedral, while we assign the intervals to as much of quiet thought and prayer as we can gain.

Wilkinson took for his subject on the Wednesday afternoon the way to bring souls into peace, laying down instructions in the clearest as well as the most spiritual manner, as was his wont. Then, after a vigorous summary from the Bishop, the gathering passed on into a kind of Diocesan Retreat, in the course of which a large number of the Cornish clergy began to have some knowledge of the man who was afterwards to be their Bishop.

The yearly visits for the summer Ordination came to be eagerly looked forward to.

The candidates for orders are here now, the Bishop wrote, and Mr. Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is staying with us, and is, oh! such a holy man of God. He made us all, not merely have, but keep tears in our eyes. Not by anything particular, but by simply making us feel the truth and greatness of the work to be done for Jesus Christ, and the poor creatures we are in working out the Kingdom of God, though God Himself gives us such storehouses of power if we will only draw from them. 'Nothing impossible waits you,' he said. And he brought out wonderfully the power of one single soul for good on the society about it, if it's really in simple earnest, and sees things as they *are*. He made the next world seem (as it is) all ready to burst in on this, and the separation so slight.[1]

In lighter moments the Bishop would say that Wilkinson was never satisfied until he had made all the candidates 'look green.' He felt an unbounded thankfulness for the help that he had gained in him.

What brave helpers He bestows upon us, he wrote, as it were direct from heaven! . . . Whitaker to broaden knowledge, Wilkinson to deepen and deepen us all without stopping.[2]

And if Bishop Benson was impressed by Wilkinson, Wilkinson on his side was no less impressed by what he saw of the

[1] Donaldson, *Bishopric of Truro*, p. 61. [2] *Ibid.*

Bishop and his creative work. He told the people at St. Peter's that it was like the Acts of the Apostles.

Wilkinson told me, Bishop Benson wrote in his diary, that he himself was quite carried away with the possibilities that opened out before him of the Church in Cornwall; and that at his first Communion in our homely little cathedral, the text, 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' was borne in upon him with such a divine force that he changed all the outline of what he meant to say into this theme, and gave up the plan of what he had prepared.[1]

Wilkinson wrote to the Bishop on July 2, 1878, after his first visit, enclosing a subscription, with promise of further subscription, to the Cathedral Building Fund, and said:

My people were delighted with the honour which I had received in the Canonry. I have had nothing but congratulations from all classes, down to one of the cabmen, who came to tell me how glad he was 'at what had happened.' I said, 'What?' 'Oh, sir, that you have got promoted.' It is an increasing happiness to me, and I thank God for it. What I feel of gratitude to yourself, my dear Lord, for all your kindness I can never express. I hope that you know how real it is—how joyfully, by God's help, I will do anything that I can to prove its reality by my deeds.

The hearts of many have been cheered by what I have told them of the work of God in Cornwall. May He be with you, my dear Lord Bishop, day by day and hour by hour, with all the sevenfold gifts of the Blessed Spirit.

In the next chapter of this Memoir will be found many letters which illustrate the relations between the first Bishop of Truro and his chaplain, from the time when Wilkinson became a Canon of Truro to the time when he was made its Bishop.

Mr. Gladstone's request for information about Mr. Wilkinson was, no doubt, only a kind way of making it easier for Bishop Benson to accept the Primacy by assuring him of a sympathetic successor at Truro. Mr. Gladstone had known Wilkinson

[1] Donaldson, *Bishopric of Truro*, p. 197.

longer than the Bishop. But his letter had the desired effect. The Bishop answered :

In Mr. Wilkinson there is an almost unique union of truest sympathy with the progress of the Church, deep inner devotion, and marvellous tact in influencing the men of the upper class and the very poorest of the people, and making them care for each other, and also a perfectly admirable power of developing business-like and detailed organisations, without letting the workers lose sight of first principles. From the collocation of your question, I venture to add that in this new diocese there are a number of necessarily new organisations quietly at work, which I should be very loth indeed to break from. But Mr. Wilkinson knows them well, is in perfect sympathy with them, has had a large share in arranging some, and encouraging all. The religious heart of Cornwall, where the social and religious separations are so great, would be (and I have seen it so) remarkably susceptible of his influence.[1]

Wilkinson's friends this time seem to have been unanimous in advising him to accept the offer. The wise Bishop of London said (January 13, 1883) :

Thinking it very probable that you would be offered Truro, I have been considering the question you have now put to me ; and I have come to the conclusion—unwillingly from my point of view, I must own—that, with the doctor's approval, you should accept. If you are to be a Bishop—whose work, *meo judicio*, is not so happy by a good deal as that of a parish Priest—there is no diocese in which at present you would be so especially useful as that of Truro. You know it and its Bishop well, and there is probably no one else who would carry out his ideas and method in the same spirit and with the same prospect of success. A routine, lawyer-like Bishop, however learned, just and amiable, would be a misfortune at present to a comparatively infant and unformed diocese.

From the health point of view, the new Archbishop wrote :

I do not believe that the climate will hurt any of you—specially *you*. It will slightly enervate you and therefore you will *feel* disappointingly languid. But it will be letting down

[1] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 548. His letter to Wilkinson will be found on p. 563 of the same work.

all that tension and enforcing a rest to the nerves which otherwise you would not and could not take. This lotos-eating will be soothing you down for another period of severe work—for you don't end in Cornwall.

The people who had most reason to press him to refuse were the congregation of St. Peter's. There was no better representative of that congregation than Lady Harriet Ashley, a true friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson. But she wrote :

I wish I could find in my mind the shadow of a doubt of what the decision should be. It surely is the answer to the many prayers offered for that vacant see.

These are the questions I ask myself :

Will it not be a great gain and strength to the Church at large ? Are you not the person best fitted to carry on that work ? Will your influence not be greater in Convocation even than now ?

To these I can find but one answer.

On the other side the loss to the Church in London will be incalculable, for the work you have done for some time past is more that of a Bishop than a Parish Priest. The loss of your influence on the ' Upper Ten,' who now all trust you, will be immense—more especially in your power to raise men and women of that stamp above the level of the world which well nigh engulfs them, and to rekindle in their hearts the love of all that is holy and pure, and to infuse the true spirit of work for God and of missionary enterprise. Who can do this so well, or who can set forth all the beauty of our Prayer Book and Anglican ritual ?

But then, for how much longer will you be able to endure the fearful strain of it all ? and so would it not be wiser to rest (I know that Truro *is* hard work) by a *change* of work ? and then perhaps my dream might be realised in a few years of seeing you come back to us all as Bishop of London ! I own that perhaps some less hard post would better come up to my idea, but it might not be offered if another Government came in, or you might then have taxed your strength too much. But Dr. Andrew Clark will never let you accept this if it is too hard, for of course your life is doubly valuable now to your children, and they are still very young.

On the loss to all of us I dare not touch. You know it better

than I can write it. But we must be so thankful that you have been spared to us so long, and that *at last* your true and earnest work and teaching has found some recognition at the hands of the 'Powers that be,' even if you do not take it. I have felt this was coming for some time; perhaps you may remember saying to me at the beginning of Advent, you had 'entered on a new lease,' and my answer, 'Yes, but a short one.' That wonderful response to the Advent teaching; the strangely large offertory on Christmas Day, when so many were away; the money so easily gathered for the school; these and many other little things all seemed to me blessings given *just* at that moment when perhaps you were a little depressed about the parish, so that if you should be called away from us, the fruit of the last part of your ministry should be the same as at the start, and so that your heart might be cheered and strengthened.

I can quite enter into all your children's feelings. I own that like them I was quite upset at the thought; but somehow after this morning's Celebration the prayer for peace for each and all days of our life has been in some degree answered to me, and so I have been able in this fragmentary way to put my thoughts together. Forgive me if I have said more than I have any right to say, but I felt obliged to write much that is in my heart.

In Wilkinson's own heart there appears to have been but little conflict. Although his health had been pronounced to be on the whole better than usual, the year had been one of trial. In February 1882 the 'dear Aunt Grey' had died, to whom so much of his life's happiness was due. In March his daughter Carina lay at death's door, and seemed only to be brought back to life in answer to united prayers. In May it was feared that he would be obliged himself to undergo an operation for fistula. Plans seemed to go wrong. While away on his holiday at Mürren he had 'the most terrible nervousness that I have had since my illness.' He fainted the day after Archbishop Tait's funeral. 'Two terrible days,' he notes in the following week; 'each day worse, only struggling on—terrible depression.'

The way seemed clear and plain.

That strange Friday, 12th January, he notes—the day on which Mr. Gladstone's letter came, as [Wharton] Smith was

waiting for our walk, and Geordie came into my dressing-room. That Saturday night, as we all sat round the table and read the letters from Bodington and Bishop of London, &c. How wonderful they all were, and all agreeing. But which of us will ever forget it ? . . .

Monday was a day of mercy. George, Harry, Con, Ernie, all who were allowed, at Holy Communion, and then (as had been the case yesterday) began the old tender way in which He used to speak to me before the need to wean me from depending on voices obliged Him (I think) to give it up. But it came : 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.' 'Quasi visio hominis, et confortavit me'—the Daniel vision which Cara and I—my own own Cara—read together in our last service. . . .

Began Jan. 30 [1] to thank God for it, in Hope and Faith. What I do, you do not, you cannot grasp now : you will understand, apprehend it afterwards. The light and beauty of Cathedral. The Bishop's work. 'To make ready a people prepared for the Lord'—a diocese in which He can delight ! How the light breaks if I sit still and let Him speak ! how I must be ready to be upset.

It is needless to say how his approaching departure was felt by the people of St. Peter's. A Society paper for March 14, 1883, observes :

The last words of the Bishop Designate of Truro to his present flock are being listened to with an interest and attention that seem to increase as the Sundays follow one another. A very striking sight is the nave of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at the morning service. The seats in the body of the church and galleries densely crowded ; the aisles thronged with people, men especially, willing to stand through the whole service, if they cannot get a camp-stool, or even a hassock, to sit upon ; the vast congregation surging up to the chancel steps, and all the faces fixed on the preacher who speaks to them as few other clergymen in London speak to their people—this, I repeat, is a very striking sight. For Mr. Wilkinson's words are bold words, and perhaps their very boldness and outspoken truth form the attraction.

The way in which the appointment was received by the world

[1] When he visited Truro.

in general may be exemplified by the leading article in the 'Standard' of January 19:

The Clergymen who have been selected to fill the vacant sees of Truro and Llandaff will, no doubt, be welcomed in their respective Dioceses with the greatest satisfaction; but one of them will leave a blank in the clerical world of London which will be the source of commensurate regret. The Rev. Canon Wilkinson, who has been appointed to succeed Dr. Benson, has been known for the last twelve years as one of the most efficient parish clergymen in the West End of London, where he conciliated all classes by his tact, courtesy, and liberality, and possessed a moral influence over both the rich and the poor of his extensive parish which nothing but a conviction on their part of his absolute sincerity and piety could have enabled him to exercise. . . . Under his direction St. Peter's, Eaton Square, became the centre of a novel kind of Church life, which combined many of the best elements of Wesleyanism on the one side and High Churchmanship on the other. . . . On the chief centre of London fashion he succeeded in making an impression which none but a man of very peculiar talents could have effected. He enlisted in the service of the Church hundreds who, till they came under his influence, had been devoted exclusively to lives of pleasure; and his development of the parochial system on the lines of extreme High Churchmanship [1] without Ritualism among the class with whom he had principally to deal is, perhaps, a unique work. . . . His leanings were decidedly towards the school of High Churchmen which has shown so much renewed strength within the last twenty years; but he was far too prudent—we may say too large-minded—to commit himself to Ritualistic extremes, and he never, that we know of, gave any offence to the party most opposed to himself.

The organ of the party referred to, the 'Record,' was much puzzled what to say. It commented thus upon the appointment:

Thankful as we feel for the evangelistic zeal which has always shone forth both in the pulpit utterances and the parochial labours of Canon Wilkinson, we cannot but express an earnest hope that in his new position of increased power and

[1] The reader will not need to be told that this was a greatly exaggerated estimate. But it is instructive that people should have been able to form it.

responsibility he may be led to a more complete view of Scriptural truth. The mixture of high sacramentarian doctrine with the most earnest and faithful preaching of the Gospel has hitherto produced a painful confusion in his teaching as a whole, which renders it difficult to use words either of praise or of disapproval concerning it without being misunderstood.

The feelings of the diocese of Truro were expressed in an article in 'The Church in Cornwall,' headed 'Our new Bishop,' following one of a few days earlier on 'Our loss.'

Cornish Churchmen cannot offer too hearty a thanksgiving to God for the mercy which has been bestowed upon us. It would be vain to pretend that any other man could be to us all that our first Bishop has been; but there is probably no one in England who could have gone so near to redressing 'our loss' as Canon Wilkinson. The appointment is so obviously fitting that its very fitness threatened to be an obstacle to the realisation of it. It seldom seems to happen that the man whom every one names for a particular post is in the end selected to fill it; and in this instance, had the votes of all Cornish people been taken—not Churchmen only, but religious persons of all sorts—there would hardly, we imagine, have been a voice that would not, on reflexion, have called for Canon Wilkinson.

In few English sees of late years has there been any attempt to preserve a traditionary character; indeed there has hardly been a traditionary character to preserve. Bishops have been selected on the grounds of personal eminence, or for some other reason, rather than with the idea of carrying on successfully the distinguishing work of the diocese they are to govern. But in this case, as well as in that of Canterbury, the first thought seems to have been to continue, with the least possible jar, the traditions which the appointed prelates inherit. Canon Wilkinson knows us. He is one of us. He is a canon of our own Cathedral. Sir James Hogg, M.P. for Truro, is his churchwarden in London, and other leading persons in the county are members of the congregation at St. Peter's. And his attachment to us is not official only. Ever since his first visit to us in 1878, when he was a stranger to us and to our Bishop, he has been deeply drawn to us. Those who are well acquainted with St. Peter's, Eaton Square, know how continually Cornwall has, since that time, been thought and spoken of there. At the

altar, in sermons, at prayer-meetings, Truro has been made a constant topic of intercession and generous comment. Four times, in 1878, 1879, 1880, 1882, Canon Wilkinson, as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Truro, has conducted the summer Ordination Retreats, so that a large proportion of our younger clergy have already been in the closest spiritual contact with him. On the first of these occasions he stayed through the following week to take part in the Devotional Conference of the clergy; and few of the seventy or eighty who attended it are likely to forget the effect produced by his words, both in the Conference and in the Retreat with which he followed it up. And in the most vivid moment of our life as a diocese, Canon Wilkinson was present. A man who had not been with us on the great Twentieth of May[1] could hardly have entered into sympathy with our present position. But our Bishop Designate was there; and one of the photographs of the scene preserves a touching though trifling little incident—Canon Wilkinson stands bareheaded, holding up his own cap to screen his master's neck from the fierce rays of the sun.

As an admirable account of our new Bishop's life and work has appeared in the 'Western Morning News' for January 19, we may feel relieved from the necessity of giving the details of his biography. There is one point in which his experience is widely different from his predecessor's. Bishop Benson, though he can enter into parochial difficulties as few other men could who had never felt them at first hand, has never been rector, vicar, or curate. Mr. Wilkinson is, above all things, a parish priest. Without fear of contradiction, we may say that his parish is recognised as being among the four or five best worked parishes in England, although few can be harder to work. The parochial clergy will therefore feel that they have at their head one who will understand them. At the same time Mr. Wilkinson was among the first to take up the Mission movement, and in the great Mission at Leeds some years ago, as well as in many others, he has himself been proved to be one of the most searching missioners of the time. In this direction also he will, accordingly, be in sympathy with a marked element in our diocesan life. Enthusiastic in his loyalty to the Church and Church ways, he lays much stress upon those processes by which the soul is brought to an active inward com-

[1] The day when the foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid.

munion with God. The influences which the eighteenth century left at work in Cornwall will recognise in him one who fully knows their value, and knows also how they need to be supplemented. As some one said the other day, no one will be able to doubt that our new Bishop is 'a converted man.' It shows an extraordinary kindness of God to our county, that such a man should not have been claimed by some other see before now, but should have been reserved for us.

CHAPTER III

THE NEW BISHOP AND HIS PREDECESSOR

THE relations of the new Bishop of Truro to his predecessor were so unique, that some extracts from his letters to Bishop Benson during the years before his consecration will be read with interest. There was no one to whom Wilkinson poured out his heart and mind so unreservedly as to the Bishop who had made him his chaplain. This deep and sacred intimacy burst into full flower and fruit at the very first visit to Truro; it scarcely became—it scarcely could become—deeper during the years which ended with the Archbishop's death.

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.: Nov. 29, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP, . . . Storms are raging round the Church. Poor S.P.G. has fallen into a difficulty. It is sad at first to hear bitter words and see our leaders in some cases yielding to a panic, and the soldiers daring to weaken the hands of those whom God has ordained to govern them, but then comes the Blessed thought that it is only a little bit of the great mystery of iniquity, and the dear old Book, or rather the Blessed Spirit, has told us that that *must* work, and one of my old Truro Psalms says 'The Lord *is* King, be the people (anno Domini 1878) never so impatient.' Let us labour to enter into His Rest.

Affectionately and gratefully,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

Dec. 8 [1878].

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—I have just come from our Celebration, where prayers were asked for the Bishops' meeting.

I quite feel with you the importance of the present crisis. The account of Mr. Enraght's departure from his parish to prison was very striking. I enclose you, *in confidence*, the account which I received from a man who has in every detail submitted to his Bishop. The crowd of working men, 'God Bless you, Vicar,'

&c. is very touching. I am afraid that the increase (nearly 500, I believe) in the numbers of the members of the [English] Church Union is not a good sign. It looks as if the idea were growing that, in spite of all the sins and mistakes of men like Mr. Dale, the *spiritual Kingdom* of our Lord is in danger. If this fastens on men's minds, the Free Kirk disruption in Scotland is a sign of the danger which we should have to apprehend. I am afraid that the desire to go to prison is taking hold of some of the best and most real of the more extreme men. Personally, I should be thankful if at your meeting to-day (1) The Archbishop would say quietly before God and his brethren that he was mistaken in his charge—that all is *not perfect*—that Lord Penzance's Court has *not* been a complete success. (2) If the Bishops would *at once* appoint a committee of Bishops (including the Bishops of Durham, Lichfield and Truro), and empower them *at once* to co-opt such leading laymen, of all schools of thought and politics, as have shown themselves interested in the Church. (Lord Cranbrook, when I talked the matter out with him in 1877, thought this would work well.) This joint Committee would consider what is best to do, *before Parliament meets*. While it is sitting, a few clergy might be asked, quite quietly, to gather their more devout people together to intercede. The water would be changed into wine. The Governor of the Feast would mark the result, but the *secret* of the Lord would be with the servants who had drawn the water. 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' (3) (But on this head (3) I am doubtful. I have not enough knowledge to give an opinion. It may be necessary to uphold the Majesty of Law.) I should be glad if the Bishops would resolve that in such a case as Mr. Dale's, where both the Archbishop and Bishop of London desired the churchwardens not to prosecute, they would run a little risk and refuse to authorize the prosecution. It may be better to leave here and there a misguided man to disobey, than to break up the union between Church and State, and create (what at all events looks like) a martyr. I should like these things, but I may be quite mistaken. God will guide you all when you are together in Conference. One thing is certain—man's extremity is God's opportunity. When we say humbly, 'Master, we perish,' He says Σιώπα, πεφίμωσο,[1] and when He so speaks there comes a great calm. When Israel is in bondage, then comes Moses. 'Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou

[1] Peace, be still.

shouldest see the glory of God ?' Dearest Bishop, I found last week that the wise men in Oxford are all depending on you, just as the practical men in London all see in you the Church's hope (under God).

You will not forget, will you ? that it is a law of the Kingdom that when God is going to use us, we are allowed to feel very weak and very wicked, and that Satan often uses this feeling to make us act as if our weakness or strength had anything to do with the use which God can make of us. You let me always say what I think to you, my own dear Bishop. Do not, like Moses, try to cast the responsibility on Aaron, but say all that you feel at that meeting to-day.

Ever your grateful and affectionate Chaplain,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

Christmas Eve, 1878.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—May our Lord help you to realise this Christmas[1] how *very very* thin is the veil which divides the two parts of the Holy Temple, and separates the elder brothers and sisters from us.

Ever yours affectionately and respectfully,
G. H. WILKINSON.

[January 1879.]

How kind of you, my dearest Bishop, to send me your book. Your affection helps more than you know to carry me over the waves of this part of my life. How happy it will be in that strange and invisible Kingdom with your boy, and with my own wife, and the great company, to see what each blow of the hammer has *really* meant ; only may we not be found ἀδόκιμοι.[2]

Feb. 10, 1879.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—My people prayed on Saturday for the Mission, and many will go on all the week doing so, I feel sure. I need not say how specially I remembered *you*, my dear Bishop, yesterday.

It is a blessed thought that our pain, linked with His pain, even when it appears to us to be weakening our mental thought and drying up the fountain of spiritual life, is really adding,

[1] Bishop Benson's eldest son, Martin, had died on February 9 of that year.
[2] Castaways.

in the Kingdom of our Lord, a sacrificial power to our words and work. . . .

19 Clifton Crescent, Folkestone[1]: Nov. 13, 1879.

My Own Dear Bishop,—I was so glad to get your letter. I *must* tell you so myself. Constance brought it to me with her hands behind her back and said, 'Who would you like best to have a letter from to-day?' And I said, 'Oh, my own Bishop,' and there it was—God's own gift. This does not mean that I want you to write often. It would make me *really* unhappy if you did. I rest happily on your prayers, and do not want to take one moment from Truro—my Church Home on earth. How all the faces have been before me during these six weeks—yours and Mrs. Benson, and Reeve and Mason, and Whitaker and Walpole, and Carter and (I must not go on with the list). . . . My dear Bishop, the work seems so great and glorious as I look upon it from a distance—quite as great and quite as glorious as when I was with you all. 'The Glory of the Lord *shall* be revealed.' Isaiah xl. 5 &c., and xl. 31, shall be realised by my Bishop and all my dear Brethren. I enclose a letter Constance had written to Mrs. Benson. My future is *very* uncertain, but He will not fail in the future who has helped me in the past, though He has taught me, as I never knew before, how little I deserve His goodness.

Ever, my dearest Bishop,
Affectionately and respectfully,
George H. Wilkinson.

19 Clifton Crescent, Folkestone: Dec. 2, 1879.

My Dearest Bishop,—Each letter from you makes me wish that I might break through all rules as to short letters, &c., and write *pages* to you. How good God has been to me, to give you to me as my Bishop. His great goodness seems so wonderful in times like these when, in some faint degree, the soul realises its own guilt and nothingness. As the Article has it, Infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness—what Bodington calls the three fountains. Power—Wisdom—these two alone would only crush us, but Infinite Love to guide. I wonder whether, when we are (if God help us to persevere to the end) with Cara and Martin, and all the Blessed Ones, we shall before, or at all events after His appearing, see all that we now call Art, and Science, &c., everything which is good and great, pure and beautiful, embraced within

[1] Mr. White's house, where he was lying ill.

the arms of the Kingdom of God. I was reading an article the other day in the 'Spectator' about the Professor Clifford whom some friends of mine knew well, tender, loveable, enduring pain so perfectly, and yet rejoicing in shocking men by such words as 'Before Jehovah was, *I* (Humanity) was.' It seems so impossible to ignore such a vital difference as this, and yet how one longs to see in God's Kingdom the embodiment of all that *natural* religion (so to speak) in which we so fail—the large, generous, loving view of others, &c.

Well, to come down, dear Bishop, to your question. I am going on *well*, but very slowly. The lung is not yet healed. Probably I shall be here a fortnight, then either sent to London, to try if I can lead an invalid life in the Vicarage, or sent off at once to Cannes or some such place. The doctor told me yesterday that for two months at least I should not be able to take up my work. How happy it is to feel, as I write, that you and Mrs. Benson can read between the lines and that I need not write how the will tries day by day brightly and cheerfully to say Amen; and yet——you know the rest. It is strange how everything seems allowed to fasten upon the soul when one is ill—temptation, worry, &c., &c., and yet almost at the same moment such a knowledge of God's great goodness—such numberless blessings, small and great—such a conviction of the truth and grandeur of that world into which we have been baptized.

My Constance has time now to think of herself, and the effect of the long strain has put her in the doctor's hands. It is nothing serious—only trying, poor child.

Affectionately and respectfully,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

St. Peter's Vicarage, 2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.: Jan. 9, 1880.

I am going on well and have not lost ground since I came to London. The lung is healed. The chest not *quite* right, but nothing important. The abscess has left some little local troubles —not important—only a little worrying—no pain. If no pain comes, I may go on riding, and I am very thankful to God for this great pleasure. You know what a pleasure it is to me, and it is these *little* things which seem to show how *kind* our God is. I may work as hard as I like in the library, where I try to overtake the arrears of the last two years. I am not to go into *sick* rooms, but may pay an ordinary visit. I am not to teach or preach, but I may now begin to read a lesson, and perhaps cele-

brate at a quiet service. I am forbidden my early Communion, but allowed to go twice a week when it is 8.30 not 7.30. I have to breakfast in bed. I am much fatter—what your coachman hoped I might do, 'Growing on the round.' Do you remember what he said on one of those happy mornings, as we were starting for Truro? 'It would be good, sir, if you could grow on the round.' Constance is wonderfully well. I must tell you some day what she has been to me. The rest all well. Excellent accounts of my eldest boy from Rawal Pindi, in the Rifle Brigade, 4th Battalion.

I know so well what you must feel, my dear Bishop, about two years ago. How strangely it deepens the human side—new aspects revealed—new ways in which we feel it. Now and then at Folkestone I seemed so to long for just once to touch her little hand again. But, oh, the blessing of their rest—no sin, no battle, no possibility of pain. May He who loves you both, Bless and strengthen you. I wish I could think of anyone to help dear Reeve. Will you give him my love? I will write if I can hear of anyone. I see you do not like 'respectfully,'—and my duty is to obey—so in the letter, though not in spirit,

I am only, my dearest Bishop,

~~Respectfully~~ yours (you see the force of habit),

it ought to be only affectionately yours,

GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

[Friday] Feb. 13, 1880.

. . . So much for myself. How nice it is that the Prince is going to lay the stone of the Cathedral, and that all is so hopeful about the High School. If you want a Mistress, I might be able to help you in finding one. . . . But, my dear Bishop, do the new plans, and all the cheering signs of blessing of which your every letter tells me—do they mean more work and less sleep for my Bishop? Cara and I never could persuade dear Ashwell that he must sleep the proper time, or at least lie in bed; and then there came the collapse—I do not mean his death. Though I believe the doctors ascribed it to his inability, through overstrain, to rally, I felt rather that his Father saw him tired and gave him rest. But I refer to the last year of his life. He had come to what Andrew Clark calls a critical time in a man's life, when Nature requires a little reserve force, and there was none. He had amazed everybody by his energy and made everyone speak of his power of work—but in that last year his force was for the

time gone. He was tender and gentle, but not the *strong* man he once was. I feel so anxious lest in these early days my Bishop should use up his physical capital and be found wanting when the strain comes on the Church Machine, and he is wanted to use before all men the knowledge and experience of his life. (You see the result of telling me to drop 'My Lord' and 'Respectfully.') I wish chaplains might catechize their Bishops—'My Lord, how many hours did you spend (1) in rest, (2) in exercise, last week?'

Please tell me when you write how Mrs. Benson is.

I feel all you say about the Church and Societies. In the little time in which I was allowed to go to meetings before this last attack, we had some very anxious meetings at S.P.G., but I may perhaps write more of this another day. Now as the quiet hours pass away of the day on which He died, we seem to feel that He will help us and over-rule all our mistakes to His glory. From everlasting to everlasting He is there—above the water floods. From Abraham to David, and David to the Captivity, and so on and on, past St. Stephen, and all the Councils and Schisms, and past all this nineteenth century on—till He has delivered up the Kingdom to the Father.

Ever, my dearest Bishop,
Affectionately yours,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

Feb. 17, 1880.

Those Bible Classes have been printed for some years privately by some of my people for themselves, but I can always get two or three copies or more, if you or Mrs. Benson kindly tell me which you care to have.

It is so good of you to write to me. Next to God's great goodness, nothing helps me on with my work so much as your love. May I trust you always to tell me when you see me getting wrong in *doctrine* or *practice*? It is such a help, and God will show you my defects in order that by your loving correction I may be made strong. What you said to me about the Unity of the Godhead, for instance, last year was the greatest help to me in more ways than one. . . .

July 6, 1880.

How good it is of you to write and tell me your troubles. You can hardly realise the brightness which it brings into my life, when I am full of worries within and without, to know that I am, at all events, able to help you by listening and sympathising with

the burdens which must often make you feel with Judah, 'The strength of the bearer of burdens is decayed.' Dear Bishop, it *is* an anxious time, and you must think quietly what is best to be done. I say nothing about myself. You know that whenever you tell me, I will go and talk to Lord Mount Edgcumbe,[1] or write to Mrs. Goschen, the wife of the member, or, in fact, do anything you think I can do. Goschen is an old friend of mine, but he is so worried at Constantinople that I must not write to him. I can write to his wife, or see him when he returns; I could also go with some one else, like Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and call on one or two of these merchants. I fear that I could not make time for more than two or three.

Passing to more general schemes, if I understood you rightly, we are *not* to have a further meeting. Otherwise we might have one at once at the West of London; or you might make it a National Movement by getting the Cathedral Committee, helped by letters from yourself, to organise meetings under the presidency of the Bishops in the chief cathedral towns. These are only specimens of what may be done. We need not hurry, but we must not waste time so as to let the 20th of May[2] pass out of people's minds.

There is one point which comes so strongly to me that I must write it. That day was a wonderful day, and many felt how near was the Eternal World, and the power of those Celebrations was Eternal. We do not know what has to be done for the Church at large through that Cathedral, and it may be that in order to bring out the, as yet, hidden counsel of God's manifold wisdom, hindrances like these are required. You will *think* as Bishop. Many are praying. Our God, it may be, will show you some plan which will do great good to persons and places of which we have hardly thought. If there had been no storm, and if our Lord had not been sleeping on that pillow, what a blessing the Church would have lost—a blessing for 1800 years.

July 24 [1880].

It rejoices me to hear that you are approaching your holiday. The word sounds like rest, does it not? London is hot, but as full of interest as ever. For some people plenty of occupation is better than a holiday. The children are clamouring to be off, and for their sakes I must go soon (about August 12).

[1] About the fund for building Truro Cathedral.

[2] The day on which the foundation-stone was laid.

I saw Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and arranged with him that he and I should go 'a-begging' through the City. We have, however, been strongly advised to postpone our expedition till October; as 'to go now would be to court defeat.' Lord Mount Edgcumbe is very nice about it, and is coming up on purpose. . . .

All well, thank God. I have changed the position of Miss Bramston's picture; so Kenwyn is now always opposite me.

'Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul.' '*Return*,' some one says, 'for it is the soul's rightful position, its proper home.' How strange it is sometimes when we have courage to stop the letters and the work, and just think for two minutes that God lives, and then begin again 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Roughton Rectory, Norwich: Aug. 25, 1880.

My old curate, who is a missionary in China, is coming to me in a few days. He wants me to help him in a matter on which I am as much in the dark as he is. He finds in China—I. a number of poor ignorant devoted men (English) going two and two throughout China preaching the Gospel. II. He stays with well-educated Wesleyan, Baptist, &c., missionaries. He is full of deep affection for I. and II. The Devil's kingdom is very big and very strong, and the adherents many. He +I. +II. equal very little, and he longs to unite with I. and II. without being disloyal to the banner of the Catholic Church to which he belongs; but he asks—how? and the echo answers how? Oh, my dearest Bishop, when will the Church of England, *as a Church*, realise that her *first* work is to establish her Lord's Kingdom throughout the world? When shall we have a representative body of Bishops authorized (as in America) to represent the Church in the interval between one great Synod and another, to whom missionaries can go for guidance on points like these? Now he asks *me*, and I ask the S.P.G. Secretary and write to the C.M.S. Secretary, and then we think and talk, &c., &c. This is not murmuring. We have reaped so much in our generation that we ought always to be singing 'Jubilate,' but still there is much to be done, is there not?

How little I knew, three years ago, of all the blessings which Truro was to bring me. . . .

Little Margaret, since your last visit, always tells Constance

of what ' Father's Bishop ' said. It is such a nice expression—' Father's Bishop,' and so true, my dear Bishop.

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. : Oct. 15, 1880.

As Board of Missions is one of the subjects of the [Truro Diocesan] Conference, I have thought that you may like to know what has been done in Convocation for the last ten years. Will you kindly return the paper to me, as we want it for a report which we are drawing up to lay before Convocation in 1881. ' The Spirit of Missions ' (an American publication) for 1877 gives most interesting details as to the action of the American Church. I am trying to get a copy.

We are all well, thank God. How often I think of you, dear Bishop, you know. May He bless you, and hide you ever in His own Tabernacle from the strife of tongues. I need not say how I rejoice that you act as *leader* of the Diocese by issuing Pastorals like that on the Burials Bill. You know what I felt and feel about that Bill—but now 1 Cor. xiii. is our guide. As Bishop Thorold says, No one can rob us of the revenge of Charity. And He who is more ready to give than we to ask can make even this work for good, if only we love and trust—trust Him—trust our poor imperfectly instructed Brethren. . . .

Oct. 26, 1880.

We have just finished our day.[1] Each visit took some time. None refused. All promised to give careful consideration, consult partners, and write. Four gave us 100*l.* each. I will say no more, as I want you to ask Lord Mount Edgcumbe to tell you about it, instead of your knowing all about it beforehand. I think a good deal of the intervals of our visits as we drove about was spent as you would like, and he and I knelt down together to ask God to help and guide us before we started. The celebrant asked a blessing at the Celebration.

In a sermon which I heard the other day, the preacher said that we should get on better if we treasured up the memory of the times in which the to-morrows to which we looked forward anxiously became yesterdays for which we thanked Him. In other words, the experience of past works patience in present and hope for future. And with them in ' sunny Paradise ' it is all yesterday and to-day. Dear Bishop, how my heart goes out to you as I write, and to all of you. How thankful I am to have

[1] Of begging in the City.

had the privilege of working for you to-day and telling them what I could about your plans and ideals.

May 10, 1881.

. . . I do like the photograph. It is not my dear elder Brother, whom I know in the garden at Kenwyn or in the wood among the flowers, but it is the look (and the very hair has the appearance which it had on that day)—it is the look of my Bishop on the great stone at the outdoor preaching.[1] Dear Bishop, how sorry you will be for what I have to say—sorry as I am to write it. I fear I must not go to Truro this year. It is not that one-half of my work (in London) is more important than the other half (at Truro), but it is this, that no one *but myself* can do THIS work. Young clergy have come here (in some cases for nothing) that *I* may help them, and I have not time to see them more than twice (or sometimes only once) for a private talk in a whole year. Some sick will be visited by no one else but myself, and I have to leave them unvisited. Arrangements have been delayed for months in some cases, because I have not had a day to give to the committee meetings. Two of my senior clergy have got livings. One is in Paradise, one has broken down, and a younger one (but a very useful one) is just about to have a living (probably) given him. All next week goes to Convocation. I feel this year I must stay at home, dear Bishop, and I think you will feel that I am right. I have given up my Oxford preaching. I am very well, thank God—very happy except in having to write this.

[Saturday] October 22, 1881.

. . . I have been quietly watching, as she passed into Paradise, my wife's dearest friend, and one whom I have been allowed to help spiritually for many years. It has been a long waiting—five years of almost every trial that a woman can endure. At last all life seemed gone and she lay—long before she died—as one dead—but at His feet. She said to me, ' People pass before me, but I seem to take hold of nothing. I lie, as it were, waiting till my Saviour opens that little door which I always see before me.' It was just ' I lay at His feet as dead.'

When the spirit was gone, I tried to realize their meeting—Cara seeing her. How do spirits see ? What does the word mean there ? I lost myself *thinking*, but, instead, there seemed to come a strange sort of realisation of the two being together,

[1] On the Sunday following the Foundation. See *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. p. 456.

and then I went back, in spirit, to think of my own Cara separate from all others ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ,[1] and allowed, whenever it was good for us, to be with me in a way different from the way in which anyone but a wife could be.

Dear Bishop, how I have rambled on, but the thoughts belong to a Saturday, His day of rest with the poor penitent thief, as the body lay in the quiet grave.

Feb. 2, 1882.

God, it is said, καταρτίσει us,[2] and the word is used of mending the disciples' nets. I think my last visit to Truro has put me in the way of doing this, thanks to my teachers' patience and kindness.

I have got some principles, that is, which I hope will help me.

One matter of which we spoke is difficult and important.

I. Our Lord did not strive nor cry. He did not justify Himself. He pronounced woe to those who justify themselves before men. He said the only result of such attempts would be, 'We have piped unto you, &c.' Wisdom would be justified of her children, and with that she must be satisfied. II. But He teaches His disciples as friends. All things which He heard from His Father He made known to them. He took them apart privately and explained all that they were capable of receiving. He allowed them to witness and enter into His struggles—explained the mystery of what seemed to the world His failure. (The corn of wheat must die, &c.) Now the Church (i.e., for our present purpose the Bishops) exists to express the mind of Christ, live as He lived, act as He acted (oh! what awful words). How, then, in this shall the Bishops act? About I. we are agreed, but about II.? Disciples cannot be the few whom individual Bishops choose as friends. They must be some 'body' in the Kingdom. What body is more ready to hand than the Lower House? Should not the Bishops, while silent and unmoved at the world's sneers, and the shouts of worldly-minded Churchmen, and the bitter lines of so-called religious newspapers, *make* the opportunities for confiding in the Lower House, telling them as much as possible of *why* they are silent, *why* they allow imprisonments, &c., &c.? These words will be reported. The men of wisdom will receive them. A few such words will cheer many a lonely priest, and our Lord cares for these lonely workers. The Bishops will suffer a little by misquotations and clever replies,

[1] In Christ Jesus.

[2] Shall make perfect.

but nothing is done without risk in our Master's Kingdom. I think that in some such way I. and II. might be reconciled, and the gulf between clergy and Bishops bridged.

This letter needs no answer, unless I have said anything amiss. You will forgive the blots; they are, I fear, a parable of much of my work.

Ever, my own Bishop,
Affectionately and gratefully,
G. H. W.

North Cliff Cottage, Lynton, North Devon: June 6 [1882].

I arrived here all safely last night at half-past seven, after a quiet, prosperous journey,[1] very thankful for the week, and full of gratitude to you for all your unceasing kindness to me. I cannot tell you the many ways in which all your goodness to me helps and braces me. I thank God for it, and I feel so thankful that, if anything happened to me, you would not forget my Constance, and that she would look up to you as her real Father in God. Carina has a bad cold, but it is not serious in any way; only we keep her in bed to-day as a measure of precaution. The others are all well. It is a lovely spot, and the quiet service every day at 8.30 and 5.30 is an unexpected Blessing. Little Margaret is in great force. She walks about with a little stick as if the whole house depended upon her. What a mystery life is! The little hands are becoming just like what her Mother's were when first I knew her five and twenty years ago. I never look at them (or hardly ever) without so many of those early days coming back. . . .

Our wills have to be crossed just in the way which we like least that they should be crossed, and as we humbly share His παθήματα,[2] the door opens and Heaven becomes more real. Dear Bishop, may our own Lord grant you in everything that is right your heart's desire and fulfil all your mind. That last half hour on Sunday night and our walk in the afternoon and many moments in the chapel are new treasures added to memory's store. I hope to remember you Friday morning and afternoon. Constance begs me to give whatever message it is right and respectful for her to send, 'as she is not quite sure what she ought to say to a Bishop.' She is very grateful to you for all the care which you took of me. . . .

Will you put on this post-card how your head is? I seem to

[1] From Truro. [2] Sufferings.

have brought away with me the quiet restful thought of the reality of the Acts-of-the-Apostles' life as I saw it lived out (in that which, more than anything in this world, gives me the idea of God's Heaven on earth) by all our dear Brothers, . . . Whitaker, &c.

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. : Nov. 17, 1882.

Convocation.—What a relief the postponement is, but what will the world think of a parliament which can be adjourned for nearly a year ? ' Not very important,' ' might go altogether.'

Salvation Army.—I was asked at the Ruridecanal Chapter what the Bishops were doing about the Salvation Army. I said I knew nothing, except that they were taking steps most earnestly to obtain the knowledge, &c., which would enable them to give authoritative advice to the Clergy. I said, on my own account, that I should think that if they felt the subject not ripe for their *pronunciamiento*, they would take the advantage of the technical difficulty of speaking till Convocation met ; that if they felt the matter ripe, they would ignore the technical difficulty and speak at once. I only write all this because everyone who hears that the Bishop of Truro is on the Committee is quite happy. You have a marvellous influence, dear Bishop. . . .

Dearest Bishop, that sadness must come to you when God is making so much use of you—only do not lose sight of the thought that with the sorrow and weariness and sense of failure He can give holy joy, the joy of the Lord, and make us, like St. Paul, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. With more love than I can put into words, &c.

Jan. 15, 1883.

It was like yourself to write to me as you have done—so lovingly—so fully—so *peremptorily*. You know that there are times when it is wisest to say little. I am to see Andrew Clark to-night, but I can hardly conceive his saying anything which would hinder me from going.[1] The Bishop of London says that I ought to go.

The enclosed came, to my utter surprise, from my true friend Bodington, who has prayed for long that God might never let me have an offer like this, and who wished me to go to Durham partly to be out of the way. But if all had said ' Stay,' I think I should have seen in your letter the call to go. Unless He give me special grace, I know what a daily cross it

[1] To be Bishop of Truro.

will be to me (1) to know what is lacking in me which was found in you, and (2) to bear up under that climate, which I could hardly rise up under even with the joy of those hours at Kenwyn in fellowship with you and Mrs. Benson. But God's grace is sufficient for all, and I should not like to write as if I were doubting my Father and my Saviour.

Ever, with more gratitude than words can express,
Your loving Chaplain,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON.

Mr. A. C. Benson sends some recollections of those happy times :

When I remember Wilkinson first at Truro I was an Eton boy. He was then a newly-appointed Canon and my father's Examining Chaplain. On the first occasion on which I saw him he was staying at Lis Escop. I remember his light, slim frame, his graceful carriage, the air of the fine gentleman he always had, his trim unobtrusive dress, his parchment-like complexion, less marked than in later years, his smooth black hair, his gracious and winning manner. What struck me at once was the way in which he talked easily, naturally, and without giving any sense of affectation about spiritual experiences, even at meals, and in the presence of a good many people. Religious as was the atmosphere in which I had been brought up, religion had not been *fused* with daily life in the way in which Wilkinson seemed to fuse it. There had always been a reverential line of demarcation ; but Wilkinson seemed to cross that line every moment, and yet even to increase the sense of reverence. I have never indeed seen or known anyone who had the gift of doing this in at all the same degree. There was no sense of priggishness or domination about it, nor did it produce any feeling either of tedium or of embarrassment : he talked simply and eagerly, as if the spiritual life were the only real thing in the world to him, as though it filled his whole mind, and was his only interest and preoccupation. His one desire seemed to be to interpret the significance of events, to refer everything direct to God, to justify the ways of the Father to men, to make others sharers in a secret of such overpowering sweetness that it burst from his heart like the fragrance from a rose. To me, as a boy, this was an entire revelation, and his talk was like ointment poured forth. The last morning he was there he took me out for a walk in the

garden; we paced about the winding walks of the shrubbery and through the orchard, while he talked of the realisation of the presence of God in every moment of life.' Then he took me to my room, prayed beside me, and blessed me. The impression held me enthralled for many days, though more, I fear, like a beautiful emotion than a practical purpose, till it faded out of sight among the careless occupations of boyhood; but I still felt that a bond had been forged between us, and that he was in the truest sense a spiritual father and friend.

One of the most characteristic things about him was his habitual use of prayer, at any moment, in any scene. Parker, now porter at Lambeth, formerly our butler, confided to my mother that it was so difficult to valet the Bishop, because he never knew, when he went to take anything to or from his room, whether he would not find the Bishop engaged in prayer.

He continues:

I remember my father telling me that he once had arranged to call at Wilkinson's house in Eaton Square and go on with him to some important meeting at which they both were to speak. Some matter turned up unexpectedly, about which he wished to consult Wilkinson; so he went half an hour earlier than the appointed time, and was shown into the study. They then discussed the matter fully, and went together to the meeting, where Wilkinson made an effective speech. I do not know how the occasion came to be referred to later, but Wilkinson some time afterwards told my father that on the morning in question he had been very much pressed for time, but had reserved an hour before the meeting to prepare his speech. He was going to his study to do this, when he received a letter containing tidings of so disastrous a kind (he did not say what they were) that it seemed to him that the whole course of his life would be affected by the news. The shock was so great that he had been unable to think of anything else, and he had been praying about it when my father was introduced. He had accordingly been unable to prepare his speech at all, but had trusted to the inspiration of the moment—a thing, no doubt, which many busy men do, but which Wilkinson never allowed himself to do. My father reflecting over it said that what amazed him to remember was the tranquil collectedness of Wilkinson; he had no sort of idea that anything serious had happened, or that Wilkinson was not

at leisure ; and the speech itself had every sign of being carefully prepared.

His whole bent and genius was in the direction of personal relations—the relation of man to God, and man to man. I have heard him say beautiful, suggestive, delicate, shrewd interpretative things, never exactly a humorous thing. My mother relates, however, that he and she were once walking together and he was talking of some spiritual problem. He got involved in long sentences and parentheses ; and a wonder came whimsically into her mind as to whether he could possibly extricate himself ; he stopped, and said suddenly with a smile, seeming to read her mind, ' You think I can't finish these confused sentences —wait a minute and see '—and then the whole paragraph unrolled itself clearly and exactly.

I remember, too, my father saying that he was once walking with Wilkinson in some great gardens (perhaps Carclew), and the gardener who was showing them round pointed out a very luxuriant water-plant, growing in a fountain-basin, and full of flowers. He said that the plant had been originally sent there as a small cutting. It was placed in a pot and tended carefully, but they could not make it flourish ; whatever they did, or wherever they put it, it pined and seemed sickly. At last a careless garden-boy knocked against the pot, and broke it. The plant fell into the fountain ; the boy left it where it lay, threw away the broken pieces, and said nothing about it, to avoid being blamed for negligence. A few weeks afterwards an unknown plant appeared, as if by magic, in the basin, throwing out leaves and tendrils. Inquiries were made, and it was then discovered that the original cutting was really a water-plant, and that water was what it had been needing all along. ' Yes,' said Wilkinson, smiling, ' how like that is to what happens to ourselves ! We go on, trying many experiments, doing one thing and another, and yet our souls make no progress. Then comes a great shock, when we seem to be dashed all to pieces, and drowned in sorrow or unhappiness. And then it turns out that it was the one thing we wanted after all, and the soul begins to grow and blossom, and put out leaf and flower—that is the tender way in which we are used by God.' My father used to add that the gardener, a grim and stately man, of Cornish blood, and therefore dearly loving religious talk, stood spell-bound for a moment, and then literally *danced* for joy at the application.

It may be convenient to add here Mr. Benson's last recollections of the Bishop—the same man at the end of life as he was *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.*

The last time I saw the Bishop was at the Lodge at Pembroke College, Cambridge. I called on him by appointment on the morning of the day he went away. He looked ill, I thought, and tired; but he greeted me with the old tenderness, asked me about my work, gave me some advice, and then knelt down at the table and signed to me to kneel beside him. He prayed most touchingly and affectingly for me, and then laid his hands on my head and gave me a fatherly blessing. Just at this moment the door opened and the servant came in to announce his carriage. The Bishop gave a courteous smile and nod; and continued his blessing. One ought not, of course, to feel any embarrassment at such a moment, and indeed I can truthfully say that he himself was so unembarrassed and natural, that I felt none either. It seemed to me that I could have knelt in prayer with him, and have received his blessing without any sense of strangeness, if the scene had been a crowded street. Such is the power that perfect naturalness has of making others feel natural.

Another very sacred memory of mine is how he visited Cambridge in 1906, and came to see me in my rooms at Magdalene. He talked to me much of my work and its possibilities, and then said: 'Now take me to the chapel.' We went in; he walked straight up to the altar steps and knelt down, I kneeling beside him. I wish I could recall the words of the prayer he then made, but I cannot. I only know that he contrived to touch one's hopes and fears, one's difficulties and blessings with a sureness and a delicacy that made me marvel. Then he blessed me very gravely and lovingly; we went out and walked to the gate in silence and I felt very near him then—and so he drove away with a smile that I shall not forget.

CHAPTER IV

CONSECRATION AND ENTHRONEMENT

WILKINSON was consecrated to the see of Truro in St. Paul's on St. Mark's Day, 1883. The day was the sixth anniversary of the consecration of his great predecessor on the same spot to the same see, and it was the first occasion on which Archbishop Benson was called to act as consecrator. No fewer than twelve other prelates took part in the consecration. Wilkinson was presented by his own Bishop, the Bishop of London (Jackson) and his friend the Bishop of Lichfield (Maclagan). Along with him two other Bishops were consecrated —Dr. Lewis to the Bishopric of Llandaff, and Dr. Sandford to that of Tasmania. The new Bishop of Llandaff was senior to Wilkinson, and had by custom the privilege of choosing the preacher. He chose Dr. Jayne, now Bishop of Chester, who was then Principal of Lampeter. The collection was for the Truro Cathedral Building Fund.

Wilkinson entered in his diary, 'Special Day,' meaning that his regular hours of prayer were interrupted, 'Hours in church (St. Paul's); evensong St. Peter's.' He notes, 'George and Con took me; Harry brought me back. Laus Deo!' On the eve he went to visit his wife's grave at Brompton. On Thursday, April 26, he remarks, 'Last evening'; next day, 'Left Grosvenor Gardens for ever.' His first episcopal act was to hold a Confirmation, with the leave of the Diocesan, in St. Peter's, where nearly four hundred candidates received the laying on of his hands. The first girl among the four hundred was one of his own children.

The congregation of St. Peter's took the occasion of his departure to make him a present worthy both of Wilkinson and

of themselves. Lord Colville of Culross, who had been one of the vicar's most staunch supporters throughout, was made Chairman of a Wilkinson Testimonial Fund. A book was placed in the choir vestry of St. Peter's, to receive the names of subscribers. The number of signatures was immense; the subscriptions amounted to about 4000*l*. Massive candelabra, a carriage and harness, and a sum of money were presented by Lord Colville on behalf of the subscribers, with the book containing their names.

In replying to the speeches at the meeting, the Bishop-Designate said:

I thank you, more than words can express, for all the kindness of the last three months, which has culminated in this address to-night. I thank you for the details of the way in which you have united together to give to me this mark of your affection. It is such a munificent gift. The character of the testimonial is something in itself, such an outward and visible sign of the large, generous-hearted sympathy by which I have always been surrounded in this parish. It is something in itself: so large the amount that you have contributed. I do not shrink from referring to that, for it is the outward sign of the kindness that you have shown to me. The great care which those who have had charge of the testimonial have exhibited to do all that I or my children like best; the way in which many, to whom every hour was so valuable, have given up cheerfully of their time by day and by night to carry out the details of the work; for all this I can only thank you. We have worked together so often in different schemes requiring the co-operation of the parish, that I know pretty well what is involved of time and thought and anxiety in such a work as that which you have brought to a conclusion this evening. And I receive it for its own sake; but still more (as I have said) because it represents to me that which is dearer to me than aught which this world can give, save the love of my children, the love of those with whom I have been linked for these blessed thirteen years. I feel, Lord Colville, a difficulty, because I desire to say over and over again what I feel; and I only shrink from doing it because I am sure it would be painful to yourselves. No words, no words of mine, can express what I and my children feel for all the kindness which is embodied in what you have given to me to-night.

And as I read over the address, I seem to see in it the thoughts of those who are bound up with me. You seem, in this address, to have touched upon everything with which my own heart has been filled, from the day in January when I first knew the future which was before me. You speak of that which has been done, through God's great goodness, in our midst. It is to me a pledge that you will pray that the power and the endurance of the work in the future may bear witness that it has been indeed from God. You speak to me of the ideal which I have set before you as God's instrument. That is the sign to me that I shall (as you have said, Lord Colville) have the prayers of my people, that in the years when I must stand so much more alone than I have ever had to do in St. Peter's, I may be kept by the power of the Holy Spirit, so that I may not fall short of that great ideal which God has revealed to me, and passed on through me to my parishioners. You will pray that I may never be among those who, after having in earlier life proclaimed the truth of God, are themselves at last found unworthy of that heavenly crown. You will not forget me. Those words are a promise.

And again, as if you had entered into all my mind, you speak of him whom I am to succeed. Here, at all events, there is a bright thought in my mind. Those who know him, as I know the Archbishop, know what a great gift God has granted to this Church of England in sending him to be her Chief Pastor. . . . I do rejoice that he has been given to London at this great and critical period in our Church's history. There is in him something so solemn also. When he desired, in his great affection for me, that I might suceeed him ; because he desired it, he never would take one step (as he has told me since) to further my being removed. He felt too much what the work here was ; he felt too much the awful responsibility of the office to which I might be called. And scarcely, even on his knees, could he mention to God what (he has told me since) was his own desire. It did not come from the Archbishop, my being moved from St. Peter's. And I rejoice that in this great parish there are many who, in the times of difficulty (it may be) and of trial that are coming, will for the sake of their old vicar, whose days that Archbishop brightened in many a quiet hour at Kenwyn—there are many, I am well assured, who, for the sake of their old vicar, will stand and rally round the Archbishop when the difficulties of his high office encompass him. I thank you that you have referred to that which is one of the

great anxieties that I feel in the future, how I can follow in the steps of so great a man.

And I thank you also for those words, Lord Colville, in which you refer to this book. To every one of my children this parish is dear. They will never forget one Saturday night, when the matter was still utterly unsettled, when we were waiting for letters from those who, we felt sure, would advise my remaining at St. Peter's. I had written for advice. We felt sure that two or three of them would be certain to counsel my remaining in the old parish ; and in the evening the letters were brought in, and we sat round that table in that old dining-room (all but the little baby, who was asleep upstairs), the boys and the girls, and one letter after another was opened, and they read it aloud ; and as each voice spoke with the same message of ' Go,' they will never forget, I shall never forget, what that night was to my children. And so they will enter into it all, and sympathise with me in all ; and I shall have the pleasure of speaking to them, as to those who enter into my very heart's feelings, of all the details of the dear old parish that we have left. And so, Lord Colville, I thank you for that reference to this book. You know not what it will be, when I come back tired from some long confirmation tour, when the difficulties of the work oppress me—and difficulties there ought to be, and every man who is worthy of being sent out from a parish like this ought to be prepared to face difficulties—you know not what it will be to me, as I gather my children round, to read over the old names ; each name full of some memory of details which cannot be recorded in an assembly like this, but each of which will speak to my own heart with an eloquence more powerful than the speech of the greatest orator who can stir the hearts of a great crowd assembled in any part of England's greatest assemblies. You know not what it will be. One name will recall weeks and months, it may be years, that are bound round my heart for ever.

And I thank you also for the words of that address in which you speak of him who may be sent afterwards to take my work. People have often said to me since January : ' I pity anyone who comes here to take your place ; it will be a hard life for him.' In one sense it will be hard. It ought to be hard. No man, who is ordained to fight under the banner of Christ crucified, ought to desire an easy life. In that sense the words may be true. But if persons have meant that the parish will be a difficult one, because those who remain will care so much for

the one who is gone that they will not rally round the one who is sent to them, then, when any such words have been spoken, I have repudiated them with scorn. I go back to my eldest girl, who is my companion, and has been my guide in many details during the last few years ; ready to be led by her father, as a father ought to order and command his children, and must, if he is ever to be a true Bishop of God's Church ; but my guide, as her mother was in past years, in many an anxious hour. I go back to my child, and I say, ' Constance, they do not know St. Peter's ; they do not know us ; they do not know my people ; do they ? ' And we realise it. Boys and girls, the whole family, understand that St. Peter's will show that the work is real, by making it (God helping them) endure. They will show that they love their vicar by doing that which he desired should be done ; by strengthening the hands of his successor, whoever he may be.

My Lord Colville, what has been the secret of all our blessing ? Under God, the secret, first of all, has been the men whom He has sent to work with me as my brother clergy. I value all you have done, because I am standing here, not merely as an individual clergyman, but as the representative of a body of officers, the like unto whom, I venture to say, has seldom, if ever, been given to the vicar of any parish. Through the entire course of these thirteen years, each successive generation of clergy has strengthened my hands privately and publicly with the most perfect loyalty and the most loving friendship. And here I should like for a moment to commend to you this staff of clergy, the strongest that I have ever had, the most able to take up the work of the parish, of all that have ever worked with me in bygone years. I commend them to you at this trying interval. It will be for them a very anxious time, and I cast them upon you with perfect trust. It is they that you have thanked in any thanks you have given to me for the work done in St. Peter's. I am speaking what I know, Lord Colville, in this ; speaking from my intimate knowledge of the way in which, again and again, I should have been obliged to give up the parish, if my hands had not been strengthened by such a staff of clergy as those whom God in His mercy has sent to me.

And under God, next to that, and included in a certain sense in that, I have to thank Him for the way in which by your help I have been able to attract good clergymen here. It has been a strength that has come to me from the co-operation of the parish.

The secret of our success has been, under God, that we have been a united family. We have, clergy and laity, not the clergy without the laity, nor the laity without the clergy, but each fulfilling their own office, tried to work together for the glory of God and the good of His Church.

I look back upon early days, and I see three principles which are, to my own mind, a pledge that my successor's hands will be strengthened. When I came here, unknown and untried; suspected, as every man must be suspected, who refuses to utter the shibboleth of a party, and is content to be simply a clergyman of the Church of England, content simply to be her child, carrying out to the utmost of his ability the teaching of God's Word as interpreted by the Prayer Book that was put into his hands at his ordination; when I came here, suspected on both sides, by some as a Methodist, by others as a Ritualist, I shall never forget how the parish behaved to me. Some here are old enough to remember the great struggle of the first few weeks; the contest for churchwarden, the whole parish disturbed. And what was the course of the laity of St. Peter's? They knew nothing of me. They had never spoken (many of them) to me. But the principle on which they acted was this—'It is a new vicar. He must be supported until he proves himself unworthy of our confidence.' The whole parish rallied round, with scarcely a single exception, and lifted me above all the noise of discord and strife, and started me fair. That is the first principle; and you will do the same to whoever comes. You will not do what an old friend of mine did, who was born in days when the Church of England was more split up into parties than, I am thankful to say, it is now. He said to me 'I never give my confidence to any man, Mr. Wilkinson, till I have tapped him; and if he proves sound, then I give him my confidence, but hold my hand till then.' That is the opposite of what you did to me, and will do to my successor.

The second thing is that there has never been the slightest difficulty here about mutual explanations. Whenever there has been a difficulty, great or small, my dear churchwardens and the leading parishioners have never scrupled to come to me. They have spoken to me frankly; told me what was thought in the parish; told me the misconception that might have arisen; told me what the difficulties were, and how the people were perplexed. I remember once when the future of the parish was in a most critical condition; I need not refer to the details, but

I felt, and my dearest friends outside the parish felt, for those weeks, that it was uncertain whether the work would go on, or be all shipwrecked. And I remember when Lord Chelmsford—who was a father to me when I came to the parish, and I wish to acknowledge it—I remember when he gathered together a few parishioners to meet me. I think you, Lord Colville, were one, and there were a few others. This was not done, however, as it is in many parishes, where the enemies of the clergy are gathered together, and he is put in the midst to face them, and to be cross-questioned, and when any man with any spirit would simply hold his tongue and never answer a question. But in an utterly different spirit Lord Chelmsford invited those who were perplexed to meet me; those who felt anxious about the future, anxious about the course I had thought it right to adopt, and yet were gentlemen; I mean gentlemen in heart, men who were prepared to make an allowance for difference of opinion, men who really cared for their vicar, and were anxious to support their Church. And we had an hour or two of very plain speaking. Very plain questions were asked and answered. I began by desiring them to ask me everything, and they did. And the result was this: that they went out, and they were able to explain what I did believe. They were able to go out to the parish and say, 'The vicar holds by the Prayer Book; nothing more, nothing less. Some dislike it because he cuts off nothing from it; some dislike it because he adds nothing to it. But we, who believe in our Church, and thank God we do belong to the Church of England, we are satisfied.' The parish was calm in a moment. I believe that second principle you will carry on with my successor, whoever he may be. Through the churchwardens and those who have access to him, tell him anything that has arisen, before the storm has really broken. When it is only beginning under the surface, but when there is that which makes me feel by an instinct, and makes those who have worked with me in the parish feel, that it has begun, then let the vicar know what is going on, quietly and calmly. Give him time to consider, and then let there be some meeting of the kind I have mentioned,—a perfectly private meeting, with no reporters present. . . .

And then the last principle, which is the guiding spirit of St. Peter's, which will help whoever comes, is this—that every man and woman and child in the whole parish feel—not in the whole parish perhaps, but certainly all in this room and a large

number who are represented by this meeting—feel that they are part of a great family, and bound to do what they can to help on the work of the Church. It has not been by ones or by twos or twenties, but by fifties and hundreds, that the Church workers (thank God) can be counted. It is this principle that has effected so much; that everybody has something to do, and everyone has to do it, for the glory of God, and for the good of His Church. Just as in nature the forest expands in all the verdure of spring because each tiny bud expands as God has bidden it to expand, just as in autumn the fields are covered with a golden harvest because each tiny ear of corn has done the special work which God had intrusted to it, so it is in the Church at large, so it is in this parish, which is a microcosm of the Church in its larger area. You will rally round, and each one who has never worked before will begin to work now, for the sake of these thirteen years, for the sake of him who asks it as almost his parting request. Everybody who can, will try to do something. The great hindrance to you all has been that you have not confidence enough in the power of God that is in you. You have not confidence enough in the reality of the help which every man and woman is able to give. You do not know how much there is in you which only needs to be developed. I am so proud of my workers, and of those who were beginning to work, and those who will work under my successor. If only you would have confidence, not in your self, but in God living in you; if only you would bear the pain of trying at the first to do something, you would soon find the joy and the gladness of it. . . .

Besides the great gift presented on that occasion, the women of the congregation gave the Bishop-designate a handsome pastoral staff in silver, adorned with amethysts. The style of the work was imitated from a staff used by St. Francis of Sales. To the gift of the staff was added that of a splendid cope and morse, designed to match it, and a pectoral cross of amethysts. A society of ladies, who had for some years worked altar linen in connexion with St. Peter's, gave him at the same time a beautiful set of altar linen. The presentation was made on their behalf by Lord Ashley, the son, and afterwards for one short year the successor, of the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury.

The vicar, receiving the staff from the hands of Lord Ashley, said :

I thank you, Lord Ashley, for all you have said to cheer and strengthen me at this time, I can only pray that God may give back to you and your family in ten-fold blessing, all the kindness which I and mine have received from you since I came into this parish.

I thank you, my dear friends, for this beautiful set of altar linen, which is only part of a great work which you have done for the Church of Christ in many parts of the world, enabling many a lonely missionary, many a clergyman in a poor parish here at home, suitably to adorn the altar of his Lord.

In looking at this pastoral staff, it is no mere form to say that words fail me to express all I feel. I see it, exquisite in design, perfect in beauty. I think of the utter ungrudging munificence with which one improvement after another was adopted. I know the marvellous care which everyone, from him you entrusted with the work, to the men selected by him to carry it out, has bestowed upon it, that it should be perfect in every detail. I think of the loving tender thought which guided you to choose as a model, the staff of the one Bishop in all Christendom whose writings were most valued by my wife, with whose teaching she fed her soul even to the last days of life. Again I say that words fail me to express my gratitude. May God bless you for it ! It is indeed a great gift, given like the gifts to the tabernacle of old, for glory and for beauty. It will always be to me a symbol of the office I am called to fill, and I shall never be able to use it without its recalling to me the words that will be addressed to me on St. Mark's day. ' Be to the flock of Christ a Shepherd, not a wolf ; feed them, devour them not.' . . . You will pray for me that while I hold fast the faith once delivered to the Saints, I may never forget that I am to be the father of all my people ; that as the Great Father is good unto the unthankful and the evil, so I, while holding firm every point of Church doctrine and practice, may embrace the entire diocese and be sympathetic to all. I know you are praying for me that in the largest and most Catholic spirit, I may be the shepherd of the flock entrusted to my care.

But this staff will do more, it will be to me the outward and visible sign of woman's work in this our dear St. Peter's parish. For woman has her own work, she is not merely undeveloped

man ; she has her own distinctive qualities, not exclusively hers, for they are often manifested by men ; just as men have special qualities which are seen in many women. In Christ alone was perfect manhood and perfect womanhood combined. On earth men and women must each do their own part, and nobly indeed have the women of St. Peter's done theirs.

There are three special points in woman's character to which I would call attention to-day.

Woman has an intuitive power of showing quickly an instinct of what is right, a keen insight into all that is good and right and beautiful. And this gift has been consecrated to God's service by the women of St. Peter's. There is scarcely anything good that has been done in the parish since I came to it that was not originated by the women. Those beautiful mosaics which adorn our East End were the gift of a woman ; the altar frontals, one beautiful window, the chancel, the new church, the jewelled chalices, the flowers which decorated God's altar, all sprang out of our small beginnings. One woman who cared much for the reverent worship of God gathered a few others round her and prayed, till one by one the difficulties were removed and our church became what it is now.

The second characteristic of woman is her utter unsparingness of self, her power of self-sacrifice and of long patient endurance. This is another gift which has been consecrated to God in this parish. I will not go over the story of the difficulties which were encountered in the early days of my coming to St. Peter's, when the women intuitively saw what would be improvements, but they were so good about it, while they felt it so keenly. I felt we must wait till the parish could do it as a whole—that we could all rise quietly together. The women waited and worked, till one by one the difficulties were overcome, and the improvements which would have created dissension if pressed at first, have been carried out with the unanimous approval of the parish.

The third special gift of woman is sympathy, the power of entering into the feelings of others ; on this I dare not trust myself to speak ; it touches my heart too nearly. You never can know how little kindnesses, little acts of thoughtful consideration, little efforts to save your vicar trouble, have helped and strengthened him in days of trouble and perplexity. No one save God and myself know what you have been to me. As I look from time to time through the book of names which you

have given me, I shall thank God for all the help which He has given me through you ; and you will pray for me and each one of my children that in our new home, when we miss, as we must miss, the old friends, we may never feel lonely, because we realise that we have with us God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost our Comforter.

And what you have been to me, you will endeavour to be to my successor, whoever he may be. You will use that quick intuition which will cause you so readily to notice any change, any mistake, not to criticise, but to send you to your knees to pray for him as you have prayed for me. You will endure even if at first you have to bear with things that may not be as you would wish them, to pray on, thinking not of what he who comes to you is at first, when all is new and difficult, but of what he will be ten years hence when you have prayed unceasingly for him, and you will sympathise with him, you will do all this for him. I trust you, my friends, I know you will; I have such confidence in you.

And you will pray for me, that the Lamb on this Staff may ever remind me of Him who was wounded for our transgressions, remind me not only of His death, but of His Life ; of His going forth on the white horse, conquering and to conquer, that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, I may receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

His fine ring was the gift of the clergymen who had served under his guidance at Seaham, at Auckland, and in his two London parishes.[1] The arrangements were made by Mr. Wharton Smith ; and in writing to thank him for the ring, and for the

[1] The list was as follows :

C. Green	C. M. Saunders	E. W. J. Bankes
T. Myers	W. B. Smith	R. Reade
J. E. Brown	J. Storrs	F. L. Boyd
W. G. Wrightson	J. M. Lester	L. H. Bradford
C. H. Cope	G. Morris	A. Fairbanks
C. H. E. Wyche	J. M. Lyte	O. P. Yerburgh
T. G. Headley	E. M. Burney	P. Watson
A. Williamson	J. F. Young	T. H. Jones
C. P. Scott, Bishop	W. S. Kelley	B. C. Stephenson
W. H. Grove	C. C. Thornton	

collection of photographs which accompanied it, Wilkinson said :

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. : April 24, 1883.
Eve of St. Mark's Day.

My dearest Smith,—I cannot tell you how much I like the album, and all the old faces. It, like the ring, is to my mind perfect.

I know how much care you have taken about it all, as you have done about everything which would help or cheer or lighten my anxieties.

Dear Smith, as I write this, which is almost the last, if not the very last, letter under the old name, how all your loving, tender care comes back to me. Up to the very end you have continued it. That day when I came to you, in response to what you said on the Wednesday, I was nearly done. Your help lifted me up, and has carried me through these weeks of work. God will surely bless you for it all.

Believe me, dearest Smith,
Always your affectionate friend,
George H. Wilkinson.

The volume of Wilkinson's sermons, recently published under the title of 'The Invisible Glory,' contains his parting address to the Church Workers of St. Peter's, delivered on Sunday afternoon, April 15. In it he enumerated the truths which, in his belief, had been principally enforced during the thirteen years, and with a special power :—'Redemption ; the Church ; the Prayer Book our guide ; Regeneration ; Conversion ; Progress ; the Personality of the Holy Ghost ; the value of the Bible ; of the two Sacraments ; of Prayer ; Worship ; Paradise and the Advent.' The whole address was most characteristic, and those who wish to understand his work in London would do wisely to read it.

The enthronement at Truro took place on Tuesday, May 15. A meeting was held that morning in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. W. H. P. Martin, who happened to be one of the leading Nonconformists of the district. The Bishop of Exeter, Frederick Temple, acting by commission for the Archdeacon of Canterbury, was there to enthrone the new Bishop, and introduced him to the meeting, as he had introduced his predecessor. Bishop Temple was no flatterer, and the words

which he spoke had a greater value than if they had come from another man :

The county of Cornwall, he said, has been for the last six years, as it were, the model to which all Churchmen everywhere were looking for an example of admirable organization, of wonderful devotion to work, of a most extraordinary spirit of deep, sincere and entire self-surrender to the duties of a very high office. And as long as the bishopric of Truro lasts, so long, I am sure, the memory of that first Bishop will still live in the minds of all the members of the Christian Church, as being conspicuously an example of what a first-class episcopate ought to be. I will now present his successor, who has come here with the best possible training to succeed him ; for the present Bishop of Truro has been, for just about as long a time as I have been a Bishop, in charge of a most important parish in London. . . . He has there gathered around him the devoted attachment both of rich and poor—of all grades and ranks of society, and has made them all to feel that in his departure they have to regret a personal loss. I know something of that parish. I have had many opportunities of seeing the work that is done in it. I knew a little about it before the present Bishop of Truro went there, and I know the wonderful, almost miraculous, changes effected there under his guidance. Such a man is well suited to take charge of the higher and larger work which he has to undertake now. But he does not come here without still further claim on your attachment and respect, because he was an intimate friend of the late Bishop, and he has been among you before now, and has frequently taken his part in promoting what the late Bishop desired most especially to promote. When I introduced the late Bishop to you he was quite unknown, but the present Bishop has this advantage, that many of you know him, and many of you have learned already to love him. I venture to believe that as long as he continues to discharge the duties of his office here, the love which those who know him already have begun to feel will increase more and more, and those who have not yet learned to know what he is will find that he is, indeed, a true Bishop of the Church, and that he discharges his duty in such a way that all alike, clergy and laity, and those who agree with him and those who differ from him, those who belong to the Church and those who are outside of it—all alike will acknowledge that they have in him a firm and impartial ruler, and, to say

more than that, a man given up to the service of the Lord, able to recognize the true signs of similar devotion in others wherever he may see them, and able to take his part in promoting throughout the diocese that work which was so worthily begun by his predecessor, and which is the very life of the Church wherever it is planted, that work of perpetual self-sacrifice in God's service, and of absolute trust in His overshadowing care and wisdom. . . .

The Bishop of Truro, when it came to his turn to speak, said :

It is with no mere idle language in response to the words which have been addressed to me that I thank you for the way in which you have welcomed me into this diocese, and into this city of Truro. Mr. Mayor, I have to thank you especially for the generous words you have spoken, touching upon the position which you occupy, and the readiness that you feel to welcome me, not merely officially, but as the representative of that great body of Nonconformists to whom you belong. . . .

It is difficult for me, Mr. Mayor, to speak to-day, because it is hard to realise what is precisely the position that I occupy in Truro. I have become so accustomed to be one of you, so accustomed to be here as chaplain of the dear Archbishop, that I can hardly realise I am actually occupying the position which, for six years of blessing, has been occupied by him. When first that great appointment was made, I perhaps was able—certainly not less than others, I had almost said more than most—to sympathise with you all in the loss that you were about to undergo. I knew, by the years I had gone in and out among you, what it would be to lose Archbishop Benson from your midst ; and I sympathised also with you in the joy with which I knew many hearts in Cornwall were stirred, in knowing that others besides yourselves had learned to appreciate his value ; that others outside Cornwall, outside the Cathedral Chapter, outside the diocese had learned to know the powers of government and of guidance for a great Church which were latent in Bishop Benson of Truro. He is, indeed, a prince of men, strong at every turn to guide, to govern, to inspire, and yet with a tenderness combined with a strength, such as I, for one, have never known before. Never, I say it deliberately, in my experience have I seen such a mingling of strength with tenderness as I have marked in years of friendship and familiar intercourse with Archbishop Benson. While we mourn his loss, we cannot but rejoice that, in the providence of God, he has been called to

the highest position in the Church of England. I had almost said the highest position in this great country of England. And you will believe, Mr. Mayor, that it is with intense satisfaction that I find myself still linked with him, and allowed to begin the work of a bishop in the province of Canterbury. In that great enthronement at Canterbury, in those words which fell from his lips, and which stirred the hearts of all who had ears to hear with unbounded hope for the future, he told us the story of an old custom in the Church of Alexandria. He told us how it was the custom, when a new patriarch was appointed, that he should be taken into the death chamber of the former patriarch whom he succeeded. I, thank God, do not come to you to day having had the dead hand of the Archbishop laid upon me, but with his living hand, instinct with life and love and sympathy, laid on my head in that great Cathedral of St. Paul's.

I thank you, my Lord Bishop of Exeter, for the words which you have spoken as to the blessing which has been given to the work in London. It would, indeed, be a want of faith if I were to doubt that the God who has so blessed me in the past will also help and bless me in this more difficult work to which I have been called ; there would, indeed, be no belief in the living God preparing human instruments for the work to which He has called them, if I did not see, in that strange linking of my life with that of Bishop Benson, a preparation for the work on which I enter more formally to-day. When I think that six years ago I had never seen him, when I remember that we were unknown to each other, and then look back to the strange guiding of God which led him to appoint me his chaplain, the way he was induced to give to me a closer friendship than has been the lot of many, when I remember the continual opportunities for confidential intercourse which I, a stranger six years ago, have been allowed to enjoy with him, it would be an utter want of belief in the superintending providence of God if I had any doubt that I have been silently, and all unknown to myself, prepared for this high office ; and in this thought there is the secret of power for the future, for it would be simply irreverence to believe that an Almighty Father would have called one of His sons to such a work as this intending to wreck what has been so nobly begun, and to imperil the destinies of Christ's Church. I am confident that I shall have your help. The words that have been spoken to-day, the presence of those whom I see around me, the many familiar faces on whom my eyes rested

during the earlier portion of these proceedings, are the pledge I shall not be left alone as Bishop of Truro.

Of my own self the less said the better. It is easy for a man to speak of that which he hopes to accomplish ; it is more sober, more self-disciplined, to be silent until the fruit is gathered in, and he is allowed to look back upon that which, in the providence of God, he has been actually allowed to accomplish. My ideal, Mr. Mayor, is a very simple one, it is the highest that any Bishop of Truro, or any other diocese, can put before his mind : it is simply this, to be in deed that which I am in name—a father in God, to be on earth what the Great Father is, to be father, as He is Father, of all, like unto Him 'who sendeth His rain on the just and the unjust, and maketh His sun to shine on the good and on the evil.' My desire is to be a father to all, to those who like and those who dislike, to those who sympathise and those who conscientiously may even be opposed to me, to go on, God helping me, simply reminding myself morning by morning that I am a father to all, sent by the Eternal One to imitate Himself in His Own Divine Fatherhood. So I believe those outside the Church will find sympathy, and if I am able to carry out that ideal they will learn, God helping me, what a power of love and of benediction there is laid up yet unproved in this great Church of England. I desire above all to be a father *in God*, with my life hidden in Him—to see His will, to know His mind, to do His work, which He may give me to do, that so in the day of His Son's appearing, when I give up this office to-day so solemnly entrusted to me into His hands, I may be able, with all that awful consciousness of human imperfection, and yet with a true heart and honest conscience, to say, 'My Father, I have tried to finish the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

CHAPTER V

DIOCESAN WORK

It would not be possible to chronicle all the Bishop's movements in the diocese, or all the sermons and addresses which he gave. The first three years of his episcopate were indeed, as Mr. Scott Holland has called them, 'brimming years' of work. Sometimes the work was of a similar character to what every bishop has to do; sometimes it took him into picturesque situations, as when, a month after his consecration, he went to re-open the little parish church of Temple on Bodmin Moor, which had been in ruins for 150 years.

The little church was so crowded, said the 'Church in Cornwall,' and so many were left outside, that the Bishop kindly consented to preach in the churchyard. It was a most picturesque sight, worthy of primitive days, to see the throng assembled on the steep slope of the churchyard with the little church sixty feet below, . . . while the Bishop took his stand on a slab of grey granite, cropping up among the grass and bluebells, with the rich pastoral staff held . . . at his side. . . . Not many of those present, however, could think of artistic effects. The eager faces showed how they were carried away by the Bishop's inspiring sermon.

At the tea afterwards,

the Bishop, in the course of a genial and winning speech, told his Cornish hearers to pay attention to the first part of their ancient motto, *One and all*, pointing out how each individual could help on the work of the Church. When he was a boy, he said, if he came to his father and complained of some piece of work that needed to be done in the garden or elsewhere, his father used to answer, 'Well, George, can "one" do it?

making George feel that he must go away and try his best to do it himself.[1]

In Archbishop Benson's letter to Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Mr. Wilkinson's qualifications for the see of Truro, mention is made of the respect and affection already felt for him by 'the energetic band of workers who' had 'collected' there, and of his connexion with 'a number of necessarily new organizations' in the new diocese. Of these last, the Archbishop said, 'Mr. Wilkinson . . . has had a large share in arranging some, and encouraging all.'[2]

To the 'energetic band of workers,' of whom the Archbishop spoke, his successor added—besides a whole community of devoted ladies, of whom it will be necessary to speak more in detail—another contingent of gifted men who had not been connected with Cornwall before. First among these must be mentioned the Rev. H. S. Holland, at that time Senior Student of Christ Church. He and the Bishop had already long been friends. Bishop Wilkinson, immediately upon his appointment, made Mr. Holland one of his Examining Chaplains, and it will always be a proud recollection for the western Cathedral that for a year or two, until he became Canon of St. Paul's, Mr. Holland was an Honorary Canon of Truro, occupying the stall of St. Petroc which the Bishop had just vacated. Nor did his service to the diocese end with his tenure of that stall, or even with Wilkinson's Cornish episcopate. A long succession of Cornish clergymen will remember for life the searching, burning words which he addressed to them in the Advent Ember seasons; and his enthusiasm and brilliant powers of speech were always at the Bishop's service when important meetings were to be held. Of his personal aid to the Bishop in time of need no words would suffice to speak.

As his Domestic Chaplain the Bishop brought with him one who had been amongst his assistant curates in Eaton Square, the Rev. John Maxwell Lyte. He was the grandson of the author of the hymn 'Abide with Me'; and no life, and no death,

[1] *Church in Cornwall*, vol. ii. July 1883.
[2] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 549.

could have reflected more faithfully the principles which that hymn contains. For years he had been to the Bishop more like a son than anything else, and the Bishop could not have loved him more tenderly if he had been his own flesh and blood. His constitution was not strong, and consumption set in. He fought it resolutely, but in January 1887 the end came, and he passed away, leaving behind him the memory of a blameless and cultured life, cherished by all the diocese both for what he was in himself, and for what he had been to the Bishop. To the Society of Watchers and Workers the Bishop spoke of him (though without mentioning his name) as the greatest saint he had ever known. The following letter to the Archbishop shows something of his feeling about Mr. Lyte's death :

Lis Escop, Truro : Feb. 1, 1887.

My dearest Archbishop,—Thank you for your letter. It was very kind of you to write, though I hoped that you would not add even that straw to your work. When you were not actually taking part in business, your face looked as if many mountains were before you.

. . . It has all come just when the year's work and many heavy anxieties have taxed my strength, and I keep shivering as every paper and book and pen seems to bring the damp mist of that shadow land round one—but that is only the physical side. Thank God, there is all the other, which I need not put into words.

One thing will interest you. I never could understand why, year after year, he struggled to live. Night after night—year after year—pain and suffering ; and yet he rose up and struggled into his things, and struggled through his work, and besought me not to let him give up anything. I saw how ready he was to go—so ready that when the doctor told him last week that it might be very near, it made no difference to him. He was ready any moment. So it puzzled me—this tenacity for living. I find out now what it was. He regarded death as a thing which God hated, and which he was bound to fight against over and over again, until God saw fit to give to death an apparent victory. And he brought to bear upon it the Divine courage of which H. Perreyve speaks,[1] the transformed 'pluck' of his early

[1] A. Gratry, *Henri Perreyve* (1873), p. 77.

life (he won five silver cups one afternoon, and was the best high jumper of his College, &c.)—and he fought death point by point, even to the end, and in his last Communion on the morning of his departure his voice rose above Cornish's in the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and then, having sung his song of victory, he gave himself up. He had fought and conquered, so far as God willed him to conquer, and then, when God willed, he went to sleep. They hardly knew when the end came on the Friday about 6. I thought this view of death would interest you, and I have been led on to write more than I intended. With much love,

Ever, my dearest Archbishop,

Yours affectionately,

G. H. Truron.

Chancellor Worlledge, who succeeded Mr. Whitaker when Mr. Whitaker was transferred to a canonry at Hereford, was a friend of Archbishop Benson's, and the Archbishop no doubt had much to do with his going to Truro ; but Bishop Wilkinson conferred few greater benefits upon the diocese than when he prevailed upon Mr. Worlledge to accept the modest position which he has now filled for so many years with dignity and wisdom and unfailing devotion. Mr. Donaldson, the late precentor of the cathedral, and historian of the revived see of Truro, was another acquisition of Bishop Wilkinson's. Recommended to the Bishop by Mr. Aitken, he combined the sympathies which made him on occasion a useful missioner in the diocese with the liturgical sense necessary for ordering the services of a new cathedral. A whole succession of admirable subdeans showed the Bishop's power of attracting men to an almost unpaid post of hard work. When by his tact and patience the difficulties of adjusting the relation between the cathedral and the parish of St. Mary had been accomplished, and the generous and warm-hearted rector, Mr. Clement Fox Harvey, passed from Truro—the advowson of which he presented to his diocesan —to the poetic Sanctuary of Probus and the finest church in Cornwall after the cathedral, the Bishop's old friends, Mr. J. H. Moore and Mr. F. E. Gardiner—though with an interval between them—took up the double position of subdean and rector. Both these men had already worked in Cornwall—

in Truro—under Bishop Benson, but it was Mr. Wilkinson of Eaton Square who found them for him. Between these two, the subdeanery and rectorship was held by the Rev. C. F. J. Bourke, now Archdeacon of Buckingham, who has left behind him in Truro a name that will long be cherished and honoured, and his sister's likewise, for love of the poor and zeal for Christian education and for everything that is good.

Mr. Donaldson has well shown in his 'Bishopric of Truro' how the Bishop 'took up the threads of episcopal work just where his predecessor had dropped them.' The Diocesan Conference continued to deserve the reputation which it had gained 'as a serious businesslike assembly,' [1] while the Bishop's spiritual intensity placed its proceedings on a level which ecclesiastical gatherings do not always reach. The smaller Conferences in-the rural deaneries went forward with similar good success. The Devotional Conference was supplemented by Diocesan Retreats, held every year. The 'Church Society' became a great guild of intercession. The Bishop was deeply interested in the Truro High School for Girls, which Bishop Benson had founded and loved—as formerly at Eaton Square he had been interested in the Baker Street and Graham Street High Schools, founded by Mr. F. J. Holland, where his daughter Ernestine afterwards worked, which had a place in his weekly intercessions to the end. He prayed with the girls at Truro, and with their mistresses, who were spiritual children of his own. During his episcopate the home of the school was up at Kenwyn, near his own house, so that communications were easy and frequent. It was, as Mr. Donaldson says, to be 'expected from his antecedents,' that he should be specially interested in the Mission work of the diocese. When the author of this Memoir ceased to reside in Cornwall, and the private resources which had for some years maintained the work came to an end, the Bishop obtained money from a lay benefactor to carry it on. He saw it put on a wider basis than before by the association of a number of priests together, under the leadership of the Rev. F. E. Carter, the Canon Missioner (now Dean of Grahamstown), in a society

[1] *Western Morning News*, October 31, 1884.

like the *Novate Novale* which Dr. Benson had formed at Lincoln. He was enabled to maintain a few clergymen without parochial cures whom he could send about the diocese to help where they were wanted, during the vacancy of a benefice, or to help a priest who was ill or needed a holiday. No effort was spared for the promotion of all good causes. The Bishop took incredible pains with the few cases—they were happily few—of clergymen who gave scandal to their parishioners. Temperance work was vigorously pushed forward, though the Bishop, with all his own severe abstemiousness, would never take the extreme attitude upon the subject.

He was—in his wise and restrained and spiritual way—still more active in dealing with the evils of impurity. A strong movement in this direction was set on foot at the Diocesan Conference of 1884. In 1885 the violent action of a well-known London journalist, who flooded England with horrible statistics, threatened to wreck the more sober work which was being carried on. The Bishop had few more ardent admirers than Miss Ellice Hopkins, whom some of her friends believed to be susceptible to his influence, and to his alone, among ecclesiastics. Miss Hopkins bombarded him about this time with letters such as few others could write. Come what might, she must stand by Mr. Stead. She adjured the Bishop to subscribe to the fund raised in his defence, and to hold meetings for the purpose. There was, to her mind, no way of combating the evil except by organizations which united all earnest people without regard to sect or denomination. Upon this last point the Bishop's mind was clear. In addressing a gathering of women at Alverton, the home of the Ladies of the Epiphany, he laid down a clear line of demarcation between sin and crime. Where the repression of crime was concerned, where vigilance committees were to be formed for the preservation of public morals, there the basis of action was to be as wide as possible, and any willing helpers were more than welcome ; but to deal with sin, to purify character, was a work which required to be dealt with on the highest and the deepest grounds, and was only possible by the help of motives and by the use of methods which do not appeal to all alike.

The Bishop's feeling with regard to Mr. Stead was shown in a letter written to the Rev. R. Allen, the Wesleyan superintendent of the Truro Circuit, which was published in all the papers. A meeting of Nonconformist ministers had been held in Mr. Allen's house to consider what should be done, and Mr. Allen had been requested to see the Bishop in the hope of securing joint action. The Bishop, accompanied by the present Bishop of St. Germans, then met the Nonconformist ministers at Mr. Allen's house, and wrote to him afterwards as follows :

Lis Escop, Truro : November 3, 1885.

My dear Mr. Allen,—I gladly comply with your wish that I should put on paper the substance of what I said at our interviews on October 31 and November 2.

First, however, let me express my thankfulness to you, and to your brethren, for giving me the pleasure of those interviews.

I am satisfied that few things are more likely to be well pleasing to our Divine Master than such meetings for united counsel and united prayer.

As regards the difficult subject with which we are now concerned, my position is as follows :

I have felt unable to contribute to the Stead Defence Fund on account of the character of the placards which they have lately posted on the walls of Truro.

I am equally unable to pronounce any judgment upon the action of the Government in the prosecution of Mr. Stead. At the same time, I earnestly hope that, whatever Government may be in power, no effort will be spared to bring to justice every man, be he high or low, rich or poor, who has broken the law in this respect.

As regards Mr. Stead himself I entirely disapprove of the method by which his information was obtained, and the unguarded manner in which it was published. It may be that when we review the history of the past year from the land beyond the veil, we shall see that the desperate condition of English morality required this desperate remedy ; but with our present knowledge of God's will, we are bound, I think, as Christians, to protest against what seems to us the doctrine that we are justified in doing evil that good may come.

At the same time, I desire to stand by Mr. Stead in this his hour of need, because I believe that he is an honest man, actuated

by pure motives, suffering in behalf of the poor and the weak and the oppressed. I believe, further, that if it had not been for his self-sacrifice, the wish alike of the late and of the present Government to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, combined with the repeated efforts of the House of Lords, would have been frustrated by the strange apathy of the House of Commons. I therefore felt it my duty to contribute five pounds towards the expenses of Mr. Stead's defence, but I sent it anonymously for the reasons above mentioned.

As regards the future, the following resolution was passed at our late Diocesan Conference :—'That it is of pressing importance that committees should be formed in all our great centres of population, and also in large villages in the country, for the purpose of seeing that full use is made of the powers already conferred by law, and that the co-operation of Christians of all denominations should be invited in the work of the committees, and that it be an instruction to the Diocesan Committee to define the work of these committees before they are appointed.' I hope that you will allow me to convey to our Diocesan Committee the assurance of your concurrence in it.

We are resolved that, with your co-operation and the co-operation of the inhabitants of the city of Truro, the Act, God helping us, shall not be allowed to remain a dead letter.

Believe me, dear Mr. Allen,
Yours very sincerely,
GEORG: H. TRURON.

In sending to Mr. Green a paper about this matter, Mr. Lyte wrote :

Lis Escop, Truro : [1885].

DEAR MR. GREEN,—The Bishop . . . wishes me to say that matters about Church Defence are looking well at present in this diocese, and the Liberals seem to be coming over rather to the side of the Church. Great efforts are also being made to purge the diocese of all irregularities and neglect.

The Bishop thought that you might like to see the enclosed, whether you agreed with it or not. He feels that much of the success that has been given to him in drawing out the sympathy of Dissenters is owing to your hints in times past.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
JOHN MAXWELL LYTE.

The Bishop, indeed, never lost an opportunity of showing kindness and friendliness to the Nonconformists of Cornwall, though he left no doubt about his uncompromising faithfulness to the Church of England. 'He did not a little,' Mr. Donaldson says, 'to soften the bitterness of religious controversy.' The Rev. J. S. Paige, for many years minister of the Baptist Chapel at Truro, wrote after his death to a Dissenting paper :

The obituary notices of the late Bishop Wilkinson have described him as a High Churchman, but those who had the privilege of knowing him, even though differing from him in creed, could not help being attracted by his great spirituality of mind. When in the Truro diocese, presiding one evening at the annual meeting of the Bible Society, he invited all the speakers (including Nonconformists) to breakfast with him the next morning. No one was surprised that as soon as breakfast was over the Bishop requested that there and then a prayer meeting should follow, the Bishop himself leading the devotion.

His memory, Mr. Paige adds, lives in Cornwall as one of the saintliest of bishops.

Prayer, such as Mr. Paige speaks of, was the basis of all the Bishop's diocesan activities. He did not only bear the needs of parishes and individual people upon his own heart ; he enlisted the help of other hearts as well. The little chapel at Lis Escop was a fountain of prayer which welled up continually, and gathered tributary streams on every side, till sometimes the streams became a river. His household servants were made to understand that they were taking part in a great spiritual work—sometimes by simply ministering to the bodily wants of those who came as guests to the house, sometimes by joining in intercessions. There were always special prayers with them and for them at times when the house was full of ordination candidates or others. Subjects for prayer were posted up in the chapel. If Warleggan was laid under sequestration, if the advowson of Mevagissey was to be sold, if Linkinhorne required a Mission Church, prayer was offered constantly for this object.

More and more, the Bishop said to the people of Linkinhorne in 1887, I seem to see how very clear is the guidance and how

real the care God is taking of the diocese. One place after another which a few years ago, when I first came into the diocese, was a real anxiety to me, is now only another instance added to the long list of thanksgivings which have to be offered to our God. This parish has long wanted that which has now been offered to Almighty God—its mission church. It was one of the first great needs I had pressed upon me by one whose name will ever be honoured and respected in this neighbourhood, my Archdeacon—Archdeacon Hobhouse. Circumstances had prevented one vicar after another from really doing anything, and nothing remained to me but to use that great society which we have in the diocese—the great society for intercession. Every need that arises in the diocese, every difficulty, every anxiety, about a thousand people bear on their hearts to God. We begin in our little chapel at Lis Escop, and then it is passed on through the Church Society through the length and breadth of the diocese. We wait upon our God, and we know that without a single exception, sooner or later, God always finds the way, the need is supplied, the money is given ; or if the prayer had no such answer, He gives to us, as He has promised, the inner peace of God that passes understanding, a quiet confidence that it was better for us that the prayer was not answered.

When some now in that church, he said at Mevagissey, first came to him about the Church's shame at Mevagissey, it seemed that they could no nothing—they could but pray. His children prayed, and his servants prayed, and he got about 800 people in the diocese to pray for Mevagissey. Week and month passed and no deliverance came, until it came within an hour when he might have been obliged to publish the scandal all through Cornwall, and might have done almost irreparable injury to the work of God ; and then, from a source he knew nothing of before, came a letter, and the way was opened up from that minute for all that had happened afterwards.

After the Bishop had been for some time in Cornwall, a certain change was observable, to those who watched him closely, in his methods of dealing with the prevailing forms of religion in the county. When first he became Bishop he was prepared to go to almost any length along with them. With the recollections of his Durham experience about him, he was disposed to encourage the freest of prayer meetings, and to be indulgent to

a good deal that was noisy and sensational, with a view to bringing souls to God in a way that they were accustomed to. There was no priest in his diocese towards whom his heart went out more sympathetically than towards Mr. John Andrewes Reeve, then Vicar of the typical parish of St. Just in Penwith, close to the old home of Mr. Robert Aitken of Pendeen. Mr. Reeve had come to Cornwall with Bishop Benson. A strong and thoroughgoing Catholic by conviction, he lent himself in everything but the prescribed services of the Church to be a Methodist to the Methodists. It was a bold experiment, carried out through many years of arduous and lonely toil. His fellow presbyters, though they admired his zeal, often looked with suspicion and disapproval upon his ways of working. The Bishop delighted in him. A Confirmation at St. Just was a joy to look forward to and a joy to remember for life. The freedom, the spirituality, the whole-hearted Churchmanship combined with primitive simplicity, was his own ideal. Nevertheless the time came when he felt the risks of treating a Celtic race in this manner. Though he never endeavoured to persuade Mr. Reeve to change his course, he became less desirous that men who had not Mr. Reeve's genius should imitate it. He found that he was in contact with a people who did not need to be stimulated, but rather to be restrained, whose emotional nature was liable to be over-excited, and to whom St. Paul's injunction was applicable—*φιλοτιμεῖσθαι ἡσυχάζειν*, 'that ye study'—literally, 'that ye agitate'—'to be quiet.' Dr. Holland says that he remembers well what a marked change of tone there was in the advice which he gave to the candidates for Orders in this respect at the second or third ordination at which Dr. Holland was present.

These Ordinations were amongst the most wonderful portions of his Truro work. He wrote about his arrangements for them soon after his consecration :

To the Rev. C. Green

St. Columb, Cornwall: May 4, 1884.

I have just come in from . . . confirming a number of adults brought to God at a Church Mission lately held in this parish. . . .

I am too tired to write much sense, for the large church was crammed with people, and a great longing came over me really to win some souls for God—and you know the reaction which comes physically. We are all well and very happy in our new home. There is a great work to be done in Cornwall, but no one should come here unless (1) He expects results and believes that, if God will, they can come at any moment, and (2) Is prepared to see no visible results in this life. They are a delightful people to work amongst, and I think that God is blessing the work.

You would be interested in the preparation for Ordination. About two months before the Ordination to the Diaconate, they have nearly all the intellectual examination. At the end of it (two months before the Ordination) they spend a long day with me and I try to 'fence the tables,' working such thoughts as Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire,' trying to get straight home—'are you inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost?' Then the next two days I see them one by one and try to see whether they have a call. If they have, I am able then to give them a real Evangelical foundation and leave them with books like 'Instructions in the Way of Salvation,' &c., and their Bible, till the Ordination. Then at the Ordination they all live the last three days with us. Holy Communion 8 A.M.; afterwards we have silence till dinner, with addresses. Then a delightful evening of talk on subjects in keeping with the season. Then on the Sunday morning we have a little Prayer Meeting and silent prayer. . . . My eldest girl is heart and soul with me in it—as indeed all the girls are, only she is mother to the family—so the preparation for Ordination is very happy . . .

Ever affectionately,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

Dr. Holland says of those Ember times:

Has there been, in our generation, anything at all like an Ordination in those first glad years of health as carried out by the Bishop in Lis Escop? He has himself told, in a letter to his friend, the general scheme. From the very first, he put out his whole spiritual force to make his scheme a reality. Those four days during which the candidates were at Lis Escop were worked simply as a mission to their souls. All the examination business had been already cleared out of the way,

and the Pastoral Papers that served to fill up part of the time were used to make the personal intercourse easier.

He himself was in full evidence from first to last. Not that he undertook the addresses : he left them to the special persons selected, while his own formal utterance was reserved for the great charge on Saturday night. But he put his own powers at the service of the addresses, speaking of them at meals, praying over and round them, making so much of them that the unfortunate person who gave them was humbled into the dust by the exaltation given to his poor attempts.

Always the Bishop was leading : saying something at every meal and on every favourable occasion : expounding the Bible in chapel : explaining the purpose of all the detailed arrangements : making every incident serve the high purpose ; working up the stress and pressure of the hour.

He set himself to break up the soul of every candidate there. He aimed at bringing each one up to a transfiguring crisis. He took the highest level from the very start, and did his utmost to charge the atmosphere with spiritual electricity. It was all done deliberately and resolutely, because of his dread of an unconverted ministry. He could not bear to think of ordaining anybody who had not made his complete soul's surrender and so found his peace. More especially did he dread sending an unconverted man to minister to Cornish folk. So he spared nothing that could intensify the glamour, strangeness and exaltation of this special preparation. It was the last chance, and he would use it to the utmost.

There were always, I suppose, two or three who recoiled and repudiated the direct inroad upon their innermost lives. But in general he was quite irresistible and swept us all into a condition of exalted emotion, which shut us in from all the outer world as into a transcendent mystery, in which everything seemed possible. I used to find all my critical questionings scattered, and found myself yielded to the power of the hour, only saying to myself ' No one else but he must ever do this. In anybody else's hands it would be too much.'

Very characteristically all this high spiritual exaltation went on in an environment singularly contrasted with it. Lis Escop was a very small house ; but it was filled with all the charming and delicate appointments which belonged to his life in London, and which his daughter faithfully carried out with quite special skill and taste. Beautiful flowers crowded the

rooms. Everything was exquisitely ordered. The dining-table was a perfect dream of joy, with its admirable flowers, under the glow of shaded lights twinkling with silver and shapely glasses. No London table could be better done; and it was all kept up for the candidates, who probably had, for the most part, never sat at a table half as beautifully decorated.

This never daunted the Bishop. It seemed to him perfectly easy to rise, in the thick of flowers, and, over the gleaming finger-glasses, to pour out all his soul. I can see him now, in the rich mellowed light, over the glistening dessert and the claret jugs, speaking to them as if his whole heart was in heavenly places with Christ. Most typical of all, perhaps, would be the opening words on the first night, as he explained to them the plan of the coming days. This plan was thought out down to the tiniest details, and always he would be noting down on a slip of paper for Constance any further detail of arrangement that might yet improve the smoothness with which things went. He knew well how necessary exact smoothness of detail was to the working of a mission, so that the practical business might never intervene or disturb the even pressure of the spiritual current.

So he would tell men everything, as it had been settled, securing exact punctuality by gongs that would sound five minutes before any meal or service; to be followed by a few separate strokes at the precise moment when they were to be in their places. He would go through it all, interweaving with it mystical instruction to sustain the level.

They might, for instance, at certain hours use the garden as freely as they liked, to walk alone in and meditate in silently; only there was this to be remembered—the front door must be softly closed, otherwise it would disturb others by constant banging, and the servants would be troubled by incessantly coming up to shut it.

Then, in case this detail should appear small, he suddenly looked up with that strange gaze of his into the unseen, and began reminding them how every tiny detail, in the vision of the Apocalypse, was done in comely order, how the book was given by Christ to the Angel, and then by the Angel handed on to the Apostle, and so the message was passed over to the Church. So the sweet rhythmic movements of heaven were all under precise and careful, and smooth and quiet and thoughtful discipline. And we were on earth to reproduce this orderly carefulness of

heaven. And he would therefore beg them to remember to shut the front door as often as they went out. It somehow appeared that this was a quite natural conclusion to draw from our excursion into those high fields.

All this consummated itself in the Saturday charge, divided into two sections.

In this he spoke as if he and they were on the brink of the Eternal Judgment. He would enforce all the teaching that had been given in the addresses. He would bring to bear upon them his full gifts as a mission preacher, as well as his full authority as a father in God. In all this he would be very dignified, very serious, however emotional the atmosphere ; grasping his pastoral staff ; profoundly impressed with the solemnity of his office ; weighty in his high passion, clothed with the majesty of a ruler in God's House. This attitude became very marked towards the close ; and even in the cramped, stuffy, choked little chapel, with the heat of its flaming gas-jets, we all became aware of the dignity of his presence, as he transfigured the tiny spot into a shrine filled with the smoke of the Divine Illumination, through which we almost heard the voices of Seraphim crying to one another ' Holy, Holy, Holy.'

I would not, I must repeat, desire to see anyone else attempt to reproduce his methods ; we could not have borne it from any other ; but with him these moments were like nothing else in all the world.

CHAPTER VI

IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS

THERE was, no doubt, something in the saying which was often heard in those days, that Bishop Benson was not an easy man to succeed. The new Bishop had not his manysidedness. There was not in him the same spontaneous and eager delight in his surroundings which captivated people at their first approach to his predecessor. Not that Bishop Wilkinson was incapable of taking an interest in politics, or in art, or in literature, or in scenery; he was interested in them all. But the one dominant interest of his life had a somewhat crushing and dwarfing effect upon everything else. From early days he had consciously sacrificed all for the paramount object of living to the Spirit. Gifts and powers which other men might have sanctified and used, he had been prepared in great measure to set aside. The consequence was that some people missed in him the broad humanity which they had found in Bishop Benson. Even among the most devout and spiritual of the Cornish folk there were some who at first thought him cold. He was physically unable to go about as much as the first Bishop had done. He had not quite the same felicitous way of seizing upon points of local history and personal association which never failed to astonish whenever the first Bishop had preached up and down the diocese. To say this is no disparagement of the second Bishop; it only serves to heighten the wonder of his achievements, that they were attained by methods so unmixedly, so austerely spiritual.

Wherever he went, and whatever he had to do, people felt that they had been in the presence of something above nature. Mrs. Benney, the great mistress of the boats on the Truro river,

used to ask, while he was still a Canon of Truro—with a smile upon her compressed lips, her chin drawn down, and a twinkle in her upturned eyes—'When is *our Prophet* coming to us again?' and many all over Cornwall soon felt, like her, within a short time of his being made Bishop, that a prophet had been among them. The Rev. A. L. Palmes, formerly Vicar of Bodmin, says:

I once heard a man say of him, after seeing him for the first time, 'Well, I never saw a soul without a body before!' The spirit seemed to shine already through the transparent shell. It was this other worldliness which impressed the most unlikely people. I always remember a 'bus conductor at Bodmin, who had been present at the public luncheon when the Bishop came to open our newly restored church, saying to me, 'I never heard anyone say grace like that before! That was asking a blessing.' It was an instance (and I could give many others) of his religious attention to the smallest details in the service of God. You have probably heard of the man who said to him quite recently, 'I can't think what people can see in ——'s sermons; there seems to me nothing in them.' 'Nothing,' said the Bishop quietly, with that far-away look of his, 'but the Holy Ghost.' But he also, as you know, had a very human side. I remember hearing a rather conceited and rather self-assertive young curate laying down the law to him as to how the diocese ought to be worked, and the Bishop saying to him gravely in a pause in the conversation, 'Let me see, Mr. ——, how long have you been in the diocese?' 'Six weeks, my Lord,' was the discomfited reply, as the gentle shaft went home.

His lightest words carried spiritual power and grace with them. One who was formerly a dressmaker at Truro writes:

I well remember in the April of 1884 (or 1885) going for a walk alone one evening, and passing through Kenwyn Churchyard to a lot of steps, called Forty Steps, which led into a lovely little valley at the back of Lis Escop. I was very sad and much worried at the time, and I busied myself gathering the lovely late primroses and violets which grew there, when I heard a light step, and turning I saw it was our dear Bishop, and as I was on his path I tried to hurry away; but his kind smile and bow (he knew me by sight, I think) and remarks on the lovely evening

soon put me at my ease. He little knew how his words cheered me for many days after—indeed even now, whenever I see primroses, I always think of him as my Bishop.

No one was too lowly, or too unpromising in appearance, for him to address in kindly and comforting fashion. A friend was walking with him one evening near Kenwyn when a tramp came up and begged of him. The Bishop was very poorly at the time, and much pressed; but he told the man to go to the house, where they would give him some refreshment, and said that on his return from his short walk he would, if the man wished it, look into his case. He almost apologised to his companion for dealing so liberally with the tramp, and referred to the vow made at his consecration, 'Will you show yourself gentle, and be merciful for Christ's sake, to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help?'

Mrs. Arthur Tremayne, his most faithful helper in work for the Cathedral, whose husband, Colonel Tremayne, was one of the heroes of the Charge of Balaclava, sends the following notes:

As Mr. Storrs said the other day, 'God was always close by,' and even in society, and when the Bishop was taking a kind interest in others' family and personal matters, he always turned the conversation to holier things and our Father's dealings with all his children, even at a dinner table, in such a way as could offend no one's feelings. I remember on one occasion, when he was staying at Carclew, when we broke up at bedtime, he stopped and talked to my husband on some subject that was interesting to both, and then the Bishop asked the Colonel to kneel down, and he prayed with him, and blessed him. When Colonel Tremayne came upstairs he told me of this, and said that with any other man this might have seemed a little incongruous, this little service taking place in the Hall, with the menservants just outside waiting to take away the lights; but from Bishop Wilkinson it was quite different, and it all seemed so reverent.

The influence of the Bishop's firm belief in answers to prayer was also a great help to others. I remember Mr. Smith (Criddle and Smith) telling me once how this had struck him. It was the day of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's funeral, and Mr. Smith was intrusted with the arrangements, and he had gone up to Lis Escop to

speak to one of the family (Harry Wilkinson, I fancy). It was apparently a hopelessly wet day, and Mr. Smith expressed his regrets at this, whereupon the other said, ' But the funeral does not take place till 2 o'clock, and it will be fine by that time.' It appeared that this had been asked for in the chapel that morning, and the favourable answer was not only believed in, but it came, as the afternoon turned out fine.

One who accompanied Bishop Wilkinson as chaplain on one of his first confirmation tours corroborates Mrs. Tremayne's remark about the Bishop's use of the dinner table for unconventional discourse. At one big country house where they were staying, dinner had not advanced beyond the soup stage when the lady next to the Bishop was seen to be shedding what were doubtless happy and healing tears as he conversed with her.

Naturally the clergy of the diocese received the greatest share of the Bishop's helpful kindness. A pathetic letter, at the time of his appointment, from Dr. Farrar, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, who not infrequently preached for him at St. Peter's, called upon him to see to this.

I know, wrote Farrar, that you possess the precious gift of deep sympathy, which is so very needful to a Bishop, and the absence of which is so heavy a loss to his diocese. I know that you will be kind to your clergy ; that you will feel with them and for them in their struggles, in their efforts, in their achievements, in their failures, in their loneliness, in their poverty, in their disappointments ; and I know that, helping them to bear their burdens, you will speak to them the words of recognition and encouragement which, coming from one in high place, are often inestimably precious.

This expectation was abundantly fulfilled. The following instances have been supplied :

The ecclesiastical parish of St. Elwyn, Hayle, was formed out of the mother parish of Phillack in 1870 ; and for eighteen years afterwards the services for the new district were held in a dilapidated building, an abandoned Dissenting chapel, hidden away in a back street. During these long years, and amid surroundings of the dreariest and ugliest description, the first

incumbent, William Horsburgh, patiently toiled to gather together a little company of the faithful.

At length it was possible to secure a site, and the end of eighteen years of anxieties and hopes saw St. Elwyn in possession of a really fine and impressive church. The Bishop himself said of it in his sermon : ' It is such a noble church ; there is such a dignity in it, elevating our thoughts, almost in spite of ourselves, to our Lord.' The day, as may easily be imagined, was in the Vicar's own life like a sudden burst of glory after the long depressing gloom.

At the close of the service the good Bishop, who knew of the past struggles, and at once took in the whole situation, called into the vestry the vicar and his wife, who had shared in all the past toil and trouble ; beginning ' This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I am glad for you both this very happy day,' and then he gave his fatherly blessing in that warm and tender way which was peculiar to him. And sympathy with Bishop Wilkinson could neither be evanescent nor empty. In this case he took care to provide a rest for a physical breakdown, and ever afterwards, on meeting, the smile and grip of the hand showed of themselves the sympathy was still there.

A lady in a letter mentions the Bishop's manner of dealing with the Rev. W. H. Hodge, now Rector of Budock:

Mr. Hodge said when they lost two children of fever at Tuckingmill they determined to leave the diocese ; but the Bishop came to see him and, with the kindest sympathy in their trouble, begged him not to go, promising, if he would wait, he should have the first living the Bishop could give him. Soon after, he (the Bishop) offered Mr. Hodge Manaccan, but when the latter went to look at it and saw the fearful state of dilapidation and decay the church had fallen into, he returned to the Bishop to say that he really couldn't undertake it ; but the Bishop wouldn't let him off ; he said ' Yes, it's got to be restored, and you've got to do it ; it'll take a lot of work and a lot of praying, but you must take courage and remember old Nehemiah ! '

Nearly twenty years after, when the Bishop on one of his visits to Truro met Mr. Hodge, he delighted him by at once remembering him and saying, ' I often think of those old days and the wonderful work God helped you to do in restoring His House—it was a great thing to be thankful for.'

The wife of an excellent clergyman who has held a small benefice in Cornwall for more than forty years writes thus :

I should like to give some cases of his great loving kindness and thought for his clergy and their families. What trouble he must have taken to know their inner lives, even of those living far distant. He once wrote to me 'as a father,' with many apologies for (as it were) seeming curiosity as to our circumstances, begging me to write to him as a father, for, knowing the smallness of our income, and our ten children, he did not see how we could live—that though personally he could do little, he could get us help. Another time, when tithe went down so much, he sent us a Christmas gift of several pounds. Again, hearing my husband could not afford a holiday, he paid one of the clergy to take duty here for two Sundays. At one of his visits here, a poor old woman, a strong Dissenter, after hearing him preach, said to me, that if he was always here she thought there would not be any wicked person in the parish.

Many a time, especially after the consecration of the Cathedral, he would invite a lonely clergyman, with wife or daughter, to come and stay a night or two at Lis Escop, and give them a good dinner, and the opportunity of seeing the Cathedral at leisure, and, if possible, of meeting some cheerful or interesting society, and then send them home refreshed and comforted with prayers and blessings. After he had been a little while in the diocese, a wealthy layman, now gone to his reward, put 1000*l.* a year in his hands, with which to meet anonymously the wants of impoverished clergymen, or to be otherwise used at his discretion.

The Bishop of St. German's, who was at once his Archdeacon and the parish priest of Kenwyn, where he lived, sends a few reminiscences :

I never knew anyone with whom prayer was so natural. I was with him, of course, day after day, but we never began our work without first kneeling down.

I remember his saying after a heavy day's work as we went into the old wooden cathedral, how thankful he was for the peaceful help of a liturgical service, and that he had not to depend on extempore prayers then.

He would never give up any one in whom there had been at any time a sign of real spiritual life. I remember a case of a clergyman quite unconnected with the diocese, though resident in it, who so shamefully abused his goodness and his gifts that I had to refuse to be his almoner unless he promised to give nothing except through me. I knew how his gifts were being abused.

You remember Mr. —— and how you and I would not let him see the Bishop unless we were present—and how he began an interview by saying 'These two gentlemen can go, my Lord,' and we two wouldn't go. He caused the Bishop's second breakdown and resignation.

I remember his saying once to Bishop Benson that often the way to resist temptation was to busy oneself with something else. 'Some days ago,' he said, 'the Devil was tempting me, and I had to say "I can't attend to you, Devil, I have to dress for dinner."'

His generosity was unbounded. On one occasion after an absence of some months, he sent to me on his return 10*l.* for church expenses, because he would have given it had he been at home.

He was very anxious that full justice should be done to both the Cathedral and the Parish, and acted on a principle that whilst the terms of the agreement should be drawn so that the Cathedral should not hereafter suffer, should new powers be conferred on parishes by new Acts of Parliament, the Parish should always be treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration in practically interpreting them.

Mrs. John Bolitho contributes the following notes of conversations with the Bishop, and of little incidents in his pastorate:

He told one whose mother had recently died suddenly in her sleep, not to be afraid because God had not given the opportunity to give her any spiritual help; he himself had once felt that self-reproach and fear about a relative—but one mustn't. God would not let them suffer from lack of help from us, if He gave us no opportunity to give it. He Himself would make it up to them.

At a Confirmation, hearing of a Dissenter saying 'If you have been converted, and are trying to live up to it, I cannot

see what good Confirmation can do,' he said in his Charge, 'Perhaps some of you are thinking thus. If so, let me tell you that your Heavenly Father wants you to come and receive His Holy Spirit, to help you in trying to live up to your conversion.'

He said that we ought not to be disheartened in trying to help others (spiritually) because one feels dull and dead; he himself once spoke a few words in pity to a poor woman with a sick lad he happened to see at a station, feeling 'as dry as sawdust.' Heard afterwards that they had touched the boy, and that when dying he always referred to them as bringing him to God. He died in peace and faith.

He had been asked by a sister to call the first Sunday after an operation, when I was still very weak and in pain, and was so gentle and tender and sympathetic, and I thanked him from my heart, feeling strengthened beyond measure, and fancied that was over; then to my surprise and delight he appeared again, and when I exclaimed in gratitude, he said, 'Why, one couldn't leave you quite so weak and suffering as you were on Sunday.' And then he came regularly every few days—eight or nine times in all—until I was able to leave town, always helping me so wonderfully with his spiritual advice and prayers, but yet so kind and careful of my physical needs.

Listening to complaints of an unpopular vicar, he said: 'You have your Communion—thank God, no human being can make *any* difference to That, for It is Himself.'

Once when my little boy, aged nine, was unexpectedly called to leave the breakfast table with a message, he jumped down quickly from his high chair, and then stopped with folded hands and closed his eyes to say his grace before running off. The Bishop clapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'Well done, my boy, you set us all an example, never to forget to give God thanks in the midst of whatever press of business.'

Lady Emily Chichester says:

He had a great love of sacred pictures,[1] and he told me he always found them so very helpful in his daily life. He showed me several in his sitting-room at Truro that he specially liked, and pointed up to one over the door, of the Lord blindfolded, and said: 'I keep that over the door to look at going out, for I go out not knowing whom I may meet, what I may have to

[1] His diaries when travelling in Italy are full of descriptive notes of pictures, showing a keen power of observation both of subject and of form.

say—blindfolded!' And he showed us an album full of photographs he had got in Italy, of favourite paintings, and said he loved looking over them again, and that he had often felt cheered by looking at the photograph of Angelico's beautiful picture, 'Il Paradiso'—and he pointed to it and said: 'Just see how happy they all look with the angels!' And when we were in great sorrow (after the death that year of my dear husband and mother), when he came to see me, and so comforted me with his wonderful power of sympathy, I remember being so struck at his saying, 'Go often to the National Gallery, and choose some picture you like there, and sit before it and quietly meditate, and I am sure you will find great comfort in doing so.' And he used to say that, ugly as St. Peter's was when first he became vicar there, the painting over the altar of our Blessed Lord, in perfect self-surrender giving Himself up to His enemies, had been a wonderful help to him. Albert Dürer's 'It is finished' was also a favourite of his, and he said it had been such a comfort to his wife on her death-bed.

He was very fond of hymns, and soon introduced having a hymn sung at the daily Matins and Evensong at St. Peter's, and was very particular that the hymn chosen should be suitable to the season of the Church, and also somewhat relative to the Lessons of the day. And he pointed out how still more beautiful some well-known Evangelical hymns became when used sacramentally, and he suggested having 'I need Thee, Precious Jesus,' and 'Jesus, Lover of my soul' at the early celebrations at St. Peter's. And when staying with him at Truro, years after, I remember his reading us out aloud such beautiful manuscript hymns from a collection of his—and one that he said was a special favourite of his, was on 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' He then told me he often kept a book of hymns on his writing table, and when feeling depressed or sad he would just take it up and read one, or a few lines of one, and felt so refreshed by it, and he said some of Bonar's had often comforted and helped him, and that he specially loved Keble's 'Christian Year.'

Mr. Benson writes:

On one occasion, my mother says, she met the Bishop in the corridor at Lambeth; she was going out, being very late for some appointment, and in an obvious fuss. She excused herself for not being able to stay on the ground that she was in a great

hurry. 'No,' said the Bishop, 'it is not right to be in a hurry; one commits one fault by being late, and then one commits another by coming in a fuss to an interview. If you are late for the appointment, be late; but go in a quiet frame of mind.'

This was very characteristic of him. He was never in a hurry himself; he was absolutely methodical and punctual, and if he was unexpectedly interrupted by some conflicting call of duty, he did full justice to the interruption.

Mrs. Williamson records a similar trait from the Eaton Square days:

Once on arriving to give some help in writing letters, &c., he told me to take off my outdoor things, and I put them rather hastily in a heap on a chair—when he remarked that it would be just as well to place them *tidily*, and I don't think I ever transgressed again!

Passing on to general impressions, Mr. Benson continues:

Let me speak shortly about the Bishop's character and temperament, as far as I understood it—and I do not think it was difficult to understand, because, though not egotistical, it was a very self-revealing temperament; indeed the secret of the effectiveness of the help he gave to others was that he never proffered for their encouragement abstract principles or philosophical ideals, but gave eagerly of his own personal experience, not sparing to speak of his own mistakes, doubts, difficulties, and delays, and leading the penitent soul heavenwards, as an elder child might lead a younger and more frail brother or sister home to confess its fault and be forgiven. It was even thus that he lent the trembling spirit encouragement to be honest and frank, by revealing an example in himself of conscious dependence and perpetual appeal, rather than of triumphant serenity or condescending strength. There was no touch of personal disapproval in his pity, or of resentful condemnation in his direction. He did not lead a soul on its pilgrimage like Mr. Greatheart, with a sort of tolerant and almost contemptuous good humour; one rather felt that, however purer and stronger than oneself, he was still a fellow-suppliant, a fellow-sufferer; a fellow-pilgrim through dark places to a radiant and wistfully apprehended goal.

Who that knew it well and had watched it with delight

will ever forget the expression of his face? In repose it was weary and patient, the face of a bearer of burdens, yet of one who wistfully looked forward to a day of brightness, when all should be made plain. The updrawn eyebrows, the pathetic droop of the mouth, the compressed lips, all gave the sense of an endurance, that was yet a hopeful and an unselfish endurance. In the midst of talk in which he was taking no part, there often came over his face an abstracted look, through which there still hovered an affectionate smile, as of a pilgrim the sight of whose goal did not make him unmindful of the courtesies of the way. It may be frankly confessed that there was little of secular mirth, of the ebullition of animal spirits, about the Bishop. The godly merriment of Mr. Gaius and his like-minded friends, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is undoubtedly lacking in pungency. But one cannot have all qualities in combination, and the fact remains that there was, in the Bishop's presence and talk, a very penetrating and impressive quality indeed, which showed itself all the more markedly because it stood out so clearly and sharply against the talk and demeanour of the normal world; while at the same time, as far as grace of bearing and manner went, he could have held his own with the most accomplished courtier. Even from the mundane, the artistic point of view, the Bishop was a very notable instance of a beautiful type, the type of Fénelon, who loved the Kingdom of God first, and consecrated to its service all the gifts of urbanity and winning courtesy with which he was so largely endowed; but who never for an instant, even in thought, put the desire of personal influence before the desire of service. He was indeed that wonderful combination of a man clothed in soft raiment, at his ease in king's houses, and at the same time a whole-hearted and truth-telling prophet of righteousness.

The Bishop was not in any way a conversationalist. He did not try to avoid, or to direct, or to absorb conversation. He followed the lead of others, he entered into what was going forward with sympathy and tact. But he always reminded me of the poised swan in Virgil, that seemed to be ever choosing its resting-place. If some natural opening came for him to speak of the things dear to his heart, his face lighted up, and he would turn from one to another of the company as if with an earnest desire to gather all in. Then fell the accents of that somewhat sorrowful voice, with a world of affectionateness in it, but yet tired even in its very emphasis, as though worn with pleading

and bearing witness. There must, I think, have been something singularly unique and individual about the voice, because, even as I write, it seems to sound in my ears ; there was a thrill in the tone, a rapid subsidence from earnestness to softness, a winningness, a desire to convince, to carry his hearers willingly with him, all of which notes linger in the mind. Then, too, there was a curious clipping of syllables in the pronunciation, which, I know not why, always gave the sense of something delicate and highly bred.

Emotional as his speech was, the Bishop did not deal much in gesture ; but he had a little rapid motion of the hand, as though he grasped something unseen, but not less surely there, with which he often enforced a climax or swept aside a fancied objection. But the gesture was in keeping with the man, gentle, decorous, sincere, and unaffected.

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe says :

Curiously enough, although I knew Bishop Wilkinson so well, and never spent a day with him without feeling under the spell of his spiritual influence, whatever happened to be the work in which we were engaged, I feel it almost impossible to recall any definite circumstance or episode of any kind, which would convey any impression either of his character or work, other than what you must be familiar with. His magnetic influence, and sympathy, and spirituality, and singleness of purpose were felt, I think, throughout the diocese in a very remarkable manner. The progress of the cathedral was due, in great measure, to them—especially the women's collection of 14,000*l.*—which seemed to come in as an answer to his earnest desire without any special active appeals coming from himself.

On the other hand he did not shrink from making personal appeals, and I accompanied him upon an endeavour which, I think, neither of us liked very much, when we went together begging to all the principal banks in London.

The Dean of Grahamstown says :

Nothing was more notable or more delightful to watch in Bishop Wilkinson's character than the unfailing reverence which he felt and displayed towards every sort of person with whom he had to do. This showed itself on the surface by

his extraordinary courtesy of manner, and was, of course, the direct outcome of his high breeding. Yet most, I think, must have recognised that the spiritual principles which guided his life made him even more of a gentleman than he would otherwise have been. His bearing towards his servants, officials on a journey, or anyone whom he casually met showed that no fatigue of mind or body, no preoccupation, ever put him off his guard. He was always socially, because spiritually, alert. And the demand which this sustained courtesy made upon him must have been all the heavier because of his almost exaggerated sensitiveness to his surroundings. Small external roughnesses or inconveniences which many men would scarcely notice, or which, at any rate, they could lightly put up with, were, to his highly wrought organism, positive pain. And certainly his life was ordinarily hedged round by an unusual number of refined luxuries. But I imagine no one ever saw him betray any temper or lack of self-control, or a discourteous word or look, when things were not to his liking. And this very courteous consideration for others had, indeed, its reward, for everyone seemed to find an evident pleasure in waiting on the needs of one who showed such gracious appreciation of the smallest service done to him. I remember, just as an instance of this, noticing, when I once spent two or three days with him in Paris, how he met at the railway station, and in public places, a quite unusual attention to all his wishes, and this, I imagine, was always the case.

But the same readiness to 'honour all men' showed itself in deeper ways, and was, no doubt, the secret of the immense influence which he wielded over others. Like most persons in authority, and not least Bishops, he had constantly to deal with people who had a grievance, and who, perhaps, were ready to assert themselves in some unpleasant way. But everyone, however violent or vulgar, must have known instinctively that Bishop Wilkinson would listen to them with the utmost patience and courtesy; that he would not use his position or authority to override them; that he would never 'give them away' behind their backs. They knew too, on the other hand, that he would not truckle to them with any notion of gaining popularity, or with any diplomatic *arrière-pensée* in his mind. And whatever the matter might be, however difficult or even apparently insoluble, they knew that he would lay it before God in an agony of prayer, if need be. Before the conversation ended, indeed,

he would be sure to fall to prayer with them. So it came to pass that he gained astonishing victories in situations where any 'arm of flesh'—mere cleverness of argument or strength of will seemed altogether powerless.

The same characteristic came out in still more delightful ways in his relations with those who, in some sense, were his equals or even superiors in knowledge or experience. Just because he was so self-effacing he could show unbounded admiration towards the gifts and achievements of others. He made no pretence to great scholarship or expert knowledge; and yet, while he was constantly associating with men who knew more than he did, or whose experience and powers of argument surpassed his own, in a most wonderful way he maintained a certain distinction and dignity which made him second to none. Everyone readily yielded to the fineness and firmness of his spiritual touch, while he, on his side, was as docile as a child in listening to, and learning from others in whose capacity—and sincerity as well—he could trust. It was delightful to see him, and watch his demeanour in such situations. I remember, for instance, when he came down to Truro after his nomination to the bishopric to visit his great predecessor, it was almost amusing to note the play between the two men while they were conferring together about diocesan business—the strong intellect and forcefulness and humour of the Archbishop-elect, and the spiritual intensity of the other. It would have been difficult to say on which side the reverence was most complete and open.

Then, again, one would often observe him while he was listening to some sermon or retreat address, in which the speaker was marking out lines of thought or Biblical exposition unfamiliar to him or, at any rate, outside the well-marked tracks of his own teaching. He would listen with admiration, sometimes with a touch of wistful perplexity in his face. And all the while he was evidently trying to correlate the new truth or view with the evangelical convictions which were the very breath of his nostrils. In this way he learnt, as the years went on, to gain wider outlooks on doctrine and life, perhaps even to distrust some of the methods of teaching and practice which he had employed with such amazing results in the earlier years of his ministry. Yet to the end I am sure he set aside nothing that was really essential and central in his convictions. They were, indeed, not so much thought out, as *felt* and *lived out*. They had been formed from a deep experience of his own soul and the

souls of others. And he could utter them and commend them in and out of season in a way that it was perilously like unreality for anyone else to imitate. A charming story is told in this connexion about the late Bishop of Ely. One of his ordination candidates, in a discussion held among them during an Embertide retreat, asked the Bishop whether clergy ought to pray with everyone to whom they paid a pastoral visit. He had heard that Bishop Wilkinson always did so. 'Yes,' replied Lord Alwyne Compton, 'I believe that is the case, but then you must remember, my young friend, that what Bishop Wilkinson can do might not be fitting for you or me!'

A striking instance of his utter absence of self-will in carrying out his most cherished plans was shown in his relation to the Community of the Epiphany which he founded. When he brought down that little company of three women to Truro at the end of 1883, and professed them, he had really had very slight acquaintance with the detailed methods of a religious community; and so far as he was familiar with the sisterhoods already in existence he distrusted many of their rules and ways. He wanted to express and enshrine in the community which he was founding just the spiritual principles for which his ministry at St. Peter's had stood—evangelical freedom, great quietness of body and spirit, much thanksgiving and intercession. He sketched out in clear, but characteristically roughly written heads, just the rules and principles that he thought would suffice for the maintenance and development of this spiritual family. He himself was the first Warden, and he meant it to become, under his direct and personal guidance, a hearth from which he himself as Bishop, and the workers of the diocese, clergy and laity, might catch warmth and spiritual power. And this mission the Community has, by God's blessing, in very real measure fulfilled. But the point is that from the very inception of the sisterhood, extraordinarily dear to his heart though it was, he was ready to leave much of its development in the hands of those whom he trusted. Later on he resigned the Wardenship into the hands of Canon Body. And when, as time went on, the need for a fuller and more systematic rule was apparent, though this involved a real departure from some of the Bishop's original ideals, his trust in the wisdom and good faith and loyalty of those who ruled the Community was boundless. And they, on their part, were naturally the more eager to maintain, through all changes that seemed

necessary, the fundamental principles which had brought the Community into existence.

This is only an illustration of the way in which the Bishop was always gaining the unbounded reverence and affection and devotion of those over whom and with whom he worked—gaining, too, the realisation of his own ends, just because he was so utterly selfless and pure in his motives, and so free from the dictatorial temper, the small-minded suspicions of others, which often beset men who are carrying out large schemes.

An appreciation of the Bishop from the pen of Mr. H. S. Holland, which appeared in the 'Cornish Magazine' for 1899, sets vividly forth the combination of qualities which gave him such power at once with men of affairs, and with the humble servants of God's Kingdom.

His own native character combines in one, two tempers, which look so opposite to one another, and yet which are so constantly united in the typical Celt. He is at once mystical and practical. Is there anyone in the world more shrewd and thrifty, when thrift is the word, than your Irish peasant, with all his religious intensity? And the Bishop, rapt and intense as he is on the spiritual side, has the most curious regard to the smallest details; he loves minute and exact method; he keeps his affairs in the most absolute order; he has an enthusiastic belief in punctuality; he is a first-rate chairman at a business committee; he has a strict eye for the use of every minute of time; he takes positive pleasure in the careful scheming of details. His notebook of engagements is a miracle of precision. And, moreover, his eye in detecting and noting down what is happening all about him is unexpectedly rapid, and even alarming. He misses nothing, when you least imagine him to be observing—a passing expression in a man's face, a tiny *faux pas* or lack of tact, a touch of difference in a tone of voice, a jarring phrase. And be it observed that this combination of mysticism with practical shrewdness is no mere alternation of rival moods. Far from it. The Bishop never slackens the tension of the spiritual exaltation. The religious point of view is sustained without break or interval. It would be impossible for him to abandon it, and then resume it. He cannot conceive life except in its mystical significance. Yet, without any sense of contradiction, without any drop in the spiritual level, his practical instincts

are at work with shrewd precision, with exact observation of details, and the very moment, and within the same impulse in which he is putting out his spiritual energies. Has this not been a trait in many of the good mystical teachers? Was not St. Teresa herself remarkable for her keen common sense in the management of affairs? The combination is, in reality, more normal than we are apt to fancy. No one would understand the Bishop fully who had not appreciated both sides of his character.

CHAPTER VII

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

To the Rev. Wharton B. Smith, in South Africa

Lis Escop, Truro: July 27, 1884.

My dearest Smith,—My heart goes out very much to you, and I fancy, though you write little, that I can imagine a great deal of what you are feeling and thinking. We had so many talks together, at times when spirits are drawn very closely to each other, and when we are allowed to enter into the inner being of our friends.

Life does not, I think, become easier, as we grow older. What does help us, I think, is the ever increasing light which our Lord's life throws upon our daily life. We cease to look upon the dark experiences of our inner being as being of necessity special chastisements for special sins. There are always plenty of the latter, which would quite account for any correction, but there comes a growing faith that what we are experiencing is part of a wider and more mysterious law. Our Lord was without sin, and yet His Father allowed everything to have (so to speak) its own way with Him. There was no miracle to shield Him from natural results of a weak body, a highly strung and sensitive nature, overwork, and the like. Rude people were allowed to be rude, and earthly minded people were allowed to pain Him, till they scourged and crucified Him; and He went on quietly bearing the hourly cross, praying for them all, and loving them all and saying the words which His Father gave Him and doing the things which His Father gave Him to do, till in St. John xvii. He was able to say, 'I have finished.'

So we whisper to ourselves 'Be still. It is enough for the servant to be as his Master.' There will be a resurrection in a few centuries, or generations, or years, in Cornwall, in Africa; and long before that He will have come back, or we shall have gone to Him.

We are all well, thank God. Tom gone back to India, having passed three voluntary examinations with honour. Dear Geordie as loving as ever, working away at his Sunday School and Band of Hope. My Harry down here preparing to be ordained in two or three years. The girls all happy in their new home, and working away in the district and Sunday School, and loving their father and loving each other. I am very little at home, going about to confirm and preach.

We pray for you almost daily by name in chapel, and I often pray privately, especially on a Sunday. Dear Smith, it has been and is a great blessing, our friendship. Whenever you have time and heart for a line, send it—but never make it a burden, for if I neither hear from you or see you for years, we shall just take up the book at the word in the line of the page at which we parted last year.

Ever your affectionate,

G. H. TRURON.

To a Chaplain who had sent him a sermon

1885.

It is full of interest, dear Chaplain. It is so true. However tiresome a boy is, let him live quietly in a holy, happy home, where the religion does not force itself upon the attention, but fashions the family life, and you quickly trace the effect of the environment of love. What an interesting question for a father, like a monarch with his people, to know the time for recognising the freedom and individuality of sons and daughters. What cramped lives I see—women of forty sometimes actually called Baby, and where that absurdity is not perpetrated, treated as babies.

How is this ideal to be reached in the busy suburban home? Father and sons rise early—go by train—read papers—make money—sleep in train on homeward journey—dine—are tired—go to bed. *Remedies*. Full development of Sunday. Community and interchange of thought in things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. Music in an evening. *Difficulty* which partially traverses thought of this sermon. Grandfather and grandmother or father and mother were ill-assorted. Son has mother's nature. Father has not an atom in common with the son. What remedy? . . .

As I keep writing I see materials for many sermons, so please put these rough notes into enclosed envelope. God bless you always.

To the Rev. C. Green, who had taken a Mission at Camborne at the Bishop's request

Florence: Jan. 18, 1885.

A single line to tell you what I owe to you about Camborne. I wrote and proposed to go—went—dined and slept under his roof.[1] Celebrated—gave address to Communicants—preached at 11—spoke at luncheon—said all I felt about him and his wife—made all the appeals which he wished—offered to raise 30*l.* at the luncheon if others would help in providing another curate. Made him take my cheque for your expenses—gladdened the dear old man's heart, and came home full of gratitude to you, my dearest Green, for another blessing sent to me through your true, outspoken friendship. God bless you always.

To the wife of one of his clergy (he had had a conversation with her, and then sent her these notes of the conversation)

? 1886.

1. Submission to God's law of limitation. The clay has no right to say to the potter 'Why hast thou made me thus?' He has made us with a certain limited amount of strength—bodily, mental, spiritual. When we have overtaxed this we often feel for a time pleasure, feverish excitement, as if we were better (like a man who drinks brandy)—but after days, or weeks, or a year the effect is felt in nervous exhaustion. The signs of this nervous exhaustion are inability to cast weights off our minds, a feeling of utter deadness, &c. To prevent this coming again in after years is your duty now. Limit yourself as to nights of work—hours of work—amount of work—number of services; arrange for a proper amount of air, exercise, repose; never mind if you are called idle, or wanting in interest, &c. Our Lord was always misunderstood—'Glutton,' 'Wine-bibber.' Your great work is to keep well, bright, restful—to refresh your husband when he comes home, and to show the brightness of religion as you go up and down.

2. While this deadness lasts—entering as it does into everything like a cold, crawling tide, entering into every nook of your being and chilling it—

I. *Submit.* Lie at our Lord's feet as dead—for years if He will (Revelation i. 17).

II. *Believe.* Believe what God says, that he who sows in

[1] The Rev. W. P. Chappel, Rector of Camborne and Canon of Truro.

this dreary weather, shall reap in joyous golden sunshine. Believe what I tell you—in the name of our Lord—that when it is over you will look back, and find how prayers which seemed a mockery have been answered—how words uttered out of a dead stupid heart have been blessed by God. *Afterwards* you will reap the peaceable fruit. At the time all chastening is grievous (Hebrews xii.).

Quietly tell Him that He alone can take it away—as He alone has so taken your sins away that you are able to hope for Heaven. So He can at any moment prevent Satan from any longer tyrannising over you. Open your lips quietly in the words of a Psalm, and like all the Psalmists (Psalm lix., &c.), your quiet utterance of pain will end with praise—sooner or later—and then will come also the joy of bearing sheaves with you—the harvest of blessing won for others, while like Christ on the Cross you lay forsaken.

To Mrs. Williamson

Lis Escop, Truro : Feb. 19, 1885.

I know so well what you mean—all the pain, and the awful depression, and your dread for the little children, and your looking back upon any mistakes in the past. But there are times when the head cannot bear the thought of the future or the past. It is not strong enough. Then Satan comes and puts in the very thoughts which he knows will be too much for us, and we have no power to cast them off. The only thing to do at such a time is to say to ourselves the name of our Lord—to think that He passed through these awful hours of darkness, and that He can feel for us—to try and look at it all as outside of ourselves, and on our real selves as with our Lord ; trusting Him in this valley of the shadow of death. And then, it may be, quite suddenly, all the fear will go, and your strength come back, just as simply as when the poor people touched our Lord on earth, and were made perfectly whole.

To the Rev. F. E. Gardiner

Lis Escop, Truro : June 6, 1888.

My dearest Gardiner,—Thank you for writing to me. I should indeed have been sorry if you had made a decision on so momentous a matter without writing to me. You know how I value yourself and your work, and you know how my one wish for you is that you may see and know God's will, and

have power to do it. I have just come out of our little chapel, where I have been praying Him to give you His Heavenly guidance. I think the best thing to do when we have to make a difficult decision is:

1. To seek, with thanksgiving for His indwelling, for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

2. To read some assurances of His Blessed Presence in the Bible.

3. To pray for faith in God's Promises.

4. To believe, even though we have to cry 'Help my unbelief,' that we shall be guided.

5. To ask for this guidance.

6. To put down pros and cons—advice of friends, &c.—in two parallel columns.

7. To decide and trust the decision with God. If He sees we are mistaken, He will, in some way, hinder its being carried out.

God bless you, dear Gardiner. How my mind goes back to the old days with your wife—and all the blessed times we have had at Truro—and all the kind things you have done for me and mine. Please God, I will pray again specially to-morrow at Holy Communion.

Ever affectionately,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

You will, I know, tell me when it is settled.

To Mrs. Phillpotts, widow of the first President of the Honorary Canons of Truro

Lis Escop: July 20, 1890.

. . . I feel so much for you—your life has been so absolutely entwined with his, and you will be so lost without his love and prayers. I ought to say without his *felt* love and *audible* prayers, for within the Veil their love is deepened and their prayers for us arise with all new power as they are set free from the burdens of this lower earth. He spoke so much of you, dear Mrs. Phillpotts. He was so touchingly grateful for your loving care of him. . . .

I seem in writing about yourself to have said nothing of all that he was to me, his tender fatherly affection. He was indeed a true friend. You know how all my life I shall be grateful for what he has been to me.

The following are extracts from a great number of letters written to a priest who was ailing in mind, and to his wife :

Sept. 29, 1883.

Do not lose heart. Very often God allows Satan to have one last attack ; and then, if we humbly endure, looking up to our Lord, he is no longer allowed to touch us, and the body gets well, and the poor mind rested, and the hymn of praise arises from our heart.

1, 1884.

The only difficulty is that it must take time. . . . To wait day by day is terribly trying. But with the prospect before you of his recovery, with all the marvellous power of blessing which this experience will give him, and with God's own Blessed Spirit to comfort you, I know that your trust will not fail.

Oct. 14, 1885.

I am not surprised. It is always worst in the autumn, and it is sure to be some time, humanly speaking, before you thoroughly recover. When these dark thoughts come, refuse to think of your own sinful soul, but, like General Gordon, 'repudiating your own self,' thank the God who baptized you into Christ Jesus our Lord. Say over and over the name of our Lord, with a *Gloria,* and after a while the darkness will pass away.

CHAPTER VIII

WORK BEYOND THE DIOCESE

Cornwall is a long way from the centre of English life, but it will be well understood that the Bishop's connexion with London did not cease when he went to Truro. The occasions when he preached in town were regarded as events in the London season. The 'World' for July 2, 1884, says:

> The Bishop of Truro preached on Sunday morning to an immense congregation at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and on the previous evening at St. Peter's, Windmill Street, of which he was formerly vicar, on its reopening; while on Thursday and Friday in last week he occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, and pleaded earnestly for 15,000*l.* by August 1 for means to complete the first portion of Truro Cathedral in a manner worthy of the building and the occasion. Catching some young man laughing at the intensity of his pleading on the second day, and at the accuracy of his descriptions of how money was lavished in the season on personal luxury, his lordship addressed him in language of indignant remonstrance, which electrified some of the ladies of his acquaintance in the congregation, and then he stopped and said, 'No, it is not for me to judge; God will do that;' after which he addressed the offender in kindly language

It adds:

> Bishop Wilkinson conducted, however, a still more remarkable service at St. Peter's on Sunday afternoon, when he held a Bible-reading, the church being completely filled at a quarter past four with a congregation including many of the best known members of London society, the men being anything but conspicuous by their absence. The marvellous lucidity with which his lordship riveted the attention of those present as he brought out the practical character of St. Peter's Epistle, and applied his maxims to the details of life in the nineteenth century,

was shown by the fact that when at five o'clock he said that he was sure he had wearied them, and would stop to let any go out who liked, not more than 100 out of some 1800 left the church.

Another society paper on March 11, 1884, observed :

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, was on Sunday last week crowded to excess by an extraordinarily numerous throng, who had come to hear a sermon by the Bishop of Truro. His lordship denounced the sins of the aristocracy before the very faces of the elect nobility and gentry. He was more scathing and denunciatory than any of our recent preachers, and his plainness of speech was the more marked because steps had been taken to prevent the Press from getting any knowledge of what was taking place. Dr. Wilkinson is becoming—[had they known him better, perhaps the last word would have been omitted]—one of the most courageous and plain spoken of bishops, and the value of his utterances lies in the fact that they are directed to actual evils, individual sins, wrongdoing by men and women who know that they are doing wrong—not to matters of speculation and opinion, or to the mischiefs of movements, or the offences of people who think that they are doing right. The Bishop of Truro is becoming the true evangelist to the aristocracy.

The paper which wrote thus was doubtless unaware of the projects which were already being prepared to give reality to the last statement. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, has told in Archbishop Benson's Life[1] the beginnings of a work which had an important influence upon upper class society.

For some reason, not perhaps very definable, she says, many thoughtful women were stirred in the years 1884–5 with the desire to purify and elevate the moral tone of society in London. A West End Mission had been announced for Lent, 1885, and it seemed an occasion for a real effort to bring religious influences to bear on those who were perhaps least aware that they needed them. The Archbishop was approached through [Bishop] Wilkinson . . . and the result was that at the end of the first year of his Archiepiscopate he found himself confronted with a problem of singular difficulty. . . . ' They have appealed to the Bishops,' he would say ; ' we must not fail them.' The spring of 1884 found him accordingly ready to hear, to advise, and to act. A meeting

[1] Vol. ii., p. 39.

took place in Lambeth Palace, which was attended by about thirty ladies, most of whom took part in a discussion on the probable causes of the decline in morals and religion in the social world of London. This gathering was followed by several others, and eventually a scheme was drawn out which took shape in the following year. It included a series of discourses on social subjects which were delivered in Westminster Abbey to large audiences by the Bishop of Truro and the present Archbishops of Canterbury [Temple] and York [Maclagan]. But the most interesting proved the most permanent feature, viz. a course of addresses given by himself in Lambeth Palace Chapel, which, begun in the spring of 1885, continued till the year of his death.

The first sermons which Bishop Wilkinson preached under this scheme were on the Rogation Days of 1885, at four o'clock in the afternoon in Westminster Abbey. 'All the pews within reasonable distance of the pulpit,' says 'Church Bells,' which gave a verbatim report, 'were filled on each occasion before the three o'clock service began; and during the quarter of an hour which elapsed between the close of that service and the entrance of the preacher, people poured in, so that every inch of space was utilised, the steps in front of the altar rails serving as seats for two rows of hearers, and the aisles being lined with numbers obliged to stand.' His text each day was the same, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom?' Doubtless the sermons had the effect which his prayers and the prayers of many had sought.

Besides these stirring appeals to the great world of London, he appealed to a smaller circle, connected with the Pimlico Ladies' Association, in Quiet Days in Lambeth Chapel, on March 5 and 6, and again on May 6, 7, and 8. Lady Aberdeen, the Duchess of Bedford (at that time Marchioness of Tavistock), Lady Stanhope, and Lady Louisa Egerton, were his helpers in these efforts, and admission to the chapel was obtained through them. This beautiful prayer was put into the hands of the ladies who came—whether it was his own, I know not; it seems rather to have been the Archbishop's.

O Lord, who willedst not to pray for Thine own that they should be taken out of the world, keep us, we entreat Thee,

from the evil, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Hear us asking for our dearest ones that they may be kept unspotted from the world. Let no one of us sin the dreadful sin of leading them into temptation. Make them both innocent and wise. Have pity on all who lack the strength and joy of knowing Thee; charge with Thy Spirit the very souls of those who speak and teach in Thy Church. Make us keen for every good word and work. Let perfect charity of mind be joined in us to steadfast discipline of life, that so all those good works which Thou through the ages hast prepared for us to walk in may arise and flow out of pure love of heart, unto the praise of Thee; who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest one God world without end. Amen.

Nor were fashionable ladies the only persons whom the Bishop of Truro helped in this way. On one occasion, at any rate—perhaps on more than one—he was appointed to give the addresses to the English Bishops on the days when they assembled for united devotion. He took the chair and spoke at public meetings on behalf of the Church Army, Mr. Aitken's Parochial Missions Society, the Additional Curates Society, and many other societies.

The Archbishop would have reminded him, if Bishop Wilkinson had been the man to forget, that a bishop is not merely the bishop of his own diocese, but one of the rulers of the Church of God. Duties in Convocation demanded his attendance. He spoke there on Sisterhoods,[1] on marriage with a deceased wife's sister—urging the utter chaos into which English society would be thrown 'if persons married by the law of the land were refused the Holy Communion by the clergy of the Church, and then had an action at law against the clergyman for refusing that Communion,'[2] on the decay of the Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions,[3] on the promotion of Purity,[4] on the Diaconate and Lay Readers,[5] on Ecclesiastical Courts,[6] on the Reservation of the Sacrament,[7] on the Church Army,[8] on the Spiritual Needs

[1] *Journal of Convocation*, 1883, p. 133.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 170.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 190.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 215.
[5] *Journal of Convocation*, 1884, pp. 94, 125.
[6] *Ibid.* p. 326.
[7] *Journal of Convocation*, 1885, p. 60.
[8] *Ibid.* 68, 71.

of the Masses,[1] on Church Reform,[2] on the Prayer Book Rubrics Bill,[3] on shortening the words of Administration of Holy Communion,[4] on spiritual provision in Workhouses,[5] on Brotherhoods.[6] Many of these speeches involved a great deal of preparatory labour and correspondence, and the collecting and digesting of many pamphlets on the subject in hand.

Of these speeches perhaps the most touching was one on Church Reform, suggested by his experience in Cornwall. The special reform which he was pressing was to remove sequestration as a means of satisfying the creditors of an incumbent.

> In this matter, he said, one single instance, I suppose, is better than a thousand general remarks. There was a parish in my own diocese from which I received a request signed by a few poor people that I would go down and see them in their misery. I went to that parish and inspected the records. I found that about one hundred years ago, in the returns made from the parish, there was not an immoral man, and there was not one who did not belong to the Church of England. The clergyman who was acting as *locum tenens* had gathered all the people to come to meet me, and the representatives of the Church in the parish were five old men, with tears rolling down their cheeks as we knelt before that desolated altar in that church, the sight of which I shall never forget. Every good work in that parish is simply stopped. Every appeal is met by the answer, 'We do not feel disposed to pay the debts of the late incumbent.' As I knelt there in that church with those poor old men to pray Almighty God to raise up His power and come among us, I resolved, God helping me, that so long as life endured I would lose no opportunity of endeavouring to accomplish the repeal of this law, which in no exaggerated language, but as the deliberate expression of my most solemn conviction, I stigmatise as an immoral law.[7]

His speech on the Ecclesiastical Courts was a characteristic

[1] *Journal of Convocation*, 1885, p. 103.
[2] *Journal of Convocation*, 1886, pp. 52, 66, 67 foll., 74, 99, 102.
[3] *Ibid.* 121, 221. [4] *Ibid.* 155. [5] *Ibid.* 275.
[6] *Journal of Convocation*, 1891, p. 52.
[7] *Journal of Convocation*, 1886, p. 67.

speech. It was in support of the proposals of the Royal Commission on the subject.

He rejoiced, he said, in the words that gave the keynote to their debate that morning. He referred to the words of the Bishop [Woodford] of Ely, that they were not to consider how much they were likely to obtain, but to affirm divine principles and to leave the result to God. . . . So far as he understood the Bible, it was the duty of Christian statesmen to see how these eternal principles could be adapted to the facts of the present day; not, in their love for that which was the revelation of God in past days, to close their ears to that which the same God was revealing in the present generation. . . . Some action must be taken. . . . At present the charity and humility of the Church was not such that they could look to the clergy to submit themselves to their Bishops with a voluntary submission, the Bishop himself being surrounded with a voluntary court of assessors. He hoped to see the day, but it had not yet come. . . . No man had a stronger conviction [than he] that the great mass of the clergy were animated by a loyal desire, not merely to advance the glory of God, but to carry out the godly monitions of their fathers in God. He desired to emphasise that. But there were certain men—very limited in number, but not the less mischievous—at both extremes, who had so failed, he thought, in educating their consciences, that they considered it to be their duty to take a line which, if persevered in, would shipwreck this great Church. . . . Therefore, as it was necessary that some new Courts should be established, it became their duty to consider whether any divine principle was contravened by those which had been recommended. He did not believe that this was the case. He thought that sufficient prominence [in the debate] had not been given to the safeguards which were provided by the scheme of the Commission. . . . First of all there was the requirement that every member of the Court should solemnly declare that he was a member of the Church of England as by law established; and he could not help thinking that, reading the Epistles in the light of the great principle that ran through them all, and not attempting to look inside a man's heart, but judging him according to his professions, there was nothing unworthy, and nothing by which the spiritual character of the Church could be abrogated, in committing a great deal to a man who had made that solemn profession. Next, he thought

words like these in the Report had not had sufficient weight given to them in the discussion :

'We hold it to be essential that only the actual decree in a particular case should be a binding authority in the judgments hitherto or hereafter to be delivered, and that reasons in support of *obiter dicta* should be allowed to be reconsidered and disputed.'

These were the points which caused anxiety in the minds of thousands of men of moderate opinion. It was because they felt that by the weight which was being given to these *obiter dicta*, and the force given to things said as reasons in support, the truth of God was being seriously imperilled. And there was a third safeguard. If the judgment of the Court of Appeal came to the Archbishop, reversing his previous judgment, surely the Archbishop, whoever he might be, . . . would take counsel with his suffragans, and if the matter were of such importance that he was bound to decline to execute the judgment, then the Church would recognise that the time had come when she was justified—sadly, indeed, but firmly—in declining to sacrifice the spiritual kingdom of our Lord for any earthly advantage.

The attitude displayed in his speech on Reservation brought him into a certain measure of conflict with some whom he deeply respected and revered. What he said was considered, and not unnaturally, to disallow, not only reservation for purposes of adoration, but also the carrying of the Sacrament straight from the service in church to the sick. Mr. Carter, of Clewer, combated this restriction in public—as others did in private letters to the Bishop. The Bishop wrote to Mr. Carter, who replied with saintlike humility that he 'was afraid he wrote wrongly, and certainly wrote hastily,' and that in the course of the week he would think what he could best say in the 'Guardian' to meet the Bishop's wishes.

I am quite aware, he added, of the wish in some quarters, and in a very few the actual carrying out of the wish, of constant 'reservation' for other purposes besides mere provision for the sick. I could not take part in such a movement, and when it was first introduced amongst us I did my best to remonstrate, though in vain, unhappily. . . . But may I say that from my knowledge of those concerned in this matter I am convinced that the only effect of excluding the possibility of permission

of reservation for the sick would be to render extreme men indifferent to what might be said against their extreme proceedings, for they would say 'We cannot possibly be guided by such statements, when the simple primitive use for the sick is equally excluded together with this Roman use' . . . I grieved deeply at the Report [of the Upper House of Convocation] on both these accounts—partly at its unconditional exclusion of what seems sometimes so necessary, partly because it confounded two such opposite practices under one condemnation.

To this the Bishop answered.

Lis Escop, Truro: Dec. 9, 1886.

My dear Canon Carter,—I did not forget all that you kindly wrote to me about the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. I did what seemed best, after praying God to guide me, but at the time it did not seem to have any definite result. I shall not forget the subject if any opening for doing any real good presents itself. Meanwhile I have given leave to the only clergyman in my diocese who wished to take it to the sick in his parish. . . .

Believe me, my dear Canon Carter,

Yours gratefully,

Georg: H. Truron.

During the latter part of his Cornish episcopate Bishop Wilkinson's voice was less often heard in Convocation. It must be acknowledged that his addresses there were not always as effective as many delivered elsewhere—not because the matter of them was not excellent, but because the style of oratory which had become habitual to him did not lend itself readily to such an audience. A very great prelate said one day to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'The Bishop of Truro ought not to preach to us so much in Convocation. He preaches too much.' 'Yes,' answered Archbishop Benson, laughing, 'and he forgets that he is speaking to twenty-three of the hardest hearts in Christendom.'

He sat for several years in the House of Lords, but he did not often speak there—perhaps not at all except in matters connected with his own diocese and cathedral.

CHAPTER IX

LETTERS TO THE ARCHBISHOP

THESE letters to the Archbishop give many interesting glimpses of the work, and of the spirit in which it was carried on.

Lis Escop, Truro: June 7, 1883.

DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—All is going on peacefully and happily. . . .

A delightful Ruridecanal Conference (Powder). Nothing can be nicer than the clergy, nor more delightful than the way in which they link you and myself together, and say how they miss you, and how glad they are to have me. God is very good. The days of darkness are necessary—but He does not let them last too long in His love. The chaplains are perfect, so far as anything human can be. We are having as many little dinners as we can, and trying to make them all, and Miss Hedley and Miss Bramston, feel that the old Kenwyn feeling of home and the Acts-of-the-Apostles life is to go on. Constance is wonderful in the way in which she suggests little things to make others happy.

Dear Archbishop, I hope it is not very hot in London, and that in your Communions and prayers light and life and peace descend from the Father of Light.

Ever affectionately,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

So always.

Kilkhampton: Nov. 5, 1883.

Many thanks for your kind letter. I am very thankful for all your hints about the Sisterhood, which were really useful to me. I was only sorry that you had been troubled about it. It seemed so contradictory to be talking to Mrs. Benson of my wish to save you trouble and then allowing this extra letter to be laid upon you. I was therefore anxious that you should both know that *I* had not yielded to the temptation, which rises so

often, of asking your advice about hundreds of things with which you ought not to be troubled.

Wherever I go, everyone is thankful to have such good accounts of you, but I know by experience how hard it is to bear these times of enforced quiet. We know that it is all right, that the object of God's discipline on earth is to develop in us faith and patient submission—faith in His love, and patient submission to His will. And we do desire to say Amen to all things great and small which He does, but it is often *very* hard (at least I find it so). But how happy it is when by the help of His Spirit we

> Lie still,
> Never so safe as when our will
> Yields undiscerned by all but God.

It is easier to write the words than put them into practice day by day, and hour by hour ; but He with whom we have to deal has gone through it all, and He will never forget what it cost Him time after time to bring His human will into quiet submission to the Divine. That is the blessing of His life. There are so many things which are real trials and worries to us, which we should be almost ashamed of acknowledging to anyone as being trials. It is such a blessing that to Him nothing is trifling and that we can tell *all* to Him.

Easter Eve 1884.

There are times in which the heart goes out specially to those whom we love—those through whom our Father has been pleased to give to us strength and blessing. So I write a word to-day. To-day, when, as you prophesied, the healing influence of this dear Kenwyn is being *felt*—this quiet Easter Eve. To-day, when we are thanking God for the million prayers which through you have risen for the Cathedral. To-day, when I have to kneel in that spot in the Cathedral where you and I were in that strange half hour of the Retreat in the old church in bygone years. To-day, when we are wondering who is the ' Cyrus ' of whom God has said, ' He shall perform all My pleasure,' . . . even saying to Jerusalem ' Thou shall be built.' To-day I send you the best of Easter wishes, and to dear Mrs. Benson and all the children.

Aug. 4, 1884.

I was going to write to you to-day about X., wondering whether, if you saw him, you could impress the need of learning by heart, and *in heart*, 1 Cor. xiii., in the difficult relations of the Church

in South Africa (*a*) to her own members ; (*b*) to Church of England. . . . It is a solemn thing to consecrate a bishop, and I am afraid of this plan, which has sometimes prevailed in England, of making anyone a bishop in the Colonies, forgetting how soon he may be back in England with episcopal power and influence. . .

These are strange days to us—very solemn—like the ten days of expectation. Friday we are to decide about the Cathedral. A good deal of money is coming in, but not sufficient ; so we watch and pray and wait, and now and then I write a special letter to anyone who is able to help. It is a great rest when you have done your best and have the right to cast it all on HIM. . . .

Do not forget that some day you are to send me references to, or extracts from, the *Pontificale* as to Bishop's Ritual.

Good-bye, dearest Archbishop ! You will not forget that after months of work the reaction lasts for two, three, four, eight weeks, and sometimes longer, nervous overstrain unfelt at the time. It is desperate while it lasts, and it is so difficult to believe that it is (*a*) the working of a natural law ; (*b*) the Cross which is to be carried as the condition of being used by our Lord. We feel as if it was all the righteous punishment for our own sins.

Aug. 13, 1884.

How I rejoice in this new address ![1] But I hope that the holiday is to be more than *three* fortnights.

CANON COULSON [2]

When there is a difficulty in matters concerning the Kingdom of God, those whom He guides, like His ministers, often say almost without reflection a word which solves many difficulties. I had come to the same conclusion as yourself with reference to keeping the ' first lot of canons,' but I did not like to transgress the letter of those Statutes, which were so ' painfully ' drawn up by my dear Archbishop ; and so your word solved my difficulty. I shall ask the Chapter to make special exemption for those who were gathered round the first Bishop.

CATHEDRAL FUND

Yes, simply marvellous the way in which money has come in. How hard it is to be quite kind and loving inwardly, and not to

[1] In Scotland, where the Archbishop then was.

[2] Mr. Coulson was leaving the diocese, but the Bishop wished to retain him among the honorary canons.

judge those who appear to be able to give much and who give little. I so trust that this Ladies' Conference, 28th, may help to lift the women of Cornwall. It is so happy to feel that what Mrs. Benson did in that direction is bearing its fruit for me, and that perhaps what I do may in like manner bear fruit for those who come after me! . . .

Good-bye—dearest Archbishop! Forget everything except the mountains and sky and the great God and Father of all. I so rejoice to think of you in Scotland!

Aug. 29, 1884.

I hope next week to put into Parker's hands, at Lord Mount Edgcumbe's request, the Farewell Address of your old diocese. The love and reverence which is felt for you has deepened since you left the diocese. It would rejoice your heart to hear what your old people say to me about yourself and Mrs. Benson.

Yesterday was a wonderful day. The large Council Chamber crowded with women of every class. I shall never forget the thrills which from time to time passed through the whole assembly as the old truths of the Glory of the Kingdom and the joy of making His Holy House beautiful were set before them. The interest deepened as the day went on. It would take hours to tell you about it. As you read the list, you will see how God had prepared the way for us. We are now hard at work with the practical details.

The Building Fund is in rather a critical condition. We have another meeting to-morrow. Mr. Pearson's last figures make the 'mistake' 4900*l.*; which is a serious addition to what a few weeks ago seemed only a need of 4500*l.* It is, however, God's work, and His time and His method of dealing with us all is sure to be right.

God bless you always, my dearest Archbishop! Mrs. Benson would have liked to hear the ring of heartfelt applause which went through the room when I said a word about how she would be with us in spirit in the work.

Sept. 30, 1884.

. . . I feel so thankful for our day together last Tuesday. I should like to have a word in Mr. Fowler's letter to say that the influenza is gone and that you are well again. Whenever my faith is getting weak as to God's living personal guidance, I look back to the different steps of the way in which He led me into all the Blessing and strength which your friendship is to me. May He bless you more and more, dearest Archbishop,

and give you strength when the dark times come, which are the condition, in His Kingdom, of power and usefulness.

17 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W. : Feb. 5, 1885.

DEAREST, DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—I had written to you and to Mrs. Benson before yours arrived. I cannot tell you what I feel. For years I have been preaching in St. Peter's that a judgment was coming, and now I am so frightened lest it has come. Dynamite. European powers. This great crash.[1] Everybody save one whom I met round the old church had a friend there. Then I went to church and heard that first Lesson about the great Jehovah, and 'I know,' and deliverance from the Egyptians; but then Constance said, 'What *right* have we to think that God will deliver England? what has England done to deserve it?' and I felt how much I had known of England's sin—how much share I have had in it. But then came the great uplifting word 'Not for works of righteousness—not—not—Ye were a stiff-necked, adulterous nation,' but 'For My Glory, for My Name's sake.'

Yes, I do not know what is coming, but He will not leave us. As I see the men and the women preparing for this Mission,[2] the real self-sacrifice, &c., &c., one seems to say for England and for the Church, 'In te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum.' Yes, for the Church. The spirit was so good.[3] The Bishop of Peterborough, e.g., went home with me after his speech, talking so simply, as if he had never spoken it, of the deeper things of God; and the holy influence of the Bishop of Lincoln;[4] and they were all so good for the whole two days. There is nothing else to be done, but *not* to legislate at present.[5] For to-morrow, 'Jehovah-jireh.' It may be as Lichfield thinks that God has given His people the blessing of peace; or it may be a lure of Satan—this strange lull in the Church, when things are being done which, if they were known to ——, wrapt up as he is in St. Peter's, would make him stand up in every part of London and denounce what he would call Papists in disguise. Oh, how glad I shall be if Lichfield is right and I am wrong!

That question about the *life* is very solemn. Thank God that He gave you grace to witness for His truth. The others are so

[1] The failure to save General Gordon at Khartum.
[2] A general Mission in the West End of London.
[3] At the Bishops' meeting. [4] Christopher Wordsworth.
[5] The Archbishop had failed to carry the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill.

true and good that even that will be revealed to them in His time. Bickersteth and King,[1] if only they catch the ear of the House, will be a great help to us. What noble words Temple spoke—how comprehensive, and yet—am I 'only a layman'? He did not mean that—but it sounded like it. It is such a joy to write all this, to be able to pour out my heart to you, my dear Archbishop!

I nearly wrote to you to ask you to help in the Sisterhood debate [in Convocation], but it did not seem quite straight; so I tried to trust, and prayed, and then you spoke the very words which I wished to be said. God is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.

This paper which you have sent me satisfies me more and more.[2] I need hardly say that what I wrote about the Westminster Abbey sermons need cause you no uneasiness; as you say in the last line 'He who has so far guided will mould it to His will in Christ Jesus.' It would have no bad effect even *if* we were led to make some modification in the after-Easter plan. 'Some modification,' you say, 'may be found necessary.' I am quite happy about it all, and not at all sure that it may not be best to leave it as it is. I should like about twelve copies, but of course I shall invite no one.[3] They would be for a few people like Sister Julian. May He bless, comfort and guide you!

March 26, 1885.

. . . How I thank God that you are where you are, often though you may have to feel that wretched consciousness of *ἀσθένεια*,[4] which is the condition of being used by our God. But you must feel thankful that you, who do believe in the spiritual Kingdom, are where you are. One with large influence, whom I always considered rather Erastian, told me the other day that a near relation of his was going to leave the Church of England, and that he was powerless to answer her as she pointed to one point after another and asked him whether this and this and this was what a Church which really believed in the Holy Ghost and in the Kingdom of Christ as revealed in Holy Scripture would allow to continue. It is all true; but they do not know how we all feel it and long to see the Church putting on her beautiful garments. If we suffer and trust and

[1] Just appointed to the sees of Exeter and Lincoln, but not yet consecrated.
[2] The plans for the Lambeth addresses, &c.; see p. 96.
[3] The invitations were to proceed from the ladies.
[4] Weakness.

lose no opportunity of witnessing for the truth, our Lord will take care of His Church and guide us day by day, and those who choose to desert her must go. But I am thankful that you are our President.

God bless you always, and help and guide and comfort you !

April 1, 1885.

I enclose some mems., none of them pressing. Bodington is staying with me. As we talk together, I am increasingly convinced of the wisdom of ' Divide et impera.' The camp of what the world considers extreme men is divided into two sections. Of the one I need not say anything lest I should stab my neighbour secretly. The other section used to be united with them, in olden days, when we heard no tidings from the secret chamber of our rulers to tell us of the realisation by them (though it doubtless existed) of the spiritual kingdom, but, rather, were grieved by acts like the Public Worship Bill, as expounded to us by what in those unhappy days were regarded as ' the Bishops on whom the Church could depend.' Now, thank God, the two sections are divided, and the truth of God is beginning to conquer. Bodington, for instance, is not only perfectly devoted to his own Bishop, but uses a portion of his clergy Retreats in showing the utterly unspiritual character of the other section's course of action. He gladdens my heart in telling me how sound he finds all the more earnest men—how they are beginning to see that the success of —— was not due to Ritualism, but to earnest and self-sacrificing work. He has been telling me bits of his and Canon King's Retreat, quite delightful, e.g. ' I desire to give you now a very important counsel in the ascetic life.' Pencils are all sharpened, every face is eager. ' You must be careful to read your Bible very earnestly and regularly.' Is it not clear that if, in the midst of our crushing sense of unworthiness, we still believe in our office, and by mingled firmness and love attach the spiritual High Churchmen to their rulers, untold good will result ? It is such a joy to find that what you and I have been anxiously and (for myself at least I speak) with some fear striving after, does thus seem to be the wise line. I am full of hope for the Church, though very doubtful whether some kind of suffering may not be near. The black spots are so very black.

What a beautiful day to-day is![1] The whirl of yesterday

[1] Wednesday in Holy Week.

over, and He quiet and still in Bethany—no sound—all calm and silent. The poor traitor gone on his sad errand, and the Evangelist taught to take out of its chronological place the anointing at Bethany, in order to give a bright foreground to that dark background, so that Bethany and the betrayal are brought together, and the brightness of the thoughts of Bethany make us forget the betrayal (except to shudder at the thought of where one sin can lead us), and we think of Him alone with His Father; and then for awhile with Mary and Martha and Lazarus, looking down on the palm trees of Jericho with the joy of having saved Zacchæus and blessed Bartimæus still fresh in His mind. Oh, how wonderful it all is—to try and think what He felt on this quiet day! May He help us and keep us still, that we may be ready for whatever is coming, ready to rejoice or suffer on the morrow as He will.

1st Sunday after Easter, 1885.

. . . This is only that you may have *κοινωνία*[1] with us on Tuesday—our second Conference of Women of Cornwall. *Εὐχαριστία*[2] to Him who breathed into *your* heart the desire to erect a Holy and Beautiful House to His Glory. *Εὐχαριστία* for this last year, and a prayer for help from the Holy Ghost that He may make Tuesday a day from which the women of Cornwall shall rise, at least, one step higher in realising the glory and power of the Kingdom—one step further in fulfilling their vocation.

April 14, 1885.

The day has gone right—thank God—so far as I can judge. I have just come out, after a long address, at end of meeting, with no reporters, and only canons present besides the room full (Diocesan Conference room) of women. It was a strange, solemn hour. May God bless it! We did a great deal of business after the opening address in the morning, and I have given them a paper with Heads of Prayer. I have asked Lyte to send you a copy—not to burden you with the Intercessions, but that you may know what we are doing.

Constance got to church for the first time on Easter Day. I am sending her again to A. Clark, and hope that he will report her all right, except being still weak. It has been a strange time feeling obliged not to talk over things with her as I used

[1] Fellowship. [2] Thanksgiving.

to do. How I hope Aitken may find a good man [1]—I have written to him.

May all the Blessing of the great Forty Days be yours, dearest Archbishop !

Nov. 24, 1885.

Many thanks for sending me the addresses which you delivered at your primary Charge.[2] Apart from all the strong, helpful teaching which they contain, it is a great joy to me that this your first solemn utterance to your Clergy was a witness for the Holy Spirit. It must, I think, be pleasing to our God, and a pledge of future blessing to the Church through your archiepiscopate. I am sending you a few business enclosures.

Nov. 3, 1885.

Please do not take the trouble of answering this. You have plenty to do just now without writing extra letters. You will like to hear a little about us.

Return Stalls. Nothing can be nicer in tone than all the Committee, but they are decided against them. I testified and poured out my whole soul. Twice it seemed certain that they would be given up, and the meeting in some way got adjourned. We have an Intercession Meeting for the Elections and the Cathedral on the 11th (D.V.), and the next meeting of the Committee is not till 24th. Lord Mount Edgcumbe spoke of writing to you himself. There was a strange sensation in my mind all through both meetings. I can only compare it to what I felt when nearly all St. Peter's for a time deserted and suspected me in 1875. There was no suspicion, however, in the dear Truro people. No one ever, I think, had a more delightful diocese, so far as that goes. . . .

Diocesan Conference was delightful. Mr. Carlile of Church Army and Mr. Powell of Working Men's Society were with us, and simply electrified everybody, especially at a great Mass Meeting on Friday night. Good working men toiling for Church —working men's love for the Church—&c. ; and then came the deeper side which seemed to be really breaking up many a bit of fallow ground in the upper and middle classes as well as the lower. Lord Mount Edgcumbe made a great effort, as a matter of duty, to (what he called) ' preach,' and he did indeed bear witness for our Lord and for Holy Communion and for the Holy Catholic Church.

[1] To be Diocesan Missioner at Canterbury. [2] *The Seven Gifts.*

The *Church Defence* debate was excellent. Arthur Willyams spoke with a power which I did not know that he possessed, as a Liberal who would vote for no man who would not defend his Church. Other Liberals spoke well. We had prayed a great deal, and taken some trouble, and I think, thank God, we have not been wanting in our share of the great conflict. I got my own mind all clear that the Epistle for the week had the keynote, and that it is part of the great assault on Bible, Sacraments, and the Incarnation. When that is once clear to one's own mind, everything is transfigured.

Everything now, under God, depends upon you. May He help you to lift up the hearts of us Bishops to act like men who are going, in union with the King, to *conquer*, to take time and trouble and see what reforms are needed, and then publicly to invite the leaders on both sides of the House, if they approve of them, to get them passed—and if the leaders decline, to tell England publicly that it is not our fault. The whole Conference went with me when I told them that the want of reform was not our fault but the fault of the leaders in the House. Would it not be well to give the Bishops a day for this subject alone in February? Each Bishop could prepare his plans. The whole body could decide whether they were worthy of being considered, and could appoint small committees to consider those schemes which approved themselves to the entire body. Only we must not delay, for the time may be short. Mr. Gladstone said that the Irish Church question was outside of practical politics. In three years he was obliged himself to move its disestablishment. Meanwhile this plan of quiet teaching works well. A working man asked, I am told, Sir J. St. Aubyn [1] whether he was going to give up St. Michael's Mount, as it was Church property. 'No, I bought it, and paid for it.' 'Well, so did we, every bit of our church and everything in it. We subscribed for it ourselves.' (I believe it was one of Mr. Mills' people, of St. Erth.)

Whatever come, our duty is clear. If we believe that the new schemes are *wrong*, we must pray and believe that God will answer our prayer. It gladdens my heart, dear leader of men, to read your words and see that God is helping you to do this. May He guide *us* in the more difficult work of leading us next year—if we live.

If we live. On September 20th I was at Ely, staying with one

[1] The late Lord St. Levan, at that time a Liberal M.P.

of my oldest friends. His home was simply perfect. Father, mother, two daughters, and son. All his brother canons like brothers. As his wife said, 'We are one family; it would be dreadful if we were not.' It was the Ordination Sunday, and I had a long talk with the Bishop,[1] and saw his new Theological College, &c. Before October 20th—Archdeacon Chapman's (with whom I was staying) daughters got scarlet fever away from home. The mother nursed them—caught it and died—and the dear Bishop's doom was sealed, though he was still alive. How strange it was, the two Bishops passing away at so nearly the same time.[2] All these things have brought so much to my mind about which I should have liked to talk to you—dear Chapman's wife meeting my wife and speaking of old days when we were all together (he was my fellow curate at Kensington in 1857.)

But I must hurry on. We have had such wise prudent counsel from our Diocesan Committee on Purity. It is a blessing to be so far away from the fever of London. They work more quietly here. We are united, thank God: (1) to manage the *deeper* side ourselves on Church and sacramental lines. (2) To unite with every one on other aspects of the work. This Stead Defence Fund has been very interesting, but very difficult. If you do not see it in 'Western Morning News,' I will send you a report. Briefly, Truro wanted to help Mr. Stead. There was great talk of public meetings, &c. We prayed and watched and suffered, and then I met two Dissenting ministers alone, and we prayed and consulted together, and then Cornish and I met all eight, and we read some of the Bible and several of us prayed, and then for two hours we consulted without a jarring note, and they accepted everything I wished, condemning Stead's methods, but recognising his earnestness, &c. It was very difficult *before the meeting*, as they wanted to condemn the Government unheard. I was going to write some more details of our meeting, but they are too solemn to write. I must tell you some day.

If you hear of me at Croydon, it will be to be with my sister who lives at Morden. Her husband, Mr. Widdrington, whom you welcomed so kindly, . . . is hanging between life and death and I may have to go any moment.

Constance and I are having two quiet days at Tregenna Castle Hotel, and I dedicate the first fruits to you, my own dear Archbishop.

Ever your loving chaplain,

G. H. T.

[1] James Russell Woodford.

[2] Ely and Manchester.

Hauxley, Morden: Nov. 12, 1885.

Will you ask Mr. Fowler to return this? It is the last of a correspondence with Mr. ——. He and I have often had conversations of a deeper kind. This letter is in reply to one in which I put out, as plainly as I possibly could write them, these points: (1) You believe in God and in the Bible. (2) In the Bible the link between God and the Church is represented as of the closest possible kind. (3) How can you say beforehand that if *any* scheme which affects the Church's disestablishment and disendowment is proposed, you will, in deference to the wish of your constituents, not vote against it? It may be a scheme utterly abhorrent to God. I added that I could easily understand a religious Liberationist feeling that it was for God's glory, &c., but I could not understand *his* standpoint. Also, that it would be a comfort to me to know that his wife, with her woman's instinct, was happy about the course which he was adopting.

This of course needs no answer. . . . May God help us to fight the battle ἐν πνεύματι and not ἐν σαρκί.[1] He does seem to be with us. It all looks so solemn, so part of the deep mysterious conflict.

Your word about my brother-in-law having been used by God to give comfort to Mrs. Benson has been a great happiness to my sister. To-morrow is a hard day for her and for every one. He is to be buried near his father—three hours' drive from here.

Perugia: March 23, 1886.

You will like to hear about us. I left London one morning at 10.30 and dined in Genoa the next evening at seven o'clock. There I met my girls, thank God, after our three months' separation. The doctors out here say the same as Sir A. Clark, that Constance . . . is getting on as well as can be hoped, and it is a great joy to us to be together. We had a few days at Genoa. Then we went to Pisa, which I like more and more every time I see it. That quiet Campo Santo, with the solemn cypresses, and the walls covered with Orcagna's frescoes of the Last Judgment. That dead desolate Pisa—and yet, in the middle of it all, the Baptistery with its possibilities of regeneration, and the beautiful Cathedral, with the possibilities of ever renewed wisdom and understanding and knowledge and strength!

[1] In the spirit and not in the flesh.

How strange this Roman Church is! These monasteries with the poor old monks dying out, one by one—and yet the life of the Church not entirely perished, in spite of all the past abuses and the hand of the State with its relentless confiscations —still the life is there. New convents are rising. Noble Italian ladies who gave all their wealth to Sta. Maddalena dei Pazzi seeing all their offerings taken from them and nothing left to them but a franc a day for bare existence—and yet quite contented, patiently enduring. It is all very wonderful, and yet, on the other side, what would St. Paul have said to the whole system? What is he saying now? What is One greater than St. Paul saying of it in His Eternal and Glorious Kingdom? The continued worship so noble in conception and yet so unspeakably unworthy in act. The priest in a Cathedral saying his mass with a dirty boy in his torn jacket assisting (I have seen this twice), running away to amuse himself, expectorating in the most offensive manner, and then back again to be ready for his response and never missing the right moment. Who but God can rightly weigh the good and the evil—the adoration and the superstition and the blasphemy? How does all appear to Him, and what does He think of *us* in our English Church with our self-congratulations on our practical powers of adaptation to the nineteenth century—so unlike these relics of bygone ages? What is it with us? *φρόνησις* [1] or a deadly gift of *συνσχηματίζεσθαι τῷ αἰῶνι τούτῳ*? [2]

From Pisa we went to Florence, to show Carina all our old friends, the Granduca and the Seggiola and that holy Fra Angelico's frescoes in the quiet convent of St. Mark. You remember that he painted some incident in our Lord's life in every cell of the monastery, to help the spiritual life of his brethren, and he painted after hours of prayer and often stopped to weep over the sufferings of our Lord. Both the girls, thank God, feel one with me in it all, and it was like a Three Hours on Good Friday as we sat and looked at them and read together some hymn of the Passion or the Resurrection. And now we are here—passed by Thrasymene, and are looking out over Assisi. Thirty years ago I walked up the hill to Perugia and here in the visitors' book I saw for the first time dear Cara's name, and then went on to Rome to receive that great gift from God which altered all my life. Dear Cara, what a blessing it is to be taught in the Church of Christ the Communion of Saints, that it is their presence

[1] Prudence. [2] Being conformed to this world.

and not merely their memory, for which we have to thank our God. It is delightful watching my second girl's mind expanding as she sees and reads all the wonderful things by which we are surrounded. We do everything very quietly—look at the things for which we really care, and leave much unseen and unvisited. I hope to take them to Bologna and Milan, and to be back in England in about a fortnight.

I have deliberately written about ourselves, for I know that you care to hear, but I am not, I need hardly say, forgetting all which now presses upon you. I have been listening to your teaching (The Seven Gifts) in the Charge which I brought with me. You know how I like them, for, better than most, you know my mind. The good ladies sent me your address,[1] and Mr. Fowler gave me the notes of your Bible reading, and I have accounts sent me of the Women's League Committee, &c. It is so delightful—out of it all, and yet in fullest sympathy. We pray almost every day at our little service that in this year so critical you may have special help of the Holy Spirit. I so hope that you may be helped to emphasise the point, which was made so well by the Bishop of London[2] in his address to his Diocesan Conference: '(1) Some think sale of Advowsons *wrong*. (2) Others the consequences of the sale evil.' Now what I want is that the Church through you and through all who speak in the House of Lords should emphasise (1.) The trumpet must give no uncertain sound. It is true that as all have been *participes criminis*, the patrons must not be left to be the only sufferers, but with a humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart and with no faltering voice we must say 'We have sinned. The sale is wrong.' How I wish it were possible to add a few words to that clause about the Board of Patronage, giving it power to receive benefactions, and then for the Bishops to send out an appeal to all communicants (setting the example by taxing their own income) asking them to provide a fund for buying the advowsons without hurting the poor livings. How true it is (Charge, page 33) 'True work is not incessant rush.' It is a tremendous strain to be asked suddenly to decide on the details of a bill by which the most terrible scandals are to be removed, with the whole power of Satan's kingdom enlisted on the side of the scandals. It would have been a great gain if we could have had an interval in which to consider all the weighty words which were spoken in discussion on the first day of our

[1] In Lambeth Chapel. [2] Frederick Temple.

Bishops' Meeting, and *then* to have voted as to the final shape in which the bill should be sent to the House of Laymen. I know the difficulties, and I am very thankful that we were helped (thanks to the work of the Committee) to send out so good a bill.

I asked Lyte to tell Mr. Fowler all about our Return Stalls Meeting. The personal kindness was very great. They all came after to say what pain it had given them to vote against me, but there was a strange inability, I think, to see their own unfitness to decide such a question. I think that God helped me to put the whole argument in its Divine and human side strongly and clearly. I was almost inclined to accept Col. Tremayne's amendment, but I thought and prayed for His guidance, and I knew that I disliked resisting all their appeals to save them from a division, and I felt that I represented the Diocese before God, and that unknown issues might hang upon our decision, so I humbly committed my cause to Him and (oh, it was so good of my God) He helped me at the time, with real love for them all, to keep to my own two resolutions (which you saw). Col. Tremayne's amendment was carried only by a majority of one. Laymen and (it is a fact worth noting) Laymen of *all* classes do not realise that they do not know everything.

Lis Escop, Truro: April 15, 1886.

. . . Constance is much better, thank God. Sir A. Clark, however, was disappointed with her progress and told me that, humanly speaking, she will not be well for some years. It is a great comfort to have his help, for he thinks and speaks in the spirit of the Bible, and so gives me confidence. Some—he says—God calls to do much work with joy—others less work with continual suffering. The latter are as useful as the former. They need someone who will, on the one hand, help them to submit to the law of limitation and not overpass God's line of work; and who will, on the other hand, shield them from well-meant advice as to doing nothing. Thank God, my life has been spared to help her and, with His help, to bring to bear upon her life such experience as I have gained in my own life. . . .

I am very well, thank God.

April 27, 1886.

All Easter Blessing. You will like to hear about Mevagissey. Things looked bad, so I went down and preached and told the poor people something of our troubles, and asked them to meet

their clergyman once a week to help me by their prayers. I then wrote to a Cornish squire (not Lord Mount Edgcumbe), and he bought the advowson and gave it to me for the see. *Laus Deo!* A second guarantee has been raised for the Clock Tower [of the Cathedral], which is all but promised.

2 Cromwell Houses, S.W. : May 19, 1886.

I send enclosed for what it is worth. No answer required.

I will be *ready* and *watch* as to speaking on Monday.[1] God will guide us. I know of very many who will be praying for the debate and for the Bishops who have to speak, and there are probably 1000 unknown to us. You know without words of mine that my hours with you are amongst the greatest joys of my life. What do I not owe to you ? If I have a chance, I will look in again at some breakfast or luncheon, but I am doubtful, as I have to go to-morrow to Durham to a relation who the doctor thinks is dying, and next week I am at Fulham.

I had a long talk with Lord Cranbrook,[2] and told him that I had your permission, and poured out my whole soul to him. I think that at the time he was touched, but the difficulties are very great. He wished me to go on to Lord Salisbury, and gave me a note to him. Lord S. was out, but has made an appointment for to-day. If anything happens of importance I will tell you.

I have been to Lord S. I told him the story of Mevagissey—the power of prayer—the layman's gift—the sin of selling a sacred trust, &c. He was, of course, courteous and sympathetic, but I know not what he will do. He promised to think, and bring up the point in Committee. His mind inclined to giving to the Board absolute pre-emption, provided it could raise money to provide fair compensation to a man who had perhaps invested his all. It would work thus : Advowson A is to be sold. No one shall buy till the Board has had the chance of doing what I did for Mevagissey, appealing to the Church for money for that particular parish, and so buying it—never again to sell it. May God bless you, my dear Archbishop.

P.S.—Lord S. seems to have had information which makes him feel that these scandals will quickly destroy the Establishment. Hence perhaps his readiness to hear me.

[1] The debate in the House of Lords on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

[2] About patronage.

Athenæum Club, S.W.: Feb. 26, 1887.

. . . I think it better *not* to be present at the debate on the Church Patronage Bill. It would not be right (feeling as I do) to vote for the second reading, and hardly right to be present without speaking. After long anxious thought, I feel that I need not undergo the pain of speaking against my brother Bishops and especially against you. How earnestly I hope that I am wrong, and that you are all right. You probably are, even though I cannot see it. . . .

Lambeth Palace, S.E.: Ascension Day, May 19, 1887.

You ask me to send a message to the ladies who attend your Bible readings. I know not what better message I can send than to tell them, through your Grace, how great is the strength and happiness which I have found in being again present at one of these Lambeth services. Apart from all the teaching so wonderfully, in God's mercy, adapted to our nineteenth century needs, it braced my spirit to see how God had answered the many prayers which were offered for those first Lambeth meetings. I can only thank Him as I hear of numbers increasing, of lives deepening, of definite fruit gathered to the glory of God and the good of the poor souls who have so long been left in England without the care of those who were, for their sake, to guide and comfort them, endowed with some of the best of God's natural gifts. May He be with all who meet in that chapel, and enable them more and more to realise that they are 'witnesses chosen of God' to eat of His Body and to drink of His Blood in order that in the power of the living Christ communicated by the Holy Ghost they may 'go about doing good,' revealing by their strong lives and brave words the glory of our Ascended King.

CHAPTER X

THE CATHEDRAL

Two great works will ever be monuments of Bishop Wilkinson's Cornish episcopate. One of them is the Cathedral of Truro. It is often spoken of as being the creation of Bishop Benson, and certainly his devoted chaplain and successor would not have contested the claim. The conception was Bishop Benson's; the foundation was his; a large part was built as a memorial of his six years in Cornwall; a still larger part was built as a memorial of him after his death. Bishop Wilkinson's own zeal for it was in great measure due to his love-loyalty to the Archbishop. Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, the greater part of the labour of building, furnishing, and endowing it—so far as it is endowed—devolved upon Bishop Wilkinson. The walls of Troy were said to have risen to the song of Apollo; it might truly be said that Truro Cathedral was built out of the prayers and sufferings of its second Bishop.

Wherever he laboured—unless it were during the brief ministry in Windmill Street—Wilkinson threw himself into church building, enlargement, and decoration. At Seaham Harbour, at Bishop Auckland, he had been obliged to add to the church accommodation, and had done his best to make his churches beautiful. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and St. John's, Wilton Road, testify on a noble scale to the solicitude which he felt for this side of ecclesiastical work before he came under Bishop Benson's influence. It is doubtful whether æsthetic interest was as strong in him as in Bishop Benson; but the religious aspect of such work appealed to him with intense force. At his first visit to Truro in 1878, the choice of an architect had recently been made. It had already been settled that the Cathedral was to be a real Cathedral, and not

merely a magnified parish church, of the type of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. But by a happy coincidence, Mr. Pearson's first visit to the spot took place at the same time as Wilkinson's. Mr. Pearson was in these questions a man after Wilkinson's own heart. Before he would put pen to paper, or even begin to imagine what sort of building he should design, he made his Communion in the little old church of St. Mary, which had been assigned to the Bishop as his cathedral by the Act which founded the see. Mr. Wilkinson had the opportunity of praying with Mr. Pearson then and there. No doubt it was under such influences as his that Mr. Pearson gave a memorable answer to some one who offered a criticism upon his design before he had fully worked it out. 'My business,' he said, 'is to think what will bring people soonest to their knees.' It was under such influences as his that Mr. Pearson was enabled to design such a building as to draw from the Archbishop, when the choir was consecrated, the remark that it was 'a most spiritual building.'

He had thus been bound up with the history of the Cathedral from the beginning. He had been present at the foundation, and present at the memorable service on the Sunday after. While he was still an Honorary Canon of Truro he had laboured, as far as he could, for the Cathedral Building Fund. As one of his letters has already shown, he had gone 'begging' for it in the City of London in company with Lord Mount Edgcumbe—that unfailing friend of all good causes in Cornwall, and perhaps above all of the Cathedral. Those who heard him, as Bishop of Truro, pleading for it in St. Paul's Cathedral, or in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, or St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, or Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, or the many other churches where he preached on behalf of it, must have felt, from his passionate intensity, as if, to him, the whole cause of Christianity depended upon the erection of 'a holy and beautiful house' in that 'fair isle of the West'—to use two phrases which he was never weary of repeating.[1]

[1] The first was taken from the collect which Bishop Benson made on behalf of the Cathedral:

'Lord God of our fathers, who of old time hast accepted them that offered

The story of the Cathedral has already been told in Mr. Donaldson's 'Bishopric of Truro,' and in part in the 'Life of Archbishop Benson.' Here only that portion of the story need be told which illustrates the character and aims of Bishop Wilkinson. In the year after his consecration it seemed as if matters were coming to a standstill. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, the Chairman of the Building Fund, appealed to the English public through the 'Times.' His letter was followed a few months later by one from the Bishop, in which he said (it was on July 21, 1884):

You, Sir, I am sure, will feel with me that it would be a reproach to the Church of England if, in an age which has reared at a large cost magnificent buildings, both public and private, she is unable to erect a single cathedral as an offering to Almighty God. I use the words 'reproach to the Church of England' deliberately, because our work is not local, but national.

Those who travel in Cornwall would justly complain if they found in this diocese a mutilated Prayer Book or a service different from that to which they were accustomed in their own county. They would rightly urge that the Church of England, whether in London or in Cornwall, is one. Our cathedral, then, is the offering which is made in this nineteenth century, through the instrumentality of one of her poorest dioceses, by this one Church of England.

But the position of the fund is so critical that I venture to appeal for help, not merely to Churchmen, but to all English-speaking men and women. The choir and part of the transept are finished. Even if the idea of building the nave is abandoned, the committee earnestly desire to complete the transept. Unless, however, 11,000*l.* are provided or guaranteed by August 8, they will be unable to accomplish this object, and will be obliged instead, to spend a large sum on a temporary erection.

I cannot believe that an age which jealously guards from defacement the memorials of the past will oblige us to substitute

willingly and gave for the house of God, and who hast filled men with Thy Spirit to devise skilful works in all manner of workmanship for the service of the sanctuary; we beseech Thee to prepare the heart of Thy people unto Thee, of whom all things come and are all Thine own; remember them that show kindness for Thy house and for the offices thereof; and put wisdom into the hearts of men that are wise hearted to make all after Thy will; that in a holy and beautiful house our children may praise Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

for the beautiful design of Truro Cathedral a mutilated fragment which can only be described as an artistic deformity. I have deliberately abstained in this letter from dwelling on our local needs, although it is difficult to be entirely silent.

I hear of one English cathedral crowded with working men hardly able to restrain their enthusiasm as they are welcomed by their Bishop to the mother church of the diocese. I have lately seen, in another cathedral, every corner of available space filled with lay workers drawn from all parts of the county. I find, alike at home and abroad, that the cathedral system is being vitalised, and manifests everywhere its unifying and consolidating energy.

I return to this young diocese, fraught as it is with a strange promise of spiritual blessing. I find that the wills of a warm-hearted religious people are being stirred by the evangelising power of our missions and confirmations. It is somewhat hard to have a small wooden building, stifling in summer and bitterly cold in winter, as our only substitute for a holy and beautiful house, in which religious aspirations would be strengthened, isolated workers united and invigorated, the entire diocese uplifted above the depressing influences of earth to the glory and beauty of God's Eternal Kingdom.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

In a generous leading article upon this letter, the 'Times' (on July 24) remarked:

The Bishop of a new and poor diocese should be a man of exceptional qualities. Besides possessing in a high degree those gifts which every modern Bishop ought to have—the gifts of wisdom, spiritual fervour, energy, and organising skill—he should be endowed with no small power of securing the help of any who may perchance be able to aid him in his good work. In plain English, he should be able to beg successfully. This faculty has been abundantly bestowed by nature upon the Bishop of Truro, and was cultivated by him with much effect during his long incumbency of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. . . . This morning the Bishop makes an appeal through our columns which ought to call forth a general and a generous response. . . . The Bishop is explicit, according to his wont, both as to the exact sum he requires for the work and

as to the day before which he requires it. Eleven thousand pounds subscribed or guaranteed by August 8 will be enough; but unless this is forthcoming, a makeshift structure will have to be run up totally unworthy of the building and of the diocese. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in a letter which he wrote to us on this subject some months ago, spoke of the unsightly and wasteful expedient of having to place a temporary roof upon unfinished walls.' But this is the expedient to which, unless the Bishop's appeal is promptly answered, the committee will be compelled to have recourse.

It is somewhat humiliating, to those who care for the credit of the Church of England, to reflect on the unwillingness which her wealthy sons seem to show in the matter of church-building on a really great scale. . . . The wealthy Englishman of modern times piques himself on his practical character, which commonly means his want of imagination. He believes in the utility of a parish church, and consequently he is willing enough to build one, and to build it handsomely. He believes, again, in the utility of Bishops, and in the need of increasing their numbers if the Church is to keep its hold upon a growing population; and he subscribes largely to found new dioceses at Southwell or Newcastle. But the use of a cathedral is not so obvious. It may be a beautiful object; but could not the money spent upon it be better bestowed? Has not a cathedral a tendency, which may be overcome for the moment in times of spiritual excitement, but which will infallibly reappear, to breed sleepy canons, idle precentors, and dilettante deans? So the rich Churchman looks elsewhere for an opening for his munificence, and even such a work as the building of Truro Cathedral is left to languish, or to be carried on by those whose enthusiasm is deeper than their purse.

The appeal of the 'Times' to the millionaire fell flat; the Cathedral was not built, for the most part, by the rich. But it was built; and the following letters may serve as examples of the truth of the saying that its builders had more enthusiasm than money:

Having always derived much benefit from your powerful yet loving preaching when you were Incumbent of St. Peter's, I went yesterday to hear you at St. Paul's. Being much stirred up and touched by the little anecdotes which you gave, I feel

I must try to do a little more than I have done for others ; but having very limited means, and my school not prospering in London so well as it did in Scarborough, I can only send a mite, which will make 10*l.* in the five years, as it is kindly allowed. It is a small offering for so noble a work, but God will bless the effort, and I pray for the success of the structure materially and spiritually.

. . . Money she has none, but her pure gold bracelets, that were made for her in Egypt when a child, were on her wrists, and . . . before the end of that sermon, she let go the clasp, and gave them to be sold, if necessary.

My Lord,—The collectors of St. ——'s having refused the offerings of those who did not occupy the pews, I enclose my small offering for the Truro Cathedral.

A Servant.

Will you accept the enclosed small donation for the Truro Cathedral Fund ? It represents the price of a ring, which was to have been a birthday present from my friend. But we . . . heard a sermon preached by you at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in June last, and we both feel that it is not right for us to buy fresh ornaments while the money is wanted to build God's house.

I have much pleasure in enclosing a postal order for 10*s.*, which I saved from the allowance I got for my dress.

My Lord Bishop,— . . . Being a member of your late congregation at St. Peter's and hearing your Lordship's appeal at St. Paul's, Wilton Place, for funds for the Cathedral . . . I have had a grait desire to help a little towards the beautiful house of God. I inclose the sum of ten shillings and six Pence. I am sorry I cannot aforde to send more but being only a footman . . . I am unable to give more but I trust that God may put it into the Harts of those that have more than I to send more monney that this good worke may soon be completed.

I want to send the enclosed 10*s.* from a young niece of mine who was at the two sermons at St. Paul's, for Truro Cathedral. She sent it to me quite privately, and I thought it rather a touching little offering because she has so very little pocket money that I cannot think how she can have saved it up.

I enclose you 5*l.* which I have earned by illuminating book-marks, &c. I wish it were more, but days are dark and

short. . . . Considering that I am in my ninetieth year, I am pretty well, and often able to go to St. Peter's.

I enclose 10*s.* for the truro C. fund, perhaps you may think its to large a sum for me to give but I have had some wool given me and I have croached a peddicoat, hoppiing you will except the gift from . . .

In one of his sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral, 1884, the Bishop said :

A poor Welsh boy, half an idiot they called him in the world, asked leave the other day to get up at four o'clock in the morning and to go to his work at five instead of six, in order that he might save a few pence to build the Cathedral ; and then he went home with a half breaking heart, and knelt down on the floor in his mother's cottage, and stammered out, 'Oh Jesus, help them to give money to make Thy Father's house beautiful.' . . . A poor girl who has little more than a parish allowance, who lies on her bed of sickness from morning to night and from night to morning, quivering at every nerve, put by her halfpence and pence unasked, to send something to build a beautiful house for the Lord, who had died to save her. . . . One man, who sent me only the other day a large offering for Truro Cathedral, sent me also with his money a bit of paper written thus : 'The first giving back of past robbery, the first fruits of past robbery.' I had said in my sermon that if a man had robbed another, if he becomes an earnest Christian man, he begins as quickly as possible to pay back what he has stolen ; and this man . . . looked back over the money he had as a young man and as a man in middle age, and added up what he owed to God during these years.

The Bishop had not only to raise, with the aid of many good helpers, the funds for the fabric—which by the time of the consecration amounted to nearly 100,000*l.*—but to provide also for suitable fittings. For these he determined to cast himself upon the women of Cornwall.

On August 28, 1884, he held a Conference of Ladies at Truro. It was attended by some eighty women. A letter to the Archbishop, printed above, gives an account of it. The Bishop formed all those who were present into a General Committee,

with Miss Selina Thornton, daughter of the Rev. F. V. Thornton, Rector of South Hill and Canon of Truro, as secretary, and Mr. A. P. Nix as treasurer of this fund, as he already was of the Building Fund. Between the members of the Committee the whole diocese was divided up for the purpose of organising subscriptions.

He desired us, says the Report which was printed for the Committee, to report twice a year to himself, and gave us the following directions to help us in carrying on our work :

1. To form a Local Committee in the part of the diocese entrusted to us, composed of all classes.

2. To let each member of the Local Committee undertake a district, and go to every woman in it, explaining at length that a great honour has been given to Cornwall—to build a House for God.

He asked us to go to *every woman* in Cornwall, because he wished all to have a share in this great work. He thought that it would be a new bond of union between them if the names of all so helping were preserved in a book, to be entrusted to his keeping.

He pointed out that there were many ways in which help could be given—for instance :

1. By giving some of the articles mentioned on the printed list.

2. By forming penny or sixpenny associations.

3. By weekly or monthly subscriptions, for which a member of the Local Committee will call.

[After dwelling upon the great space devoted in the Bible to work of this kind], he pointed out that success in such a matter depends not only on zeal and earnestness, but on careful attention to details and on patient perseverance. Only small amounts would in many cases be promised, but they must be collected with the greatest regularity by the collector or her deputy. The work is for God, and therefore nothing connected with it is without importance—reverence and punctuality must be a part of every offering. He taught us the privilege of helping on God's work by generous gifts, and the ingratitude of not freely offering to Him of His own—of holding back from Him who gave up for us His life on Calvary. He showed us that even so pure a thing as our love for our children may be blind, and that even when we have overcome the temptation

of hoarding for ourselves, we may save for them, forgetting that day by day their breath and life depend upon God—that the life of those for whose future we are carefully providing may be at any moment required. He asked us to pass on beyond this life, and to look back upon it all, and to think how a work like this done or left undone would appear from beyond the Veil. He showed us that everything that affects the whole diocese must be of more importance than that by which only one parish is influenced, and that great as the need is everywhere of more Mission churches and rooms, this could not in truth be dissociated from the need of a Cathedral, as the successful use of all such buildings must depend on the possession of the spirit which is leading us to build the Cathedral—the simple desire for the increase of God's glory, and the firm belief that souls cannot be converted to God by any efforts which we can make apart from the direct work of the Spirit of God; that God honours those that honour Him. He asked us not to expect success in any way without prayer, and gave us some prayers for private use.

The Bishop said that he hoped that our contributions would flow on continuously from year to year, and that much of our organization would be permanent, and that the Cathedral would grow in glory and beauty, not merely as a building of which the diocese was proud, but as the visible expression of a growing sense of the true glory of Almighty God.

Confidence in his ladies was well justified. The work went on vigorously, and when they met again on April 14, 1885, the Bishop was overflowing with gladness.

No words that I can utter, he said, can give you the slightest idea of the personal thankfulness which I feel to all of you. It is really impossible to particularise. What I owe to the secretary no words can tell—to the treasurer, for his patient, careful work; to the presidents; to the conveners; to every member of the committee; to those who, in those cold winter nights, went from place to place giving concerts for the Cathedral; to those who, in many a town and village far too numerous to mention, have given ungrudgingly of their time and strength and prayers for this work; and to those who have helped me to an extent that no human language can describe in the great work of the diocese—who have taken one great step forward

in this last six months in accomplishing that which is the key-note of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, by drawing all classes together, so that rich and poor, and old and young have now been united in furnishing the holy and beautiful house for the Lord God of our fathers. . . . It is a blessing that you have been enabled to do the work with such a spirit of holy charity. There has been, I believe, not one jarring note in the whole chorus that has been sounding through Cornwall during the last few months. You have worked unitedly in the true spirit of Christian womanhood; quietly and unobtrusively you have caught the very inmost thoughts and desires of him to whom God has entrusted the charge of this diocese, by putting before the women of Cornwall the privilege of giving, instead of pressing them to give beyond what they were able to contribute. There has not been one single drawback to the unmingled happiness and thankfulness of him whom God has allowed to be, in this matter, the representative of the diocese. The only text that comes to my mind as regards the past is this: 'It is from the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' When you hear the financial statement, when you hear, this afternoon, the indirect result of your work—for your work has been far more extensive than merely raising a fund for internal fittings; when you hear of all that has been done, you will, I am sure, echo those words of the Psalmist—'It is from the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The whole work of the Cathedral from the beginning has been so surrounded with signs of God's blessed Presence that I almost shrink from speaking on so solemn a theme. As the Archbishop wrote to me some weeks ago: 'It ought to be a very holy house; there have been many signs—many signs of God's Presence and God's favour to it.' . . . On that strange, dark day, when scarce knowing what was to be the result, with many an inward anxiety known only to God, he who had the responsibility laid his whole being, so far as he knew, at the feet of God at that holy altar, and then came amongst you and told you the anxiety, told you the difficulties, told you his fears for the future; then the women of Cornwall, moved by God the Holy Ghost, gave back the response at once. As I wished you good-bye that afternoon at the door of the Council Chamber, I felt that the work was finished. Never since have I had a shadow of misgiving. As I said to many afterwards, I read it in your faces, and, thank God, my confidence has not been misplaced. Oh! what will this whole work appear

when we look back upon it from the glorious land into which the blessed ones have entered? What will it appear? What will all earthly pomp and glory and magnificence appear when compared with the glory of having been allowed to build, of having been allowed to furnish, a holy house for the Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come? I am obliged, dear children of God, to speak restrainedly; my heart is too full for utterance. Wheresoever the history of Truro Cathedral is told throughout the whole world, this that ye, the women of Cornwall, have done, shall be told for a memorial of you. God bless and give it back to you a hundredfold.

He gave them on the same occasion a paper of Intercessions, and practical suggestions with regard to the way in which he wished it to be used. He taught them to pray that God would provide means for finishing certain parts of the Cathedral which at the time were not in contemplation. As has been stated above, in one of the letters to the Archbishop, a serious error had been discovered in the estimates. Nearly 5000*l.* was required over and above what was at first thought, and in consequence the Clock Tower and the central Lantern had been omitted from the scheme.

We must not, he said, let people think we are deceiving them by asking for a certain sum and, when we have obtained it, say we want more. Therefore, when through a mistake in the estimates we found that more money was required, we immediately struck off one or two portions which we had hoped to finish, that we might keep faith. But they are really necessary parts of the building, in order to break its present monotonous outline, as well as for purposes of utility.

And so he wished that these parts should be included in the prayers of the faithful. He wished them also to pray for the means of carrying on services in the Cathedral, though for a time he would be content with plain read service.

There is, the Bishop said, in these days a great development of woman's powers, and with this comes a danger lest she should rest too much on her own gifts, lest she should with bold arrogance and loud self-assertion claim work alien to that which God would have her do. Therefore I would ask you to remember

that in your failures and mistakes your safety lies. When we feel as fools we are really strongest. When we come home having tried to witness for God, and feel that we have said just the wrong thing; when we have tried to do work for God, and feel that no good has resulted—then, if in our utter weakness we cast all before God, the power of the Almighty will flow through us, and we shall be strong as we never were strong before.

To this kind of teaching the Cornish women responded bravely. Mrs. Arthur Tremayne, who has already been mentioned, the daughter of the revered Thomas Phillpotts, president of the Honorary Canons, succeeded Miss Thornton as secretary of the ladies' work. She says:

It is difficult after a lapse of twenty years to recall accurately details of my connexion with the Bishop in the work for the Cathedral which he trusted to me. I can only say that it was a very happy, busy, and a holy time. Having in his mind that it was for God's House, and that every offering must be 'exceeding magnifical,' he interested himself in every internal fitting, and never seemed to look upon it as a trouble to be consulted about the smallest details. Only, everything must be of the very best. I remember on certainly one occasion, when there was a little difficulty about money, and an alternative and cheaper suggestion was made, the Bishop would not accept this, and told me to insist on the more perfect scheme being adopted, and offered to make himself responsible for the difference. I believe he just made this a subject of prayer, which was answered; anyhow, the money required came, and there was no further question about it. The work gave me frequent opportunities of interviews with the Bishop, when he would patiently attend to any business I had to lay before him, and each of these was concluded by his kneeling down and asking for a blessing on the work and for the workers. This was very helpful—adds the devout writer—though at the same time it made one feel very humble, as one could not quite rise to *his* standard, and I often felt rather a hypocrite and that he believed one was working from higher motives than I really had.

Mrs. Tremayne rightly says that every detail was a subject of special prayer. The Bishop prayed, Mr. Donaldson tells us,[1]

[1] *Bishopric of Truro*, p. 230.

with the sculptor of the reredos, Mr. Hitch, before he began to carve the central figure of the Lord upon the Cross, that it might be a worthy figure, helpful to all who should afterwards see it. The religious spirit was upon the donors as well as upon himself. The following instances were given by the Bishop at the Diocesan Conference in 1884:

A letter written by a husband from the deathbed of his wife contains these touching words: 'My wife wishes me to tell you that she is doing her best to get her card for the Cathedral filled up.' . . . 'I have thought,' said a young girl, when she parted with a beautiful trinket, 'what there was I cared for more than anything else I possessed,' and the best was freely given, unasked, to beautify the house of God.

A poor man was sitting thinking. He was asked 'What are you thinking of?' He answered 'How beautiful the Cathedral will seem when I look down on it from heaven.'

I send herewith—he wrote in 1888, in forwarding a fair linen cloth for covering the chalice—a gift for our cathedral not unworthy to be placed by the side of the Alabaster Box. It is the work of a poor governess, who has sat up many a lonely hour, in order to make it ready for the anniversary of the consecration, at the 8 A.M. celebration of Holy Communion. Could you send me a short note of acknowledgment which I can send to cheer her in her lonely life?

'The Bishop's Chalice' is one of the most touching possessions of the Cathedral. Upon it are mounted, according to the list given by Messrs. Hart and Peard, who made it, 143 diamonds, 6 rubies, 16 emeralds, 6 amethysts, 93 turquoises, 15 corals, 15 pearls, 5 opals, 7 carbuncles, 9 topazes, 1 sapphire, 4 other stones. These have been retained, as far as possible, in their original settings. Beneath the foot is inscribed:

1887. All Saints' Day. This sacred vessel is a memorial before God of the spirit of devotion which in these latter days He has quickened in the Church of England. The gold and 'precious stones for beauty' are the gifts of a large number of persons, who have severally offered that which they most value, for the glory of God and the service of His Holy Table.

Conferences and prayer meetings for the workers were held from time to time. As the completion of the building approached—that is, of the first section, choir and transepts—the Bishop, aided by the Canon Missioner, the Rev. F. E. Carter, arranged for special services of intercession and thanksgiving, to prepare the minds of people for an intelligent and spiritual use of their Cathedral. A paper was issued containing suggestions for clergy and laity, as to the best way of spending the day on January 14, 1887, and setting forth in detail subjects for thanksgiving and prayer. The Bishop himself was present that day at the temporary cathedral, where, after the regular service, and a noble sermon from Mr. Carter, he conducted the special devotions.

There was thanksgiving first, he said, because God gave the Archbishop, with others, a desire to build a holy and beautiful house to His glory. When they looked around, and took the list of the committees, and saw, as he had seen, the kind of work they had done—the earnest, self-denying work—work that could only be carried out, as it had been, through the inspiration of God ; as they went down the list, from the Lord Lieutenant through the secretaries and members of the committees, down to the clerk of the works, and thought what a mind God had given, and how it had been used by the architect in designing such a building, something very solemn and very awful seemed to come to them.

The great day came at last—November 3, 1887. The labour of preparation for it was incalculable, especially when it is remembered that every decision of a detail cost the Bishop a spiritual effort in prayer. The drawing up of the form of service to be used, the arrangements about processions and precedences, the provision of preachers for the services and speakers for the public meetings that were to be held, the accommodation of the multitudes who were to be expected, from the Prince of Wales to the miners of Dolcoath, all demanded his attention. He had no lack of skilful and willing assistants in these various tasks, but it was not his way to delegate such things blindly and

to enquire no more. He examined every item with jealous care. Archbishop Benson entered in his diary:

It has been very interesting to arrange the service with the blessed Bishop on better principles than of late.

It was a day not lightly to be forgotten in Cornwall. There was a perfect frenzy of the elements, as if rain and wind were determined to wreck the 'holy and beautiful house' which awaited its consecration. But nothing availed to keep the people away. The Cathedral was crammed on the day itself by men and women, to whom places were assigned by ballot. For hours they sat there, before and between the services. Cornish women brought pasties to the door and endeavoured to persuade the good-natured officers of the Cathedral to deliver them to their husbands fast wedged within. The services were of extraordinary splendour and uplifting power. Through the octave, the twelve rural deaneries of the diocese in turns provided choirs and took possession of the building. The Archbishop's memorable sermon on the theme *Respondete natalibus* was perhaps even surpassed for effectiveness by that of the Bishop of London, Frederick Temple, who preached one of the noblest sermons on the conception of the Church that was ever preached. The aged Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester, a former vicar of Kenwyn, was also there, a stately and pathetic figure. But no figure was more noticeable, after all, than that of the Diocesan himself. Archbishop Benson wrote:

The Bishop is perfect. His very spare frame and face, his deep olive complexion and tight drawn skin, close jet black hair, compressed lips, and deep, restrained, tender, devout eyes are a very portrait of a believer and a Bishop.[1]

Those who were outside the Cathedral at the moment when the Bishop demanded admission remember how at the words 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates,' the Bishop, previously instructed by the Archbishop, raised his pastoral staff shoulder high, and smote three vigorous strokes with the end of the shaft upon the

[1] *Life*, vol. ii. p. 148 f.

door. The Archbishop went next day to inspect the three dints that he had made, and said that that piece of the door (it was a temporary door) ought to be cut out and preserved. No one who was there is likely to forget the sublimity of unaffected feeling with which the Bishop, after blessing the various objects in the church, and last of all the high altar, turned and with uplifted hand uttered the words, 'Behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached unto heaven.' The top, for him, was not far out of sight.

He wrote to the Archbishop a few days later:

Lis Escop: Nov. 7, 1887.

DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—All goes well. Sunday filled many of us with an *awful* apprehension of His Divine Majesty.[1] It seemed to come direct from Him, through the building itself. You know what you were to us—all and more than all that I had expected—and I had expected much. . . .

God bless you, dearest Archbishop.

Lis Escop: Nov. 28, 1887.

. . . You will like to read the answer to your prayer for the Cathedral, 'Manifest Thyself in this Thy sanctuary.' The other letter, addressed to Cornish, is a type of the feelings of hundreds about the Octave services. The joy and solemn awe at the grandeur of the Cathedral was very remarkable. I heard of it on all sides. The people went back to their villages perfectly delighted. I have seen Mr. Hitch about the Cornish Saints, and he is carrying out all our wishes in the reredos. It will I fear be two months before the Cathedral is finished. Carvers are at work with reredos, stalls, &c. We have our daily Celebration, Matins and Evensong in South Aisle. It is strange how the parish church idea has been absorbed in the Cathedral. All difficulties are gone, *Deo gratias*. My life seems spent in chapter meetings and building committees. The mass of details which have still to be finished is marvellous. It is a privilege to do the work, but it makes great demands upon faith, when so much which appears very pressing has to be put aside till the Cathedral is a little out of hand. I dwell with unmingled happiness upon your visit, my dearest Archbishop.

You will not forget your prayer for the Cathedral which you promised for use till Nave is finished.

[1] A reference to one of the Dedication prayers.

The second of the letters which accompanied the last was as follows :

To the Right Hon. Canon Cornish, Church Minister, Kenwyn, Truro

Drannack Farm : November 14, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Words cannot express to you what I felt in the Cathedral, Thursday 3rd Nov. I was struck with my thought of the Heavens of Heavens to come. My elder son saw the His Royal Highness A. E. Prince of Wales, D. of C., at Falmouth to lay the stone, and my second son and myself was in the Cathedral 3rd Nov.. We may well say the earth is the Lord's, when the Attendents Bishops and Canons with the host entered the Cathedral. I thought for myself it was Heaven upon Earth. I felt it good to be there. I was allso there wife and four daughters the foling morning. Theay may well sing Holy, Holy, Holy. Allso the Archbishop of Canterbury chose as his text, In due season we shall reap if we faint not. That is my object and do say again for my fambly and myself we were delighted with the service and through your kindness and trust you will be blest here and afterwards. I never let no one know how I had my ticket B.[1] The rest came from R. H. T. Row, of this Parish. Clever Minister he is, and I trust you will not take this ammiss. But I thought with my wife and children that we must thank your kindness. With our best wishes,

Truly,

HENRY STRITHNANCE

GWINEAR.

To the Archbishop

Lis Escop : Dec. 5, 1887.

. . . The number of persons who have contributed to the Cathedral must be very large. Without counting donors to Building Fund, nor a large number whose names cannot be now recovered who have contributed to the internal fittings, I have in one book which Mrs. Tremayne has sent me more than twenty three thousand names of donors to the internal fittings. . . .

[The Bishop] feels a little like a machine without oil, but that is not an unusual experience with him. I could not get any rest, as I could not leave home, and at home you know what are the demands which make themselves felt.

The Diocesan Conference is over—one of our best, thank God,

[1] He had a working-man's ticket marked B.

in the judgment of those who looked at it quietly and impartially. God is very good—is He not ? I wish one could really believe in Him and love Him as He ought to be trusted and loved. . . .

Lis Escop : Oct. 17, 1888.

You will like to hear that we had a Saint's Day service on the occasion of Henry Martyn's ' Birthday into Paradise ' well attended and altogether satisfactory.[1] It is very interesting, that plain Evensong—no music, but intensely reverent,—at 4 P.M. every day. Whenever I am able to go, I always see a goodly company of devout people. The diocese is continually sending up choirs, Sunday School teachers, &c., for a day at the Cathedral, as we hoped. Two new windows have been given. Your memorial[2] looks so well, just as you would wish it to look. It is delightful to be back again in the middle of it all.

To make the Cathedral as efficient as it was beautiful cost the Bishop much effort. His ideal was very high. At his first installation of honorary canons (Mr. A. P. Moor and Mr. H. S. Holland) on September 8, 1883, he said :

' The primary intent of the Canonical Institution as attached to Cathedral Churches is (say our Regulations) to invest the Bishop with a Council of Spiritual Persons upon whom he may depend, both for experienced advice and for active co-operation in good works touching the well-being and religion of his whole diocese.' Of your good will we are well assured ; but we would ' stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.' You will ' suffer the word of exhortation.'

We depend upon you—

I. To pray and praise and intercede. When you were installed the President of the Chapter made you turn and ' look on the titles of the Psalms, which you are every day to recite, if nothing hinders.' This private recital of the Psalms, one portion by each person, is to serve ' as a memorial of our fraternal unity in work and worship, and as a spiritual intercession for the whole Church.'

II. To meditate often upon the Divine idea of a cathedral, until the glory of the Lord is so revealed to the canons that all

[1] The Archbishop had taken great pains in 1881 to celebrate fittingly the centenary of Martyn's birth, and to raise the Baptistery of the Cathedral in memory of him. October 16, the anniversary of his death, was always observed.

[2] To Martin Benson, by the Baptistery.

men throughout the diocese may see it together. The Cathedral ought thus to become *transfigured* before the eyes of men, like our Lord in to-day's lesson. The ideal is that of—

(*a*) Holy men living a divine life together, with the light shining upon them and from them—men of cultured minds and large hearts, living away from the din of controversy, catching each new revelation which God makes to His Church.

(*b*) A centre of influence to the diocese, in the work of education, of home and foreign missions, of temperance, and of all that uplifts the morals of the people.

(*c*) A home for the clergy of the diocese, to which they may come when depressed and worn with solitary work, and find in it rest and peaceful worship.

(*d*) A beautiful service in a glorious church where all is hushed and solemn, where no voice is heard above a whisper, offering in this way a silent protest against the loud talking so common in God's Holy House. Men should find here a ladder set up from earth to Heaven, and all that meets them here should move them to feel that 'this is none other than the House of God,' that 'this is the Gate of Heaven.'

III. To watch for the diocese, bringing to bear upon its various parts and various needs the varied gifts which God bestows; ever thoughtful of the ways in which the Divine ideal may be realised, and not waiting to be consulted, but suggesting to the Bishop such plans as he may then summon the Chapter to deliberate upon.

IV. To gain money, that so the needs of the Cathedral may be provided for: and to this end spread an interest in the future of the Cathedral, and to pray that God may put it into men's hearts to give, that even without appeals the building may never stop.

To carry out his object of making the Cathedral all that he wished it to be to the diocese, he was obliged to invoke the aid of the legislature, which was no congenial task. Mr. Donaldson has given, in his book on the 'Bishopric of Truro,'[1] a clear and excellent account of the amendments which it was found necessary to introduce into the Truro Chapter Act of 1878. It was not easy to carry them through, but the Bishop had many friends—visible and invisible. Of the visible friends, Lord Mount

[1] Pp. 235, 275.

Edgcumbe, as in everything connected with the Cathedral, was foremost. The Bishop wrote on February 8, 1887, while the Bill was being prepared :

God is raising up many old friends to help me with the Cathedral Bill—but I think of dear Lyte's text,—' O God the Lord, in *Thee* is my trust.' I have been analysing it to-day, so that the short analysis may be printed and sent round the Cabinet, that they may decide whether to help us or not. You will, I know, pray.

He ' always felt,' as Mr. Donaldson says, ' that a special Providence watched over the successful passing of this Bill through Parliament. It was felt by him, and others, that in the then condition of politics, and in the attitude that many took up in Parliament towards Church questions, it would be exceedingly difficult to carry such a Bill.' He told the ladies at their meeting in 1888 that he had only acted as the representative of all their prayers. As he was sitting in the Athenæum, in great perplexity about procedure, quite unexpectedly one man after another was brought to him—his old college friend, Mr. Pemberton, Dr. Tristram, Lord Stanhope, the Bishop of London, and others—who helped him with suggestions and advice. Lord Beauchamp in like manner made a good suggestion to Lord Mount Edgcumbe. Mr. Leonard Courtney (now Lord Courtney) befriended the cause. The thing all of a sudden went through. ' A very influential person,' he told the ladies—it was Mr. W. H. Smith—' confessed in a simple-hearted way that, to his mind, there was something more than mere human influence and human power at work ; for he could not otherwise explain how it passed so smoothly and easily.' The Bishop felt the same. He and Lord Mount Edgcumbe had prayed together ; a thousand people were praying for them. ' In many a difficult moment,' he said, ' in the Home Office, in the House of Lords, in the library of my club, I called as Bishop upon Him with my mouth, and He did not cast out our prayer. " He led us forth by the right way." We were " at our wits' end, and He delivered us out of our distress." '

CHAPTER XI

THE BEGINNINGS OF HIS COMMUNITY

THE other abiding memorial of Bishop Wilkinson in Cornwall is the Community of the Epiphany. Of all his works, none was so dear to him as this. Its beginnings went some way back into his London life. But as time went on, as Bishop in Cornwall and in Scotland, he felt with ever-increasing force and clearness that the 'Religious Life' is a necessary part of a complete Church organisation.

He had begun to pay attention to the subject of Sisterhoods while he was still at Bishop Auckland; and the visit which he paid to Clewer in 1865, and his intercourse with Mr. Carter in 1867, deepened his interest in it.

In the years between 1876 and 1880, when vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, he felt the great need of the work of consecrated women in his parish. He therefore gathered together a band of ladies, with a view of founding a religious community, which he intended should be established in the parish of St. Peter's for the purpose of carrying on the various parochial and mission works.

This is the account of its origin supplied by the Community itself.[1] The writers continue:

These ladies took up their residence in Hobart Place, close to the church of St. Peter's, in 1880; but finding the need of more quiet preparation for their future life, they went to Boyne Hill [near Maidenhead] in 1881, where they took charge of an Industrial School for committed children, in compliance with a request from the committee of the school, who were members of the St. Peter's congregation. At Boyne Hill they were close to

[1] Donaldson, *Bishopric of Truro*, p. 219.

All Saints' Church, where they had the advantages of the daily celebration and frequent services, while the vicar of St. Peter's visited them fortnightly for teaching and ministerial help. During this time, the constitutions and rule having been drawn up, the Community was established, and the Novitiate duly inaugurated.

The firm and gentle hand which put this design in execution was that of Miss Julian Warrender, daughter of Sir John Warrender, Bart., and his first wife, the Lady Julian, daughter of James, 8th Earl of Lauderdale. The links which bound Wilkinson to this elect soul had long been of a specially intimate and sacred nature. His inmost self is manifested in the series of letters of which the following are examples, both in its spiritual depth and in its practical sagacity:

62 Warwick Square, S.W.: Jan. 9 (?), 1871.

DEAR MISS WARRENDER,—I think she is in much the state which you thought—really sorry and ashamed—but as yet that is all. You can help her best by prayers, and by showing her how her Father in Heaven looks upon it. She feels that it would have broken her father's heart if he had been alive—'How much more your Father in Heaven.'

Next, in order to lead her to godly sorrow, she wants to be led from this one sin to [feeling] the lifelong sin of not loving her Saviour and obeying Him. 'The *first* of all the commandments is this—To love, &c.' But, after all, the Holy Spirit alone can teach her this—so while you talk to her, you will help her most by your prayers for her.

She had better speak to me after service on Sunday night.

Sincerely yours,

G. H. WILKINSON.

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.: July 22, 1875.

I am hoping to see you one day, please God. I do not forget you. You will remember that through the wounds life flows out to the world all unknown to the member who is suffering. Sometimes we go and work for God, and God blesses us. Sometimes we go apart to pray, and the High Priest hears the prayers before the throne and they are answered. Sometimes He bids His people only hang as He hung on the cross to suffer. Then if you hang there and just mention to Him the names of those

for whom you would pray, a strange and mysterious blessing comes to them. The power of weakness and suffering since the Incarnation is more than the power of work. God bless you.

Dec. 9, 1875.

. . . God bless you. These Advent days there come glimpses of what it will be, when it is no longer our duty to watch patiently (while fighting against) the mystery of iniquity.

How it works everywhere—and yet how the conviction deepens that He knows and has (so to speak) anticipated and provided for it all.

Aug. 10, 1877.

. . . As regards the remainder of your letter, it is the one condition of helping others that we bear the cross of feeling all and more than all that you describe. Empty—often forsaken—sin taking hold of us—' in me, that is in my flesh, dwells no good thing ' ; longing to tell every one who asks for help the whole sad story—and yet silent save before God—for their sake and for our own sake and for His glory. This is the reason why I want you to grasp firmly all I said the other day—the two natures, &c.—so as to look calmly on it all as the conditions of life and usefulness. I often find those books of Pearsall Smith's on ' Holiness by Faith ' and ' Walk in the Light ' very useful, when read with sacramental teaching, and the living personality of the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Catholic Church. . . .

The letters which follow throw light on the rudimentary phases of the existence of the Community, both in its outward work and in its inner meaning :

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. : Dec. 1875.

My dear Miss Warrender,—I like them very much. I think with very little alteration you might make me a form which would do for young servants. Will you do so ?

There are some alterations which I *suggest*—only *suggest*, please—because if they do not commend themselves to you, I should prefer as a matter of duty to revise them *with you*.

I dislike asking God to hear ' my *earnest* prayer,' in case a poor soul feels very far from earnest that day. . . . I should like a very short thanksgiving, put into your own words, for this fact that we who have been baptized and have trusted ourselves to our Lord are in a state of acceptance, ' baptized *into* the re-

mission of sins.' We live in that atmosphere. It is hard to put into words, but nothing helps so much as the knowledge that God has put away the question of guilt by the sacrifice of Himself. We turn to God—we (as He tells us) hide ourselves in our Lord—we are accepted in Him. The peace, &c., comes as He wills, but the fact depends on what He did 1800 years ago, and this is the ground for the deepest thanksgivings. If this is not clear, please bring it with you and we will go into it—I must not wait to revise it. God ever bless you.

Most truly yours,
G. H. WILKINSON.

Dec. 23, 1875.

I quite understand. I have found what you mention in speaking myself to the poor girls. Your proposed prayers are better. . . .

I wish you would think much of the children of the parish. I am very anxious about them. We are not doing as much as we ought for them, and yet it is very difficult. . . .

I cannot tell you what I feel as I contrast this Christmas with the past. All that I wish is that the reality of which the words Poverty, Obedience, &c., are outward signs should be firmly grasped and embodied in our Sisterhood. It is also (as you well say) . . . of vital importance that a novice's power of submitting to our principles, whatever they be, should be tested in her Novitiate, which can only be done by putting the yoke on her.

Nov. 24, 1877.

After Miss ——'s change of plan I had a meeting with the Home. They all earnestly hope that till Easter you will act as Lady-in-Charge. It is the one plan which I should personally prefer to *any* other. It will involve very little anxiety and, I hope, not much labour. You have Mr. Smith and (in case of need) myself to help.

Do you think we can offer a room to any members of the Guild for a day or two of (*silent*) retreat ? Have you ever thought of joining the Guild ?

Will you talk over with the Home : (1) Intercession—plan for having the Home ready as a *centre* when *special* needs, like the illness of Mr. Saunders and Cara, arise (as in last autumn). (2) Music—(*a*) as to its being kept up by members of Home ; (*b*) used by them publicly for amusement of the poor. . . .

I feel very happy about the Home. We have a strong conviction that God is ordering each step.

Iledon, Canterbury: August 20, 1878.

Many thanks for telling me about Mr. Body and so helping me to think of him before our God and Father. I saw Mr. Villiers at once, who is in correspondence with him. The influence which Mr. Villiers has acquired in this neighbourhood, by his humble patient work,[1] is very great, and it is delightful to see his church with its reverent well-trained worshippers, and to realise in how many parts of England holy reverent worship is now being offered (as in his church) to our God.

The old Latin of the prayer at the beginning of the Communion office is, that we may deserve (be rewarded by the power, be worthy) to love Him perfectly and worthily magnify His Holy Name. The wisdom of the alteration is obvious—yet there is a deep thought in the old version. The reward—the *highest* reward—will be the power to love God perfectly, and worthily to worship Him. If we so loved Him, what a real joy it would be to find a church in which He is honoured. But now, in Babylon, we can only remind ourselves that our Lord rejoices and in HIM rejoice and give thanks. How wonderful it will be when there is no more sin and no more struggling! How the longing grows for just one little spot in St. Peter's where two or three shall live to know and love and worship Him! I wonder whether I am to have such a Home, or only, like David, to prepare the materials. Meanwhile you will be thankful that Miss —— and Miss —— are thoroughly satisfactory. . . .

It is a subtle error to say 'Oh God, I have more faith, for I feel I am a little better,' &c., &c. First, this makes self and not Christ the *ground* of faith. *Secondly*, it prepares the way for dark despairs when God allows us to feel very wicked. *Next*, the impassioned prayers are beautiful, if used *not* regularly but in moments of spiritual elevation. Very unreal if used regularly. *Next*, the more impassioned a prayer, the more careful we should be as to the words which we use. . . .

Darling Cara's life, as I review it, teaches me so much as to the relation which we, as part of the Bride, should hold to our Lord—love—honour—keep only to Him, &c. You can fill up the blanks as you recall that life of entire devotion to her husband, and yet a devotion in the Lord. . . .

[1] As Rector of Adisham.

Much was brought before me in my final interviews—all tending to a Church-worker's Boarding Home. Very curiously one by one pressed it on me.

You know how glad I shall be to hear what God leads you to do. He is sure to guide you, but the waiting time is difficult. . . .

If you all think of last year, I can never forget what I owe to Lord and Lady Haddington and all of you.[1] No words can express it. God bless you all for it.

Jan. 17, 1879.

Many thanks. I note all the points in your letter. About the Home—would you some time have a talk with Lady Harriet Ashley, who understands thoroughly the practical side of the parish and can also fully enter into its spiritual needs? I want to know how far, without doing harm, I could relieve the Home of much of their present work, so as to leave them more time for study and prayer—so that they might become a centre of spiritual light and life—a home to which any worker might go for a day's retreat,—directing the spiritual needs of the hostel, the old people in the parish, &c.,—being ready when needed to take up for me special cases of individual souls, &c. You see I must not upset the practical work of the parish, nor hasten matters in advance of God's leading, but I long to see something in the parish whence the workers could draw spiritual rest and life. I long to see the life of the Home itself as fully developed as God may allow.

March 19, 1879.

. . . Many thanks. Please tell Mr. Body all about it in case I forget. I. To try their vocation for the separate life—also doing some work—under Miss Jewell. II. To be trained for parochial workers under an ordained deaconess.

. . . In speaking to Mr. Body about the Home, will you ask him if he has any who would be useful as a sort of sewing sisters—in case that part of the work is developed?

P.S.—You are living I trust amid the Lent teaching by Faith in His Blood in the realised remission of your sins.

16 Clifton Crescent, Folkestone: Sept. 29 [1879].

I see only too clearly the difficulty in which every day involves you; but on that question of abandoning Hobart Place

[1] It was to Lord Haddington's place in Cheshire, Arderne, that the younger children had been taken to be out of the way during Mrs. Wilkinson's illness. Lady Haddington was Miss Warrender's sister.

I fear I must see you. . . . So much, to my mind, depends upon what you have to *say* to me about Miss —— and Miss ——, and then I have not with me the accounts.

The more I think of it, the more importance do I attach to what —— said as to the importance of all going on *outwardly* as at present till we were ready for the definite establishment of the Sisterhood properly so called. Do not misunderstand this—or you would indeed be miserable. It does not mean any continuance of an unsettled condition, but referred to the not moving either you or Miss —— and Miss —— till we were clear in our own minds as to the outward shape which we are *permanently* to assume. But if I am confusing you, tear up the letter ; a very little talk, please God, will make all clear.

. . . I go to Trench, Tunbridge (D.V.), Thursday. Love from Con. Your child has been so good and such a blessing and happiness to us all.

Jan. 5, 1881.

I wrote at once, on his arrival, to Bishop Webb, and had just got his note when yours reached me. He will be most ready to help.

I depend upon your laying everything before him as you would do if you had no relation towards me of any kind, and were only consulting him about the Home. Have notes, please, made of his suggestions, of the defects which he notes, &c., made in writing—looked over afterwards by him and then sent to me. Especially ask him whether I can do more for the Community. Let me especially ask for a clear opinion on this point.

In Stevenson's "Praying and Working," which is an intensely interesting book, a man founded an orphanage and went alone into the Home. Then God gave him one boy, &c. Now what can I do for a Community with only one sister, except try to help that one sister in any way I can ? Does not a Sisterhood involve the idea of *two* or *three* ?

We are sure to get much help (D.V.) from Bishop Webb, only please beg him for the sake of God's work to say *all* that is in his mind ?

Should you dislike coming to my monthly At Homes first Tuesday, 3.45-4.45, and sitting with a book, unless anyone was waiting, and then cultivating friendly relations with them—or would it be a burden to you ? I depend upon a *frank* answer.

2 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. : Feb. 16, 1880.

I am sending you a large parcel of old notes—new books—lists of furniture . . . old rules—rules of Bishop Gray—Kilburn (St. Peter's)—Wantage—confidential papers—old suggestions of yours or my own—questions asked at different times by different persons, &c. There is no *hurry* about this, but it will be a nice work for Miss —— and Miss ——, under your supervision, to look over them—having added to them Bishop Webb's rules, now in Mr. Body's hands, but which he has promised to bring to me (you will ask him for them).

At your leisure you can draw up a simple plan which I can revise and show to the Bishop [of Oxford].[1]

There are many questions which must be considered.

How long probation ? (In this I do not include you, Miss ——, and Miss —— ; your probation would be short.)

What will be probable expense of Home per annum ?

How raised ?

What about the earthly possessions of the sisters—(*a*) at beginning, when not actually sisters ; (*b*) when formally admitted ? I suppose capital kept sacred for them in case of their leaving the Community, but all income put into a common stock—after due provision has been made for poor relations. This I suppose is the essence of the ' Poverty ' and ' Obedience '—not choosing their own time for holidays, not having anything of their own.

But I am only theorising. On these and many points you all ought to suggest. I need not say that you may consult anyone —only please do it from yourselves, and not as basing the inquiry on my letters, which are only fragments of ' talk '—written to save my voice. All these papers, when done with, could be tidily labelled and put in a box for reference, and then returned to me.

To avoid mistake, I imagine that I have now nothing to do for you. The lease is signed. You have all the materials for the next step. Remember there is *no* hurry. Dr. Way hopes the lung is healed again, but it has been a serious warning in many ways. . . .

P.S.—Will you put on a bit of paper the names of any books of prayers which Lady Haddington or you have given to boys a school or in the army ?

[1] In whose diocese Boyne Hill lay.

June 14, 1880.

This exactly expresses what I feel. I have made a few verbal alterations. Will it not save you future trouble to keep a copy to send to similar cases? I hope you caught the thought yesterday morning as to the secret of the weary, joyless feeling which we often feel as we are brought into closer union with the High and Lofty One? It lasts for a time, and then we see the emerald rainbow—the glory through a softened medium (the colour which refreshes, not dazzles, the eye)—the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

June 23, 1880.

How beautiful is every detail of the oratory. How thankful we are to God. *Six* lives dedicated to Him.

Am I right in thinking that the following is the list of donors to the oratory? [Six names.]

I remembered them one by one at our Celebration. I can hardly put into words how I have felt the blessing of the point to which we have attained, and He is the SAME yesterday—to-day—for ever.

June 25, 1881.

I thank you more than I can say for your letter. Where God is leading us I know not, but I feel sure that He is with us. Our individual sanctification is very near to our Father's Heart, and the fact that certain things pain and try us shows that it is there where His tender discipline is needed. The older I grow, the more I see how He can do without our work, but not without ourselves. His blessing be with you. I enclose some business memoranda.

Bel Alp, Brieg: August 11, 1881.

I have been thinking about the future of the Home and the parish. . . .

This plan please consider—also our name. "Epiphany" has this advantage—1. It is a humble name. 2. It expresses that we do not need to pray for Resurrection or Ascension life, but an Epiphany or Revelation of the life which *has* been already given us *in* our risen and ascended Lord.

You must put down in your note book as things for me to do when the right time arrives (D.V.)—1. To write a letter to subscribers. 2. Have a meeting of associates. We shall see by degrees how God guides us—but so far as I can see, the plan of one day a month at Boyne Hill will help us calmly to evolve

many things. Especially it will give us the blessing of solemnly committing ourselves to God, so that afterwards as the answer to the day, a new plan may be given by the Almighty and All Merciful. You and Miss Jewell will ask for faith, and all will seek for power to live *day by day*. This involves far more than it appears to do. It is the practical recognition of our creaturely limitation, as contrasted with the Infinite power of the Eternal Mind, seeing all (our) futurity ever present before Him. It is in fact practical humility. All well, thank God. God bless you *all*.

Bel Alp: August 25, 1881.

Now about . . . I need not point out to you how important a crisis it is in their lives. They are both at the most difficult, or one of the most difficult, periods—the commencement of the afternoon of life, when so many rest on the past—past experience, past earnestness, &c., &c., instead of forgetting the things which are behind and reaching on to the things which are before—new knowledge—new victories—new acts of love. Again London Seasons, though absolutely a necessity for such as them, are like a poisoned robe twining round the soul. Nothing so lifts the soul, so tears off the Nessus robe, as to have one really *loved* inside the Veil. You will, if you think well, send them that 'Communion of Saints' of mine. It expresses what I mean. Dear Miss Warrender, I am writing only, so to speak, on the Divine side—but oh, God knows, and I know in some measure, what the human side is. . . .

We are all fairly well—thank God—and very grateful for these lovely views and the thorough change and perfect rest.

October 21, 1881.

I will try (D.V.) for November 17 as a quiet day—only for the four. If, before that, either you or Miss —— felt the need of Confession, you would tell me, and I would run down some afternoon. I should like all four, in any way that helped them most, to have examined themselves and realised afresh the full forgiveness, so as to be ready (D.V.) to receive what God may teach us on the 17th.

It would be as well when you have made the necessary alterations to let Miss Hankey get those papers printed—the sooner the better. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for it all—how I enjoy my work and the Home, how touched I am by

all the little kind thoughts—flowers—Miss Dalrymple herself looking after my food—seeing you, and Miss Jewell so happy together, &c., &c. May God bless you all.

P.S.—I forgot to say that I withdraw the request about the Crucifix. I have no objection to its being used by the sisters in their own rooms. It had better not be placed in any public room.[1]

October 28, 1881.

This must be added to the Internal Rule, unless there is anything which does not commend itself to you and Miss Jewell. 'If you are unsettled, ask God either to deliver you from the trial or to teach you its meaning. Wait awhile *quietly* upon God. If the feeling continues, consult the Warden. If his advice does not help you, consult the Bishop. It is possible that while called to the separate life you are not fitted to live that life in a Community; or it may be, that this Sisterhood is not the one in which you can best glorify God. Or you may have entirely mistaken your vocation. During this trying time pray "Lord, increase my faith." Thank God for the promised guidance of the Holy Spirit, and say the Collect for 1st Sunday after Epiphany, put as it were between the lines.' . . .

God Bless you, my dear Miss Warrender, and give you back into your own soul all your tender sympathy and prayers for my wife. It is a great happiness to me to know that you know what she really is and what I owe to her—under God.

I am just going to Lambeth. May God guide us. It is Holy Communion 11.30, and then a meeting of bishops and clergy.

March 22, 1882.

. . . Now—as to the Sisterhood. You will send me anything which I can do at home to help.

You will consider about the dress. I feel that we ought not to put any woman in an uncomfortable position by giving her a dress which will expose her to remark, and you will know better than I do how to avoid this danger.

Personally, I like every colour better than black, and I dislike long trains which are always being trodden upon; and, on principle, I object to any head-dress which is an imitation of the trappings of death, for we are not only dead but risen in Him.

[1] At a later time he felt no difficulty about having a crucifix in his domestic chapel in Scotland.

While, however, I should like to know about the dress before it was decided, I should practically leave it to you. . . .

Then, when would be a good time to go to the Bishop ? Have you thought of these points ?

It is very blessed to feel that in all the changes and chances of our corporate life He has been with us—Himself giving us retreats—Himself in His own tender love drawing our wills into union with Himself. I hope you are really better. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to be kept here to-morrow.

May 24, 1882.

Will you send me by return of post the names of the persons who made suggestions about the admission as novices, &c. It will help me to know, when I am considering them.

Will you and the three Sisters and the novice pray to realise that the essence of our Sisterhood consists in recognising that 1. When you have consecrated the life to our Lord, no outward act can increase that consecration, however helpful and blessed that outward act may be. 2. That the trials of our Sisterhood will always be in the misconceptions of the religious world, to be entirely disregarded unless brought home to our consciences by the Bishop or clergyman in charge. 3. That our time will be His time for each step. All this, it may be, He is now teaching and asking from us. I write it with the full consciousness of all the wear that it involves, but longing to hear of you all being happy, knowing that to Him you are already Sisters.

I lose no opportunity of telling workers that it is only overwork which hinders me from beginning the Sisterhood. Will Mr. Lyte be any help to you ? He will go any day. . . .

God Bless you all.

June 20, 1882.

I am thankful that our Lord is helping you—as He has helped me. Please God, I will not delay a day beyond what is necessary. I feel perfectly sure that He will show us His Will, only we must wait a while. If you will just try now to leave it all to Him, helping me by the quiet prayers of faith (even if all feeling goes) as I take the various letters and watch for His leading, you will gather afterwards the peaceable fruits of fresh knowledge of Himself. . . .

I will take entirely, under God, the final responsibility, and will decide if you should so wish.

Thank you so much about myself. I am quite well—with no pain and very little worry. Dr. Andrew Clark fixed all about

the surgeon, &c.[1] It is not much, I fancy, except that it involves an early break in the work—but I may in this very way be free from outer work so as quietly to think over the parish. It was a real trial in some ways at first—but that is all gone, thank God, in answer to your prayers and my Con's. Dear little Constance, she says: 'I keep praying in my prayers and at the Celebration about the Sisterhood.' Say a prayer for my Carina and May—specially as to two long quiet letters which I have been to-day writing to each before they come home. Will Miss Dalrymple give me a line to say now and then how you are? May God Bless you, dear Miss Warrender.

Oct. 29, 1882.

I must write a word, my dear Sister, to say how thankful I am for yesterday. Con said to me 'I was awfully happy, Father,' and she asked me 'I suppose that Sisterhood and those five are just your ideal,' and I said 'Yes' from my heart—not ignoring human weakness, but as expressing what I feel as in God's sight. . .

I hope our prayer is being answered to you all as it is to me in believing that He was pleased yesterday, and will help us till the day of His appearing.

Dec. 23, 1882.

My Dear Sister,—May God grant you, and Sister May, and Sister Catharine, and Miss Dalrymple, all Christmas blessing.

What a happy Christmas it is to us—with our dear little Home, in which we humbly believe our Lord has pleasure. . . .

And oh—what joy about the Archbishop! Please pray for dear Truro and the many devoted men who will sorely miss him. May God send him the right successor. . . .

Feb. 3, 1883.

. . . I want to know how you all are. It has been a strange fortnight of mingled discipline and blessing, but now it is, thank God, calm and still. May He so let it continue, if it be His Will. There is no truth in any report about St. Peter's. Nothing is settled, nor in the way of being settled. Every effort is being made to secure some one who would really carry on God's work here.

March 18, 1883.

You must not let Satan harass you about . . .

'Our wills are *ours*.' We can only help—we cannot compel. If I hear more I will tell you.

[1] See p. 16.

We begin to-morrow (D.V.) to search again for names for St. Peter's. I was reading this morning, 'Worthy is the Lamb to take the book and open the seals.' He will reveal it all in His own time. . . .

I can hardly tell you what strong new links these weeks are forging between St. Peter's and my whole self. . . .

I go to Mr. Gladstone to-morrow, D.V. (Monday) at 4.

Sister —— looked so like what I should like a sister to look.

CHAPTER XII

THE COMMUNITY AT ALVERTON

When Bishop Wilkinson was enthroned at Truro a change came over the plans of the Community. The Countess of Haddington wrote to him from Florence on January 21, 1883 :

> This call costs me something too. But I have learnt that a grudging sacrifice is a folly, sin, and misery. May my sister be to you what Madame de Chantal was to the saintly Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis of Sales.

Her wish, it may well be believed, was accomplished. Boyne Hill was exchanged for Truro. Alverton, the beautiful house of Sir Philip Protheroe Smith, was available. The Community took up their abode in it in July, and ' there,' according to the text from Chronicles inscribed over the door, ' they dwelt with the King for His work.' On all Saints' Day, Sister Julian was professed by the Bishop and installed as Mother, and two other novices were professed along with her.

The Bishop explained the objects and principles of the Sisterhood to his first Diocesan Conference that October :

> The value of Sisterhood life has long been felt in the diocese, and the self-denial and patient work of the [Wantage] Sisters at Lostwithiel is well known to many here present. The history of this new Sisterhood may be quickly told. The need of women entirely devoted to the service of God was pressed upon me in my London parish, and I was fortunate enough to secure the assistance of five of the most earnest of those who had helped in our parish. The plan of the Sisterhood is very simple. The Bible as interpreted by the Prayer Book in its obvious meaning is their standard. Loyal submission to their Bishop is their guiding principle. While it is my duty, as their Father in God, to guard them from all mere idle curiosity, every detail of their

Rule will be gladly shown to any who are interested in their life. At present they are working in the schools, visiting the sick, and helping, so far as they are able, all who need their assistance. The special object, however, which I hope to accomplish by their instrumentality is the developing and deepening of women's work in the diocese. If it be God's will that they remain in Truro, and if it be God's will that their numbers increase, and that they succeed in winning the confidence of the diocese, I hope that they will be invited to stay for two or three weeks at a time in our towns and villages, to strengthen the hands of the Church, and to render any help which they are able to the clergy of the parish. I hope also that women will be sent to the Sisterhood in order to be trained in the various branches of parochial work, and then go back to their homes better able than before to help their clergyman, better acquainted perhaps with the deeper laws of the spiritual kingdom.

His views on the question, What constitutes a call to the life of a 'Sister?' were thus expressed in a private paper which he wrote in March 1885:

The order of the process may be thus defined. God, having predestinated the soul from all eternity, reveals Himself by a special individual calling to the soul; and by the attractions of His grace, the soul is drawn to love, to accept, and to cleave to the ideal thus presented to it. This call and response seem to constitute the vocation for a Sister's life. The call is of God; the response shows itself in the individual soul by a felt inner desire to give up the world, having tasted of the 'expulsive power' of this deeper affection—the yearning to lead a hidden and more undistracted life of close personal service to our Lord.

The realization of this life involves of necessity the three Renunciations implied in Obedience, Poverty, and Chastity. The essence and spirit of it must be: to be satisfied with the love of our Lord alone, to live only as in His Presence, and for His approval, and so to love others for His sake as thankfully to throw in one's lot with those who are bound together by supernatural rather than by natural ties.

It is advisable that the call should be tested by a long Novitiate from three to seven years; the limit in each particular case being decided by the wish of the Novice herself, together with the sanction of the Warden and of the Mother. The claims of

family life, &c., upon any Postulant will be fully weighed by the Warden and the Mother, together with her natural guardians, before she enters on her Novitiate.

At the Profession of a Sister the three promises or vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity will be required; these vows will be made for life, but the Bishop (before whom the Sister makes them) reserves to himself the power to dispense her from her obligations. This profession shall not be made by any Sister under the age of thirty years, unless in some exceptional case, when liberty to be professed at an earlier age may be granted by those in authority.

By the service of the Profession of a Sister the Church accepts and seals therein her previous dedication.

The Bishop not only took an unfailing interest in every detail of the Sisters' work—the laundry for the penitents, the training home for young servants in Rosewin Row, the care of the Cathedral altar and arrangements for the cleansing and adorning of the sanctuary, and all else—but he took thought, at the outset, as has been shown, about the colour and fashion of their costume, and about the make of their badge with its inscription. Every word of their Rule was a matter of prolonged and prayerful consideration—especially every word which concerned their relation to the Diocesan (which was of the essence of his conception of their place in the Church), or which concerned the development and preservation in the individual Sisters of that evangelical freedom which is sometimes strangled by a mass of directions. Above all, he took immense pains about their common devotions. Tentatively, and not without a sense of the gravity of the departure, he drew up a scheme for a new book of Hours for the Community—Terce, Sext, Nones, and Vespers for each day of the week, except that on Sundays there was no provision for Sext or Nones, as it was assumed that the Sisters would be engaged in public worship at church. Each Office—they were very brief—dwelt upon some special point in the life of our Blessed Lord or of our relation to Him. Thus the subjects for Vespers were as follows:

Sunday.—The Final Resurrection.

Monday.—The Praise of God.

Tuesday.—The Fruits of the Spirit.
Wednesday.—Grace won for us.
Thursday.—The Second Advent.
Friday.—Fellowship with Christ in Surrender and Suffering.
Saturday.—Rest in Paradise.

The Mother Julian says :

The sketch suggesting subjects for devotional use for each day in the week was drawn up and used by the Bishop for his own personal needs. He gave us the framework, so to speak, and we were to fill it in by supplying suitable Chapters, Psalms, Antiphons, &c. The Bishop reviewed our work with infinite care and finally passed it.

It was printed in 1888, but never published.

The Mother Julian adds : 'We used the book in chapel for a time, but thought it well, for obvious reasons, to adopt permanently the more universally known and more ancient "Day Hours of the Church."' The Bishop himself modestly described the book at a later time as 'wanting in all the force of the ancient liturgies.' Nevertheless it was full of beauty and tenderness. No one could fail to be the better for it who could rise to the use of these daily Thanksgivings, which were the Bishop's own :

TERCE

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, who didst raise from the dead Thy only begotten Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light. Glory be to Thee for Thy redemption of the world, and for our Baptism into Him, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. To whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be praise and dominion for ever. Amen.

SEXT

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, who hast given Thine only begotten Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance in the Holy Sacrament of His Body and Blood. All glory be to Thee for this Thine inestimable love whereby we dwell in Him, and He in us, we are one with Him,

and He with us. To whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Nones

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, who hast shed abroad Thy love in our hearts, through the Holy Ghost which was given us. Glory be to Thee who hast given us the power to believe that Thou hast reconciled us unto Thyself through the death of Thy Son, that we may be saved by His life. We joy in Thee, O God our Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement; who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Vespers

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, who hast called us unto Thine eternal glory by Jesus Christ, and hast given unto us everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace. Glory be to Thee for that communion and fellowship whereby the whole family in heaven and earth is joined in the mystical body of Thy Son, Christ, our Lord, and for the love of His appearing; who shall come at the end of the world to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. To whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be praise and dominion for ever. Amen.

The home of the Community at Alverton became more and more dear to the founder. He was regularly to be seen there, when health and other duties permitted, on fixed days, ministering to the Sisters, and receiving back from them such refreshment as his Master received at Bethany from the sister of Lazarus who sat at His feet and heard His word. Upon the inmates of that house he could always rely to aid him at every step of his work in the way which he most valued; their chapel was a fulcrum to all his efforts. Such letters as the following to various Sisters show his care for their welfare, as well as much of his own life and thought.

Lis Escop, Truro: May 17, 1883.

My Dear Daughter in Christ,—I received your letter yesterday—the day after the enthronement. . . .

The more we keep our work to ourselves at first the better, till

I know more of the Church feeling and sympathy of the laymen here.

Sunday and Monday were terrible days—inwardly—days of emptying—but on the Tuesday the power came. The 'Western Morning News' gives a good account. I found it on Monday hopeless to write, as I had wished, a careful sermon. So I got some clear thoughts and resolved to trust the Blessed Spirit, and never in my life have I felt more strange solemn wonder at the thoughts and words which He was pleased to bring forth—I knew not how.

All went well. It was a long day, with a Chapter dinner seven miles off to finish the day.

Margaret is *perfectly* delighted, and they all like the place. I see already the blessing which, please God, the Sisterhood will be. Write whenever you have time and tell me all your plans and all about you all. I have been trying to plan to see you if only for an hour, but at present it seems hopeless. I have to run up to London for a Bishops' meeting, but every moment seems full. Remember me to all the Sisters, and believe me,

My dear daughter in Christ,

Always sincerely yours,

GEORG : H. TRURON.

July 21, 1883.

. . . The editor of 'Western News' is going to answer some letters of inquiry about the Sisterhood by an article and obligingly asks me for information. Will you write me a paper which I can forward? How it began—how long you all had in training under me (thirteen years and even fifteen in some cases.) The two principles : (1) To be under Bishop of Diocese. (2) To conform to the principles of the Church of England (not of course in these exact words). How it was started by help of laity in St. Peter's. Work which we propose. Alverton taken for two years because no other home, &c., &c.

October 7, 1883.

I was going to see you to-day, but I am on the sick list : Nothing else would have made it possible to break the crowd of engagements which were pressing for this week—so in His love it has come in that way. It has been a long year's work since October last. Mercifully I finished all the Rural Decanal Conferences last Friday—after a hard week at Boscastle, Bude, Stratton and Launceston—long hard days. You will thank

God for His blessing and help, as I heard how well all had gone, and yet it was only by almost momentary looking to Him that I got through the days. You will ask God to guide me what to give up and what to go on with of my manifold engagements, and help me to be patient and thankful. I was grieved to hear from Jessie [1] that Mr. Carus Wilson had not succeeded in relieving you of your garden difficulty. Write at once if there is anything which I can do. If there is nothing, then try and do as I try to do—let things take their chance (speaking humanly) for the first few months. As soon as possible you must remind me to get two or three gentlemen to take all those kind of things off your hands. God bless you all.

Nov. 2, 1883.

. . . Bear in mind that while there is a special blessing in taking our trials *only* to our Lord, there is a danger in standing too much alone on the pinnacle of the Temple.

Nov. 10, 1883.

Perhaps I did not *put* it clearly—the result, it may be, of beginning to talk business without my Collect of Preparation. But I do *see* it clearly—and there is no one whom I know so likely to help you as Mr. Carter.[2] And there ought to be some one. Of this I have no doubt; and I know that you know that whatever be the help which I may be able to give—much or little—I am still, as always,

Your friend and Warden, please God,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

March 3, 1884.

Unless you see a reason against it, will you arrange that at certain definite times (say once a quarter) all the Sisters may have a rest and change for four or five days? People will be raised up to receive them, or they could go to the sea—two together—though the former plan will give more change. God bless you all.

The Trench, Tunbridge: June 23, 1884.

Only a line—as it is a very crowded day. Take care *really* to cast *that* and each separate anxiety upon Him, and pray for grace to do so with faith and hope. I mean this. God can shield (I speak what I *know*) those whom we love from *ever*

[1] Lady Jessie Scott, sister of the late Earl of Clonmell; now Sister Jessie of the Community of the Epiphany.

[2] The Rev. F. E. Carter.

knowing what would pain them. Most probably this is the first step—as St. Peter's fall was—towards a new life, and she will never know that the higher life has not been the result of a steady progress from Baptism. So far as we give way deliberately to want of hope, to want of trust, we sin. You are not doing this, but you are tempted to do this. Be watchful. Have simple, helpful, and not tiring devotions. Get as much rest, and do as little, as possible. I am half a doctor, and I know you are just in the state which Satan loves—but God is stronger than Satan. Your weakness, your wounds, your pain all help His work ; only do not take for granted that all will not be well.

Oct. 9, 1885,

Will you ask one of the Sisters to send me the daily time-table of the Sisterhood ? Hours of rising, &c., in this form :

1. Rising.
2. — — —
— — —
— — —
— — —

Lights put out,

and also a weekly plan (not in detail, but enough to know what rest each Sister has in each week, Mother included).

Unless I hear to the contrary I take for granted that you receive list of engagements, &c., for intercession every Monday. I must count on these prayers. God bless you all.

Jan. 14, 1886.

Yes—my dear daughter in Christ—I do pray for you. It is so terribly hard. God only knows how hard those times of depression ; but always when we *look back*, we find how marvellously God has listened in those times even to the mentioning of a name in prayer. But they are ***hard times.***

I am glad you have written to your doctor. He will help you, by God's help, to see God's will. It may be better only to go to London to Mrs. Lewis, or some one like her, for a little, see about the hearing, &c., and then come back for the present and go north later. I cannot be sure, only I feel that you ought to have some change and ought to see some one about the hearing. You understood that I only wanted anything about the Sisterhood a few days before our next quarterly meeting—so there is no hurry.

I am quite amazed at the way in which God seems bringing blessing out of that Manchester question.[1] The affection and gratitude of the people, and the deeper love for them (if that were possible) which He is pouring into my own heart, make me very thankful to Him, and to all of you who so help me by your prayers. To-day from 11–6.45 (preventing me from going, as I intended, to see you) I have been seeing people, each interview bringing fresh reason for thankfulness to God for His help and guidance. So the prayers of our weakness bring down help for His Church.

Nov. 19, 1886.

Thank you for your very interesting letter. It is delightful to me to hear on all sides how God is using you, and blessing your work. Refuse to think of yourself save as a channel, an arm used by Christ our Head. He is alive. He loves each man and woman in Egloshayle[2] one by one. He died for each. He has sent you. He will use you. Do not let Satan come as an angel of light and say 'It is only humility and holy fear to think that I may hinder the work.' I cannot hinder it, unless with my will I refuse to trust Him or refuse to work for Him. He will do great things for you all, and will use you more and more, my dear Daughter in Christ. . . .

God bless you.

Sept. 21, 1887.

I forgot to say how delighted I was to see the beautiful San Sisto, the most perfect representation of that mystery which ever deepens as life advances, in its right place as the first thought which is suggested as we enter the chapel. To me also it is a symbol of the ready mind with which my dear Daughters in Christ fulfil their Bishop's wishes. . . .

Oct. 3, 1887.

Will you tell that poor child that I should like to hear that the light broke, and that the Holy Spirit taught her that her Lord, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, loves her as He did love her before she fell—the only difference being more tender manifestation of His unchanging love, because she needs more. I should like to know this before I start for my tour of work. The bearer will wait for an answer. I trust you to tell me if any personal touch is needed. I will gladly go to the chapel to help her between 5.30 and 7, if you think it necessary.

[1] See below, p. 179.

[2] The parish where this Sister was then working.

I seem to see the crowd whom one day she will bring out of Samaria across the fields to Him who is sitting by the well of living water.

God bless you, dear Daughter in Christ.

Jan. 2, 1888.

I saw—as I feared would be—that it was a great trial to you to have neither warden nor chaplain for the Epiphany, but God will give the larger hope and deeper peace as the outcome of the willing sacrifice, if you kneel with us all in our Holy and Beautiful House. You will remind me to celebrate in the Community Chapel another day (D.V.). . . . You will remember about that noisy door [1]. . . . Do not, please, give a message from me, but ask the Sisters to get some one to see that the altar candles are straight. They lean too much to the East. And my chair (the large one with a cushion within the sacrarium) ought to be quite straight, symbolic of the Heavenly order. How happy it is to feel that the work is in all your hands.

Feb. 5, 1888.

I want to say a word to you. I have felt for long that, whether we know it or not in this world, there are great things in God's counsels linked on with the Cathedral, but that those who touch it have to suffer. . . . I felt this strange mingling of pain and blessing as being in store for us on the night of the Diocesan Conference. I felt it so strongly that, contrary to my own wish, I seemed obliged to say it. Blessing and trial, joy and fear in anticipation ; as it was when He set His face to go to Jerusalem. The disciples were frightened at the strange expression—half desire, half shrinking, as it was with the first martyrs in Madagascar. Joy, ecstasy ; but an awful shrinking from the pain. All this I said that night. In this dark week I have realised something of it. On this bright Sunday, as I look back on these six days, I want to strengthen you. 'The vision is yet for an appointed time ; though it tarry, wait for it.' How shall the justified man live ? By his *faith*. Fix your whole self on our Father and Saviour. If you are too weak to fix your thoughts, too weak to cling, *abide* in Him. If the Blessed Spirit, or Satan, bring your sins to your mind, if you are dry and dead and feel very wicked,—still abide. You cannot get lower than 'Chief of Sinners,' of whom it is written that nothing could separate him from the love which Christ had for

[1] In the cathedral.

him. What it must be to our Lord to let us suffer! He only bears it on account of the joy which He foresees shall come from the chastening; the wonderful results of the Father's glory here and hereafter. Be strong and of a good courage.

Ever your affectionate Father in God,

GEORG: H. TRURON.

Baveno, Italy: June 3, 1889.

I sent all my messages by Constance, as Dr. —— is so very anxious that I should write as little as possible; but I find that I cannot be silent. More than ever now that bond which was formed in 1879 seems to make itself felt, and I cannot help being thankful that God did so clearly call you and give you those deep and eternal interests. . . .

It is a great trial not to be there when you come back, not to be allowed to help you through those first days at Alverton. But He will renew your strength, and hide you under the shadow of His wings. Day by day the grace will come, and all unexpectedly when the darkness is deepest the light may break and the sound of His voice be heard. 'I know in whom I have believed.' God ever bless you, my dear Daughter in Christ.

To the Mother Julian

Tyninghame, Prestonkirk, N.B.: Sept. 11, 1890.

I did not know till Ruth told me, that you were allowed to read your letters. I sent you a message that I would not write, as I should (please God) so soon see you; but I feel that I must write a line and just tell you—though you know it already—how very thankful we are that God has spared you to us, and that you have felt His presence with you through all the pain and weakness. You will now, day by day—for the day—just rest in Him. He only knows the secret thoughts about the past, the present, and the future; but He does know them, and He loves you and numbers the very hairs of your head, and will give hour by hour whatever you need in body and soul.

God bless you, my dear Daughter in Christ. It will be delightful to see you, and to tell you so much that will cheer you about this sweet place[1] and those who dwell in it.

It is a great pleasure to have seen that quiet holy shrine.[2]

[1] Lord Haddington's place in Scotland.

[2] Lady Haddington's grave.

How restful it looks—the symbol of her own deep rest in His Presence.

Kilkhampton: March 1, 1891.

Thank you for your letter. It was indeed a happy day to the Sisterhood. . . .

You will bear in mind that, as *Mother*, you must think separately from me, in your own personal individual responsibility. In this spirit please consider the following.

As I think over the two persons suggested for the wardenship, remembering all our conversation, I cannot help thinking that dear Canon Body, (1) on account of his knowledge of yourself and myself, (2) his relation to Canon Carter, (3) his intimate knowledge of Sisterhoods, (4) his greater power of pushing the Sisterhood, make it advisable to send our paper to him, and ask if he would allow himself to be proposed to the Chapter of the Sisterhood. . . .

Further, if we incline to ask ——, we ought, before doing so, to consult our Chaplain, Canon Carter, who will work under him. Please write fully to me at 74 Chester Square.

The Grand Hotel, London: May 9, 1891.

My dear Daughter in Christ,—I have nothing special to say. . . .

But as I think of you all—and as the Home and the Chapel and the room in which we have had so many happy hours rise before me, I know what it all costs *you*[1]—and so I write a short 'God Bless you.'

From the day in which you first began to work with me you have never cost me a moment's anxiety, you have helped, and cheered, and gladdened me, and been, under God, the means of giving me happiness greater than I can express in words. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate Father in God,
Georg: H. Truron.

My love to all the Sisters and the dear Chaplain.

[1] His leaving Truro.

CHAPTER XIII

LATER LETTERS TO THE SISTERS

It will perhaps be suitable to give at this point, though out of the chronological order, the proofs that the founder's love for the Community, and for the individual Sisters, did not end when he ceased to be Bishop of Truro and their visitor.

To the Mother Julian

1891.

. . . I am delighted and thankful for Dr. Gott's appointment. We are old friends, and I took a mission for him at Leeds. If I get well, and Canon Body is overworked, I know that Dr. Gott will be only too glad for me to take up the Wardenship of the Sisterhood, and carry on that happy work which I was allowed to begin with you all. My love to the Sisters. God bless you, dear Sister. Remember for one look at self to take ten at Christ—to abound in thanksgiving, and in darkest hours to throw yourself upon the power and love of our Lord.

16 Wilmington Square: Nov. 5, 1891.

To-morrow must not pass without your receiving a word from me. There lies before me a delightful account of Sister ——'s work at ——, and only a few days ago I heard how Sister —— had been doing the true work of a Sister at ——.

It is all so wonderful, the way in which those early prayers are being answered. And now two more are to be professed. Please give a special message to each of them. May the Lord Bless them—widening or deepening, or giving any special gift which He in His power and wisdom and goodness may see that each of His children needs. And you—what shall I say to you? I know what the day will be to you, the double side, the secret trial, the real thanksgiving. Whatever you are passing through in body, heart, mind, spirit, even if the spirit seems cut off for the time from full joyous fellowship with our Lord, simply

lie there and accept it, and claim the blessing for your children which comes to the Community from the Mother's pain.

It would be an intense relief to write about myself, but it is better not; all that is necessary the girls will tell you. This is to *brace* you for all that you have to do or endure.

My hope is that to-morrow may be a day of real joy; the joy of a Friday, the joy which flows down from the wounds of Calvary. My love to all the Sisters and to Miss Dalrymple. God Bless you.

34 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.: Nov. 21, 1891.

Much love, dearest daughter in Christ, and many thanks for your letter.

If it is good for them (of which you, please, will judge), I shall much like, from time to time, to hear anything which the Sisters have to tell me of their work or inner life.

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, strengthen, comfort and guide you.

P.S.—In THEE (you may pray), O Lord, have I trusted. I shall not be confounded.

Dec. 11, 1891.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER IN CHRIST,—I have nothing new to say—nothing which will give any new teaching or new comfort.

It is the old story of sin and weariness, the old, old story of mercy and love still flowing down to pardon and to bless.

One sees—or fancies one sees—that it is necessary—necessary for the work of the Home, for the poor Sisters, that you should go on living—and living means suffering—and the suffering, so long as body, soul, and spirit make up one man, must involve spiritual suffering—sense of sin, inability to repent, or believe or love. Yes, dear child, I suppose it must be; but hope on till the day of His appearing. It may be that you are kept alive because that day is near. He knows—we cannot know. Day by day—for the day—day by day sprinkled with the Precious Blood—like Israel of old, taking the hyssop and dipping it in the Blood, and, with our own separate wills, sprinkling it over hand and heart, and lips and head, and then, out of utter desolation, saying aloud calmly and solemnly, 'Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, praise His outpoured Blood which cleanses from *all* sin.' Yes, Satan, ALL. . . .

Ever may the blessing of the triune God rest upon you.

You know not what the dull heavy pain, without a ray of

feeling, is doing for your —— and my ——, and the numbers for whom you would like to pray if you could. Ever, with love to all the Sisters,

Your affectionate Father in God,
GEORGE H. WILKINSON, Bishop.

Tell Sister —— what it is to us all to know that she is with you.

Feb. 23, 1892.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER IN CHRIST,—You know Who it is who goes by your side to bear the burdens which are too heavy for His poor weak and tired child. I was struck the other day with that story of General Colley. The regiment was marching over the burning Indian sands, and he saw that one of his soldiers was exhausted and on the point of fainting. In a moment he was at his side, had taken the knapsack off his back, and placed it on his own shoulders. The man revived. Another had taken his burden. It is so much easier to preach than to practise—so difficult by faith to leave each burden of weakness and difficulty and sin with Him—the great burden-bearer of humanity. And then, how wonderful are those words on which I heard a striking address last week: 'She hath done what she could.' Done it feebly, done it with much mingling of self—but 'done *what she could*.' And HE was satisfied. My love to all the Sisters and to the Chaplain. . . . I do not make very rapid progress. The rest, thank God, are all well. God bless you, dear Daughter in Christ.

March 15, 1892.

. . . I have been so sorry to hear of your being thrown back by this fresh attack, but it is all working out some strange mysterious purpose. Satan may be allowed to bring illness after illness, and trial after trial, partly to subdue the evil which is in us—to reveal the dire effects of sin, to make us ready for receiving some new spiritual gift—but it is only *given* to Satan. He has no power except so far as is permitted by our God and Father. Therefore, rest and be strong. Do not be over-anxious in digging deep to find secret roots of evil. At present your only hope is to make all self-examination, meditation, everything, centre round and be filled with the Presence and atoning power of our Lord. God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, comfort, strengthen you.

Government House, Cape Town: Sept. 28, 1892.

I was very thankful for your letter telling me all the details of the work. How cheering they all sound! The work of the hospital at St. Agnes, the 200*l.* gift of Mr. Edwards,[1] &c. I am selfishly sorry about the London hospital being abandoned; but my judgment endorses your decision. I am so glad Mrs. Benson has been with you, I like to hear of your having visits of that kind. Thank you for telling me about ——'s marriage; may God bless him, and help them both to help each other.

There is so much to tell you about Grahamstown and this Diocese that I must look forward to your being in London soon after my return. It seems almost impossible to write it all. God has been pleased to use me in very many ways, which it is impossible for me to ignore—privately and publicly—in answer to all your prayers; but you can understand the other side better than most.

This is really unworthy of the name of a letter, but I could not let the post go without a letter from myself.

34 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.: Oct. 29, 1892.

Thank you, dearest Daughter in Christ, for your letter. My spirit seemed all yesterday with you all in the chapel at Boyne Hill, and I seemed again to be expounding the Psalms of the day to you all, and dear Sister May seemed to be sitting before me taking notes, and yet not there, but at my side with the spirits and souls of the righteous.

I have been for the last few days, with great happiness, using the book of offices which we drew up together. Thank God the past is not really gone, for we are in HIM who is the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.

God bless you all. A special message please to dear Sister Maria.

Nov. 11, 1892.

With what different feelings do I write about dear Sister Maria and Sister May. When Sister May passed away, we schooled ourselves to say humbly 'Thy will be done,' and we could hardly bear to dwell upon the loss which we had sustained. Now the predominant thought is one of intense thankfulness. I know how you will miss her.[2] I know how, when I go to you,

[1] Mr. Passmore Edwards had given this sum for a Convalescent Home at St. Agnes.

[2] Sister Maria.

I shall feel the loss of those tender, almost sisterly, words which were ever ready to greet me. But still the great thought is one of thankfulness. The strife is o'er, the victory won, without pain, without a struggle. He has said to that humble soul, 'Friend, come up higher.' And she has gone—gone to plead within the veil for this great Mission.[1] How wonderful are God's dealings! The Mission for which we prayed so much now actually given to us—this Mission to the University to ask for men to labour in Cornwall,[2] which was so often *almost* arranged, now actually going on in Cambridge. It is all blessed. I only wish you were a little nearer, that I could sometimes run down, as in olden days, to Boyne Hill. How strange to think of dear Lady Haddington and my Cara and Mr. Lyte welcoming our dear Sister into that quiet home. God bless, strengthen, comfort you all.

St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, N.B.: April 18, 1894.

Tinie tells you all our news. This is only to say:

1. That I *do* feel with you in this new *detachment*. It is a serious loss, the absence of Canon Carter. . . . But this is the way by which our Lord calls you into union with Himself. Lady Haddington, Sister May taken out of sight. Your own Bishop gone. 'Ye shall leave Me alone. Yet I am not alone.' You will only know hereafter how much the mere endurance, amid all the sins and negligences and ignorances of your daily life, pours into the Church's treasure house of power.

2. That, while Canon Carter is away, I trust you in any *special* difficulty to write without scruple to me. My Sisterhood is dearer, if possible, than ever to me. God ever bless you.

Hotel Burlington, Boscombe, Bournemouth: Feb. 8, 1896.

I feel moved to write you a little line to say how sorry I have been to hear of all your suffering. Bodily pain is so often accompanied, as it was in our Lord's case, by inward trial. I have been thinking a great deal lately of our position in our Blessed Lord, as regards the *permanence* which it involves. The greatest saint, in moments of the highest spiritual elevation, only stands before God *because he is in our Lord*, the glorious Head of the Body, sprinkled with His most precious Blood. The most miserable sinner, in hours of deepest depression, is still *there*, 'accepted in the Beloved.' Think much of Him in your moments of weakness, my dearest Daughter in Christ.

[1] A parochial Mission at Truro.

[2] Bishop Gott paid a visit to Cambridge for this purpose.

Feb. 27, 1896.

You and the Sisters will like to read this. Tinie has arrived, telling me of all your tender care of her, and delighting my heart with every detail about you all. I am so thankful to hear of all God's goodness. Will you tell Emily Hobhouse I pray for her, and remind her how her Father [1] intercedes within the Veil. Tinie will have told you how well I am getting on, though only allowed to walk about a quarter of an hour a day. . . .

God ever bless you and all the dear Sisters.

March 16, 1896.

The girls have thanked you for the flowers and told you all our news, but I wanted to add how much I have valued them, not only for their own sake and for the kind thought which prompted you to send them, but for the inner happiness which they brought to me. They seem to speak of all the blessing which God gave me in allowing me to found the Community. As I looked at them I seemed to see some of the Sisters caring for the lovely chapel, others at the laundry—among the sick and suffering—yourself, dear Daughter in Christ, filling up the unseen life of suffering, and dear Sister May and Maria resting in Paradise. God Bless you all one by one.

Killiechassie, Aberfeldy: Sept. 12, 1896.

I pray God to guide you about a chaplain. . . .

It is vital that we should have some one like Canon Body—with a foundation deeply laid in a personal evangelical experience. Of course the Church superstructure is vital, but without a *personal* foundation he would guide the Sisters into an externalism

'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.'

Erigmore, Birnam, N.B.: Dec. 2, 1896.

I am thankful about the chaplain. It looks hopeful. You will tell me the result of your negotiations. I have bright and thankful letters from Sister Clementina and Miss Shepherd. All this is good. And is it not a blessing that our cathedral is to be the national memorial to the Archbishop? The work just now is very interesting. I depend much upon your prayers. We are opening out new missions in all directions, and God has given me what a Bishop has no right to expect, the happiness of definite results in individual cases.

[1] Formerly Archdeacon of Bodmin.

. . . I do not like what I hear of you—yourself I mean The poor body is a difficulty, is it not? Did I ever tell you how old Lady Abercromby said to Cara: 'I expect that a great many pray for our Vicar's *soul*, so I pray for his poor body, that he may sleep, &c.' God bless you, dearest daughter in Christ. Do not go beyond the day. Some day people will be living as usual, and those who are ready will see an angel come to say that the Lord is being manifested, and they will be borne to meet Him. Oh, wondrous vision—really to see Christ and tell Him all the failures and sins, and all His unconquerable love.

P.S.—So thankful to hear since writing that chaplain is secured.

1897.

. . . [When God for His Blessed] Son's sake allows us to join the Blessed ones who have gone before, I wonder whether we shall be allowed to see all our dreams for the Sisterhood fulfilled—Apostolic order and entire freedom combined—real mission work done by the Sisters in poor Cornwall with all its needs—a branch house in Durham and St. Andrews—representatives of the Community is some part of the Foreign Mission Field, &c., &c.

You will be beginning now by prayer to prepare the way for our Lambeth Conference. And you will learn something of the mystery of life, and be able to reproduce the struggles of the early Church, as you listen to the dying wail of the poor Armenians (did I send you our Episcopal Pastoral and prayers?), and you will ask God, with thanksgiving, to help me about my Cathedral. It needs so much, and yet it was impossible, with two large appeals for thousands, to beg for what would be counted luxury; so we could only pray and wait and silently gather a few hundreds—and this is now done, and I have written to consult Mr. Pearson, the architect. 'With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.' *He* can give what is still needed.

I am wonderfully well, thank God, and I hope that I am slowly learning not to be surprised when, as this week, suddenly there comes a little break, and I have to see as well as believe the utter dependence upon Him. As I read over the book which I wrote in 1877, with all about those last days and the main features of her life, it seems marvellous that so much was given me—and oh! so Blessed that He took her while physically, mentally, spiritually, she was all herself, and our love deeper far than in days of early youth.

So, my dearest Daughter in Christ, I have carried out my resolve of letting my pen wander on as I talked to you of one thing after another, as we did in the old days and do now whenever we meet. Is it not a Blessing that nothing Divine in the old days is gone—but abides, as He abides from whom then came, and now comes, everything which is good and helpful? God Bless you, my dearest Daughter in Christ. With love to all the Sisters and Lily Macnaghten and Sister Clementina.

P.S.—We are so glad Miss Dalrymple is coming to us.

Nov. 3, 1897.

This day must not pass without a word to you. The old order changes, giving place to new. Manifold things have happened since 1887, but it is God who is fulfilling Himself in many ways—God the All-mighty and All-loving. It seems hopeless to think of Truro this November. New work of all kinds, and this Committee in London, seem to say No, but please God I shall manage it after a while.

I fear you are suffering. If ever you felt a serious need of me, you would tell me, and very few things would be allowed to hinder my going to you. God ever bless you, dear Daughter in Christ.

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire: Oct. 18, 1900.

Pain not only is hard to bear, but it dries up the springs of vitality and makes prayer difficult, and the realisation of the unseen sometimes an impossibility. But the facts are all there, and spiritual dryness, no less than physical pain, can be linked with our Blessed Lord's suffering, and so linked can 'fill up what is behind' of His sufferings, and bring down blessing on those for whom we pray. Weakness is hard—very hard to bear, but it links us in *fact*, if not in *feeling*, with our Blessed Lord. And sometimes He has some little lesson to teach, like giving ourselves up into the hands, not only of God, but of the child or 'Sister' who ministers to us—beginning to *Receive* instead of *Give*.

32 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh: May 3, 1901.

I must relieve my mind by writing you a little line, though I have nothing special to say. Only some words in your letter bring back to me so vividly the hours and weeks through which I was called to pass, when all was vague and I had no future—that time before God gave me back my health and work. The only remedy was just submitting day by day—for the day—

as a duty, thankful when in addition to the duty He gave the calming thought that He was really alive and watching and numbering with unfailing love the very hairs of our head. But it is all a hard bit of teaching, and I wanted just to shake you by the hand, as it were, and give you the Blessing. God ever bless and watch over you, my dear Daughter in Christ.

P.S.—When the Sisterhood is quietly settled down, and its work with the Warden ended, you will tell me, and I will ask them to let me send a few Intercessions. You—I know full well—always pray God to guide and help me. God bless you.

Feu House, Perth, N.B. : Jan. 5, 1905.

I must send you and all the Sisters and the Mother[1] a special word for our festival. How good God has been in helping us through all the changes and chances of these many years, since first I asked you to act as Mother of the Community. It ought indeed to strengthen our faith. It is a great happiness to me to have Sister Harriot working with us.[2] It is not only that she is most valuable, tactful and earnest, a real help—but that she seems a new tie to the Sisterhood which is so dear to me.

God Bless you all with His own Epiphany Blessing.

Sept. 28, 1905.

I am afraid that you may be feeling sad at the loss of Sister Katharine—one of your oldest children, so I write you a little line to tell you that they seem to be settling down very happily, though I fear dear Sister Katharine misses you very much. They dined with us yesterday, and I took them into chapel and gave them the Blessing for their new work. You cannot imagine how great a help, please God, they will be to us.

Will you give my love to Miss Dalrymple and tell her that it is such a comfort to feel that she is there to take care of you. God Bless you, my dearest Daughter in Christ. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Cast every anxiety upon Him who cares for you and who died to redeem you.

Jan. 5, 1906.

Epiphany must not pass without my sending a word of Blessing to the Mother and Sisters and especially to yourself. How many years have passed since I first asked you to take

[1] The Mother Julian had resigned her place as Superior, and was succeeded by the Mother Clementina, formerly of the Community of All Saints.

[2] The Community had recently opened a work in Perth.

charge of the Community, and how marvellously it has grown and prospered since those early days. And—under God—it is you that I have to thank for all its development, and for the sure foundations upon which it was built. All your pain has only helped to deepen the work, painful though it has been for yourself to endure. God ever bless and watch over you, my dearest Daughter in Christ.

Aug. 29, 1906.

First I must thank you for all your letters, and the way in which you cheered Tinie while I was ill, and above all for your prayers. I am very grateful. I am now, thank God, back again at my work. . . .

I think that the Sisters are winning golden opinions. Every one seems to value them. I was so glad that you went to Arderne. It would be such a happiness to them and to you.

God ever bless and watch over you, my dearest Daughter in Christ.

To another Sister

St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, N.B. : May 9, 1894.

. . . Confession is a blessed means of grace. Guidance after Confession is a very great help. But we turn the things which should have been for our health into a snare, if we allow any human being, however holy, to free us of our responsibility as individuals standing in the presence of God. It is better even to make mistakes rather than to abnegate our freedom. You and you alone can finally decide. I can only give you help by way of suggestion and continued prayer for you. Are you securing, in obedience to God's will, one day in seven as a day of rest ? Do you spend it in such a way as to give you real refreshment ? Do you get proper rest by night for sleep ? by day for rest of brain ? One special danger, as it seemed to me, to which you were liable was overstrain. God may allow masses of work to be put in our way as part of our education—but He trusts us to pause, to consider, to review our past experience, to recognise humbly the law of limitation by which our Lord was governed—and then, to decide how much you will do, how much you will leave undone. Much work has to be left untouched by every child of God. If we overtax our powers we go on with a glorious experience for a time ; then comes depression, sense of sin, &c., instead of joy, peace, hope (you remember that interesting book of Canon Newbolt's on the ' Fruit of the Spirit ').

I wish I were nearer to talk to and pray *with* you. Meanwhile I pray *for* you. God bless you and keep you ever, by the Holy Spirit, under the shadow of the great rock—sprinkled day by day with the Blood of Atonement.

Easter Eve, 1896.

I am indeed grieved that you cannot come to us. The dwelling on the Passion very often awakens the suffering part of our nature. In this way the Holy Spirit brings us into sympathy with our Blessed Lord. It is well to remember that repugnance to pain is not wrong. Our Lord felt it so strongly, and appealed to His Father whether the cup might not be taken away. In fact where conflict and repugnance *naturally* exist, there are the materials of sacrifice provided. Refuse to doubt Him. He endured the Cross for the joy that was set before Him, and you are being trained for joy—joy of helping others, joy of being with Him—in fellowship here—in glory hereafter. Ask our Lord if it be not possible for you to come here. If in a few days (say by next Friday) no answer comes and you still feel it is not right to ask leave to come, send me a line and I will do my best to arrange to go and see you. I pray specially for you. God bless you.

May 13, 1896.

I must send you a word to assure you of my prayers and sympathy. It is so difficult to say Amen in detail, though we have, with all our hearts, surrendered body, soul, and spirit to Him who gave up all for us. With our *will* we do give up everything, but when the one who is more to us than all else on earth is taken away, the blank is very real and very dark, and our Lord does not expect us not to feel the trial. He was never ashamed of tears in sympathy with those who mourned, and His nature remains the same, unchanging in its tender *detailed* love. God bless you, my child, and reveal to you the World Unseen, that you may in heart and mind thither ascend and with Him continually dwell.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S W.: Feb. 15, 1897.

I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God for giving you the desire to help our work,[1] and to yourself for responding to His call and giving us this generous help. As it was in Truro, so it is in Perth; the idea of the Bible, to make the Temple of the Lord magnifical, is as yet hardly realised even by the most earnest. Common painted deal is felt to be good enough for

[1] At Perth.

God's House by those even whose taste makes everything in their own homes good and beautiful. I am obliged, therefore, to trust God for the thousands which we need, and it is a great joy to feel that He is answering our prayers, and that the answer comes to me through you, my dear Daughter in Christ, to whom I have been so closely linked these many years. God give it back a hundredfold to you in all spiritual blessing.

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B. : June 1, 1901.

You will understand how much I should like to have you with us for the dedication of our restored Cathedral, the work which—under God—you were the means of almost originating. Is it possible ? Carina would put you up at her house in Perth for the actual day, and then you would come on to us. Best love to the dear Mother. God bless you all.

To another

Randolph Hotel, Oxford : March 10, 1902.

You know how I feel with and for you, and how I pray God to give you hour by hour all the comfort which He, your Father, sees that you need. At first it is all so dreary, and the nerves are all strained and the spirit deadened with the long anxious watching. But after a while God will give you great thankfulness for all that you have been to [your Mother]—all the love which she had for you—all the great happiness which you brought into her life. And then you will thank Him for this long quiet preparation—His own preparation wrought out so quietly by the blessed Spirit, and you will thank Him as you think of her at rest in that quiet home with her Saviour, where no pain nor trial nor temptation can enter.

I am so thankful, dear ——, that, please God, I shall see you so soon. God bless you, dear ——

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B. : Jan. 5, 1903.

Constance tells me that you will just have left London before I arrive, and so that you would like me to write to you. So far as I understand your letter, you have no misgivings as to the reality of the call which you have received, and so far as I understand your letter you seem to have all the signs of a real vocation. The only thing which I should like to press upon you, dear ——, is that you should regard your future as quite open till the time of your novitiate is over. It is not that I have

any doubt, as I have said, about your call, but you never really know the meaning of the life till your lot has been cast in with the other novices. Offer yourself simply to our Lord. Tell Him that you believe that He has called you, but that you are quite willing, yea more than willing, during the period of your novitiate, to receive any fresh guidance which He may wish to give you. God bless you, dear ——. You will tell me when the day is fixed that we may remember you.

Jan. 26, 1903.

Thank you for your letter telling me that you will really regard the novitiate, not as the beginning of the new life, but as a time in which your Heavenly Father will clearly reveal His will. I entirely approve and am heartily thankful for the step which you are to take on the 29th, and I need hardly say that I shall be with you in spirit, though I am not able, as I should have liked, to have been with you at Alverton. As regards the other part of your letter, you have for years been as a child to me, and I hope that as long as God may spare my life on earth, you will not scruple to speak or write to me about any thing, small as well as great. With humble but entire confidence I commit you to the ever Blessed and Glorious Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. God bless you, dear ——.

Feu House, Perth, N.B.: May 9, 1905.

It is a very real disappointment to be unable to go to you on the 7th. But I should take no blessing with me if I neglected the work to which I am pledged. It will be a solemn, but, please God, a very happy day. You will indeed be able to look back and 'see all the way in which our Lord has led you these many years.' And you will think of dear Mrs. ——,[1] now able to rejoice entirely over your dedicated life in that quiet home of the Redeemed.

God bless you, dear ——.

To the Mother Clementina

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.: Nov. 7, 1902.

My Dear Daughter in Christ,—It is difficult to answer your letter. So far as I remember, after we were led to Truro, my dream was that we should become a great Diocesan Sisterhood, limiting ourselves to the diocese but doing in it all the work which Mother Julian sketched out, and giving help to

[1] Her mother.

every soul which needed help from whatever part of the world it came. But—as you and dear Mother Julian know—it was always my idea not to limit God's working by any preconceived and human ideas, but to be led by God, as the years rolled by, to do His will in His way and at His own time. I should take counsel with the Warden and the Chapter, and decide as to the future as God might seem to lead you. I must not end my letter without saying how touched I am at the way in which you all think of your founder's wishes and try to carry out his plans.

God bless you.

Affectionately yours,
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

CHAPTER XIV

ILLNESS AND RESIGNATION

Cornwall had laid a powerful hold upon the Bishop's heart. Besides the personal attachments that he had formed, and the spiritual ties that bound him to the Cathedral and the Sisterhood and numberless other places and institutions, the country itself fascinated him. His beautiful home, Lis Escop, lying among its trees high up above the town, and commanding a delightful view of the Cathedral and the creek beyond, had become very dear to him. He loved to ride along the lanes of Idless and Boscalla, and, above all, to walk on the upland road towards Perranporth, where he could catch the fresh air from the Atlantic.

Attempts to dislodge Bishop Wilkinson from Cornwall were not altogether wanting. At the end of 1885, Lord Salisbury offered him the see of Manchester, vacant by the death of Bishop Fraser. There was, however, no great difficulty in determining the answer, and, to the joy of Cornish people at large, the Bishop declined.

He wrote to Mr. Green, whose prayers for guidance he had asked :

Lis Escop, Truro : Jan. 2, 1886.

You, who know me, can imagine what a charm those thousands and tens of thousands in Manchester have for me. But I took advice from those whose judgment is universally acknowledged, and who, though living far away from Cornwall, are well acquainted with it. They confirmed my own opinion that just now there ought not to be any change in the man to whom the care and steering (*cura et gubernatio*) of our Lord's Church has been entrusted. Did you note those words in the Archbishop's Charge ?

To his eldest daughter, away at Cimiez, he wrote that when he felt that he was to go, 'there seemed to go up and down the garden a sort of spirit like Cornwall in tears,' pleading with him. When the question was settled, he wrote :

I am thankful it was offered me. It seemed like our Lord telling me my work had not been a failure. And I am thankful that both the Truro papers said that I should not be actuated in my decision by anything but a sense of duty. But I am afraid of dwelling on these things, because the more you dwell on what the world gives of approval, the more you are in its power when it blames you. . . .

How I rejoiced, as I looked at the dear little home from the train, that I was not leaving it for ever. How sad it would have been if you had never gone again to it, for we should have had to move at once. Dear Truro, how I love it and thank my God for it! . . . On earth, the habitation which I love is my own Cornwall.

But what offers of promotion could not do, ill-health at last effected. The Bishop, in spite of his vigour, had never been really robust. He had had more than one severe illness. His lungs had been attacked, and other organs threatened. He would sometimes say with a rather sad smile that 'black and yellow' was not a cheerful complexion to have. The climate of Cornwall, deeply as he loved his diocese, told heavily upon him. Then upon his susceptible physical organism came the strain of a work which, both in amount and in intensity, was overwhelming. His own retrospect of the earlier stage of his illness—written, it must be acknowledged, at a time when he was no fair judge of himself—was to this effect :

As far as I know, I was working on old materials and not feeding mind. So ready for overstrain, fussy and anxious. Then came Cathedral, Diocesan Conference, Ordination, anxiety about Cathedral Bill. Break ; Hyères, &c ; no real food to keep mind satisfied. . . . The rush up and down [from the Trench, near Tunbridge] for Lambeth Conference. That terrible consultation with Sir A. Clark and Freeman. . . . All the rushing days. Was it all physical or spiritual ? or both ? Then that terrible time abroad. . . . Those months in London.

Why all those mistakes, when Swain had ordered me away? . . . Was it illness which made me so dead and spiritless, or was it spiritual death? [1]

Whatever may have been the contributing and secondary causes, the chief cause, it seems safe to say, was that he had for many years, and especially since 1877, been living at such high spiritual pressure, that at last the exhausted powers failed. God, in His mysterious providence, allowed to fall upon him a kind of suffering which none but saints can experience. In proportion to the joy and strength which has been derived from an almost unrestricted communion with God, is the dismay and horror which ensues when the communion is, for no assignable reason, and for an unaccountably long time, interrupted. Only those who can say with truth 'Thou art my God even from my mother's womb,' know the bitterness of the cry 'My God, my God why hast Thou forsaken me.'

The Bishop had long known the more usual forms of spiritual trial. No man was better able to deal with them in his own life or to direct others how to deal with them.

Why, he asks in his Diary in March 1886, because I have sinned, should I withhold from my God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, ignoring the Atonement? Why not believe every hour, and every hour live in the power of the parable of the Prodigal Son?

When thoughts of evil, unbelief, unkindness, depression, &c., &c., &c., come into the mind, he writes on September 23, 1887, the only remedy is to look up to our Lord, to ask Him to deliver us from them—or, still better, to *think* of Him, to say His holy Name aloud or to ourselves—'Jesus lives'—to remember that we are part of His Body,—that He lives, that He has all power over the spirits of evil by which we are assailed. . . . BUT, and this is the point, sometimes the evil thoughts remain—the evil thoughts of unbelief, depression, unkindness, &c., &c., &c. The way then to deal with them is this. Treat them as you would bodily pain—that is, as something which is outside of your real self, something which you do not like, but which you have to bear. Satan says that the wicked thoughts are parts of you. Reply to him (Rom. vii. 20), 'It is not I that do it, but

[1] *Diary*, May 1889.

sin that dwelleth in me.' . . . Bear it. Afterwards you may see why it was allowed, . . . you may see that it was correction for some sin, such as irreverence, neglect of prayer, want of restraint, or the result of presumption, such as overwork, want of rest—God's loving correction.

In February 1888 there came a 'strange collapse. A. Clark's *stern* words—"Sensations *versus* facts"—"more rest, more rest,—resign."' As soon as arrangements could be made, he went abroad, to Hyères, to Bordighera (where he saw much of Mr. George Macdonald, and was greatly impressed), to Cannes, to the Italian lakes. The diocese was left in the charge of his Commissary, Bishop Speechly, whose wisdom and strength and dignity did as much as could be done to compensate the diocese for the absence of its own pastor.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Prince of Wales Hotel, Cannes: April 3, 1888.

My Dearest Archbishop,—I find that I must not go back for Devotional Meeting, 20th; Board of Missions, 23rd; Convocation. I had fully hoped to do so, but though I am much better, thank God, I find that when I have any real work to do, such as I had on Good Friday with a poor young fellow who was dying, the sleep goes again. If you have to apologise for me, you can say, 'Abroad by Sir A. Clark's orders—has written to say how sorry he is not to be present.' It is strange this year. Three things on which I have spent so much thought, and for which I have tried to work and pray, and have then been allowed to see them up to a point, and myself not allowed to enter in and take any more share in them—The Cathedral Bill, the Bishops' Quiet Day, the Board of Missions.

With every loving wish and many prayers,

Always affectionately,

G. H. T.

On April 21, from Cannes, he wrote a letter to his diocese:

My Dear People,—I do not like you merely to read in the papers a formal notice that my return to the diocese must of necessity be delayed for some weeks. I had made all my arrangements for leaving here on the 24th instant, but, by Sir Andrew Clark's advice, I, before starting, consulted Dr. Franks, an eminent physician at Cannes. He tells me that I am, at

present, quite unfit to begin my work again, and that the only result of attempting to do so would be a serious breakdown, which would imperil my hopes of future usefulness. There is, thank God, nothing radically wrong. I am only suffering from having been obliged, as a matter of duty, to go on working for some months after I required rest.

The result of this is that I need a longer holiday than usual, in which to recover, with God's blessing, my ordinary strength. You will, I know, feel with me that I have no alternative but to follow what seems to be so definite a guidance from that God into whose hands you and I have committed our own lives and the life of our diocese.

I do not ask you to pray for me and for my children ; I know that you will do that.

God bless you, my dear people, and give back to you, according to your several needs, all your never failing kindness to

Your affectionate father in God,

GEORG : H. TRURON.

By the month of June he was better, and returned to England for the Lambeth Conference. This is how he attempted to read the lessons of the last months :

Strange teaching. Like Joseph, He 'spake roughly' (Gen. xlii. 7, saw—knew his brethren—spake roughly). I might say to my Lord, the risen Lord, to whom I am married, 'Surely a bridegroom of blood art Thou to me [Ex. iv. 25].' He whose true heart with eternal love rejoiceth over me, as a Bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride (Is. lxii. 5), He, the Lord my God, in the midst of us, a mighty one who will save (Zeph. iii. 17), He who rejoices over me with joy, He who is silent, who rests over me with love, He who joys over me with singing—His face hidden and I troubled (Ps. xxx. 7). God and Christ are one ; the Godhead is revealed really in Christ ; and yet all that side of love—Husband, Bridegroom,—all my membership with my Lord, all the blessed comfort of Holy Spirit—seemed veiled. I *knew* it was there, but it was not realised.

I see HE has felt it—'My heart throbbeth ; My strength faileth Me ; as for the light of Mine eyes, it is gone from Me' (Ps. xxxviii. 10). He who was reckoned with transgressors, He who was made a curse for us, bore the sinner's curse,—No rest, trembling heart, failing of eyes, pining of soul, life hanging in

doubt before us, fearing day and night (Deut. xxviii. 66)—no assurance of life bodily, mental, spiritual, heavenly (would God it were morning—would God it were evening). . . .

There it stands like a granite rock, like the cold Alps—and I felt it to be so hard, especially at that time. I cannot explain it. 'The secret things belong to the Lord our God'; the things that are revealed, as this has been revealed, alone belong to me, that I may do all the works[1] of this law. God *must* reign. It *is* lawful for Him to do what He will with His own[2] (Deut. xxxii. 5). 'Ascribe greatness unto our God.' Terrible things in that whole chapter to assert His omnipotence, yet mingled with such tender pleading. For good and evil, masterful dealing. Because He willed, He chose (Rom. viii. 28); He had mercy as He willed; He hardened as He willed (ix. 15, 18). . . .

He must reign. Satan may whisper 'tyrant—austere—despotic;' but the Divine Wisdom is justified of all His children. *We* know in whom we have believed. . . . We under Gospel can provoke Him to plague us with divers diseases and sundry kinds of death; but when we have done nothing specially wrong, He, if He will, may manifest His power ('whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He')—manifest it in ways that are very terrible. . . .

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Like a wife to her husband, we must ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ[3] learn ἐν πασῇ ὑποταγῇ[4]—like children, submit to Father of spirits (Heb. xii. 9). That text, burnt in in September 1877, must again be felt in all its awful meaning. O Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—with strong breath of firm, God-inspired resolve.

He took a quiet part that summer in the Lambeth Conference, and sat on the Committee appointed by the Conference to deal with the subject of Purity.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

The Trench, Tunbridge: July 17, 1888.

Thank you, dearest Archbishop, for your letter in regard of Purity Report. It reached me in good time, and was very helpful. We gave both morning and afternoon to the work,

[1] So he wrote it; in Deut. xxix. 29 it is 'words.'

[2] He had been reading with strong approval Dr. (now Bishop) Moule's *Thoughts on Christian Sanctity* about being a 'living chattel' of Christ.

[3] In silence. [4] With all subjection (1 Tim. ii. 11).

and made, I hope, real progress, but it is very difficult. It was a happy day—happy to see the Church House all full of busy Bishops sitting on different committees—happy, as we seemed to realise God's Presence with His Church. Whenever we came to a difficult point, we stopped, knelt down for two or three minutes, and then said a short prayer or collect together. It was very blessed.

Ever lovingly,
GEORG: H. TRURON.

I suppose that you have already considered the question how far publicity will be given to the Bishops' letters and the main points in the Reports. Last Conference, 1878, I believe that in a few dioceses the Bishops read the letter to their clergy and representative laity, but as a general rule the *mass* of Churchmen heard very little about the results of the month's work, unless they bought the Report. Amateur analyses of our proceedings sent to the newspapers are seldom very satisfactory. This, of course, needs no reply. I know you like me to send you anything which occurs to me, and others besides myself have thought of this.

He was obliged to go abroad again directly after the Conference, without returning to his diocese. It was not till the end of September that he recrossed the Tamar. 'The most noticeable fact in connexion with the Truro Diocesan Conference,' said the 'Western Morning News' in October, 'was the attendance of the Bishop after his illness.' The Conference, on a motion proposed in delicate and admirable terms by Lord Mount Edgcumbe, passed a resolution of thankfulness for his return. It was, as the paper said, 'a pathetic reply' which the Bishop made, 'full of the deep spiritual tone which characterises all his utterances.' He referred to efforts after reunion with Dissenters.

That which I was unable to do when I was present, he said, has been done for me by my God during my absence; and I am thankful that indirectly my illness may be the means of consolidating that work which has long been going on in Cornwall, a union, by a deep and spiritual bond, of those who are still outwardly separated, but amongst whom, I cannot help

believing, the longer I remain in the diocese, there is a far deeper, far more enduring union than in older days, perhaps, we dared to imagine.

He said that he would try to return the welcome which had been given him 'by a more earnest attention to the work' which God had given him to do in Cornwall.

Alas, it was for no long time that he was allowed to try. Although there were times of refreshing, when he could write, 'Friday, day of marvels, bright power: each word of Gospel (St. Thomas) as Holland read it, the light breaking'; there were others when he sadly wrote 'All Thy waves and storms are gone over me. *Waves—storms.*' The waves and storms came in truth early in 1889. At the end of January he felt almost as if hope were extinct. He struggled manfully to do his duty in the gatherings of Bishops, as well as in Cornwall itself, but found himself powerless. Things went wrong, as he thought, and he was unable to stem the tide.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Lis Escop: March 6, 1889.

My Dearest Archbishop,—I greatly dislike troubling you, but I need a word of help from you. I am more distressed than I can tell you as I think over the resolution about Home Reunion which was passed at the Bishops' meeting. It will, if it ever becomes known, crush the hopes of those who were so greatly cheered by the Lambeth Conference Report, and do much to weaken the hold which the Bishops have gained upon the Church. I feel deeply the responsibility of having been present at the meeting and been so tongue-tied. It presses upon me as I prepare for our Ruridecanal Conferences on Home Reunion. It seems as if the Bishops had decided to make no effort in the direction which has been followed by the American Church, and which is indicated in the last paragraph of the Home Reunion Report—no effort in what seems to be the direction which our Lord Himself has marked out in St. John xvii. However busy you are, you will give a few minutes to think about what may be done to undo, if possible, the evil effects of the step which we have taken. May I give notice of a

motion in the direction indicated on page 85 of the Report—either for next Convocation or next Bishops' Meeting ?

You will forgive me for troubling you. I hope you are better. I am not very flourishing. Dear Constance is full of happiness at being home again, and is fairly well I think. With much love,

Ever, my dearest Archbishop,

Affectionately yours,

GEORG : H. TRURON.

Three weeks later he wrote again—he would not have written in the same way to any one else—to say that he was sorely perplexed ; that so far as he could see, the whole spiritual life had got wrong ; that the strain of every spiritual act was almost too great to endure ; that the spiritual insight was gone and he was making continual mistakes ; and that the only course seemed to be to resign.

The Archbishop would not hear of resignation. In the middle of May the Bishop was sent abroad again—to the Italian lakes, the Engadine, Florence ; then by sea from Venice to Egypt, up the Nile. Not till April 1890 was he allowed to return to England ; not till May 3 to Truro. His companions in the long absence were his eldest and his youngest daughters, and a friend of the eldest, and, for the greater part of the time, Mr. Scott Holland. What he would have done without them—their watchful reverent sympathy, their strong and cheerful courage, no one can tell. The merry spirits of the little girl, in particular, helped to sustain the whole party. And they needed to be sustained. It would be hard to exaggerate the misery which it pleased God to suffer His faithful minister to pass through. There were, no doubt, intervals of relief. In one such he was able to note the strange sense of its being ' another person ' who had looked up in vain out of the misery at ' the new Jerusalem, and the Church, and Ambrose and Augustine,' among whose haunts he was at the time in Milan, and that a ' reckless, hard, distrustful, ungrateful, prejudiced nature took the place of the new man, or even,' he says, ' of my natural self.' But dreary day, as a rule, followed dreary day. It was something like a miracle that any soul could bear up against it so long.

He wrote again to the Archbishop from Cairo :

March 10, 1890.

My Dearest Archbishop,—I sent a message of thanks to you for your little note, with all its loving words. What a blessed picture of your sister's rest your letter gives—entering into that deep and eternal joy which remains for the children of God.

I wish that I could send you good accounts of myself. I have lost the gleam of light which seemed to come for a time, and all is now as dark as it was when I went to see you last April. Florence is the first place where I can see any doctor who knows me sufficiently to be able to give an opinion of any value, but I am practically sure that there is nothing before me but resignation. You better than most can imagine what these words involve. I can hardly bear to write them, but I fear that there is no alternative. If, for any reason, you think that I had better take some official steps at once, you will tell me. If not, I shall wait till (D.V.) I arrive in England after Easter. It is not considered safe for us to go direct from Egypt, so we hope to go quietly by way of Naples. A line will find me at Hotel Marini, Via Tritoni, Rome.

May God bless and strengthen you, my dearest Archbishop.

Always lovingly,

Georg: H. Truron.

Contrary to his own wish, against the advice of his friends, in obedience only to the doctors, he returned to Truro. After the miserable Easter at Rome, all who had seen him were convinced that there was nothing for it but resignation. He came back to England with the firm intention of resigning. But the doctors insisted upon his giving the work another trial. In spite of all remonstrances from men like Mr. Holland, who knew what the effort would cost, they said that he must go back.

He yielded. He struggled through three months of work—made the harder for him because it was judged best that he should no longer have the assistance of the tenderly loving son who had been acting as his chaplain since the death of Mr. Lyte. Not a word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips, though every decision was a torture to him. His

nerves, from sleeplessness, were strung almost beyond endurance, but no one—servant, chaplain, visitor, or anyone else—ever saw him anything but the restrained, gentle, courteous man that he had always been. Burdened unspeakably by the thought that he was left to act without the help of Divine grace, he did the duties of his office with his accustomed punctuality and calmness of demeanour.

Ernest Wilberforce, Bishop of Newcastle, came to his assistance. Giving up all his own engagements he devoted himself to lightening his friend's weary load, going about with him through the diocese, and speaking for him at meetings with an eloquence enhanced by affectionate compassion.

For a time things went pretty well. The Bishop of Truro wrote:

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Lis Escop: July 18, 1890.

. . . I know how glad you and Mrs. Benson will be that, thank God, I am quite well (in *every* way) and working happily about nine hours a day. I still feel that the long three years were the judgment of a Holy and Merciful Father for inner carelessness—but that He has forgiven it all and taken me afresh into His glorious service. And what do I not owe to you, my dearest elder Brother, and to Mrs. Benson? May our Lord give it back a hundredfold.

But the sky soon grew black again. He went on a tour of visits, accompanied only by a chaplain, in August and September—to Bishop Westcott at Auckland Castle, to Mr. R. T. N. Speir at Culdees, to Sir Archibald Campbell's shooting lodge in Glenshee. Little knowing what the place was to be to him in happier days, he paid a visit, under intense gloom, to the cathedral at Perth. He went to Lord Haddington's place near Dunbar. It was a distraction to see friends, to ride in beautiful country, to be made much of; but the darkness was not dispelled. It was a time of great losses—Cardinal Newman died while he was at Glenshee; he attended Dr. Liddon's funeral on the way back to Cornwall. Once more the Diocesan Conference, through Lord Mount Edgcumbe as its exponent, welcomed him to his place and work; once more he addressed it with something

of his old force, and, in some of his utterances, with more than his wonted humour. 'The return of the Bishop in good health and spirits,' said a local paper, 'was a matter of the sincerest congratulation. Few bishops exercise so great an influence over their Diocesan Conference.' But when the next spring came round it was evident that he could hold out no longer.

On April 14, 1891, he published a letter to the diocese announcing that he was about to resign. It ran :

My dear People,—A year has almost elapsed since I returned to Cornwall, during which, under the strongest medical advice, I have tried to do the work entrusted to me. Circumstances have now obliged me once more to consider carefully my relation with the diocese and to seek God's guidance for the future. I have consulted the most eminent physicians, and have satisfied myself that, to the best of their judgment, it is not possible for me at present to properly discharge the great responsibilities which attach to its administration. Moreover, while confident that, please God, my health will be completely restored, they are unable to say how soon this recovery is likely to be accomplished. Remembering, therefore, how long I have been obliged to tax your patience, I have come to the conclusion that I ought no longer to attempt a work with which I am not able really to grapple, and have placed my resignation in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For all your unfailing affection, your generous trust, your ever ready co-operation, I thank you with all my heart. You need no words of mine to assure you what it costs me to part from you, to sever the sacred tie which binds a Bishop to his diocese, and no longer to be allowed to lead the Church in Cornwall on to that great future which, I am convinced, is reserved for her.

God bless you, my dear people.

Ever yours affectionately,

Georg: H. Truro.

There were, no doubt, some people, even in Cornwall, who felt little grief at his resignation. Here and there surprise was expressed that he had not taken this step before. It added, no doubt, to the bitterness of the act that men who did not know the circumstances spoke of it unfeelingly. But the letter was received by the Church of Cornwall as a whole with

something like consternation. A Truro paper said on April 20:

The resignation of the Bishop of Truro has been the absorbing topic of conversation in the city, and in fact throughout the diocese, during the last few days, and alike sincere and general is the regret expressed at the course which circumstances have compelled his lordship to take. The Bishop's recent sudden departure from the diocese caused serious apprehensions on the part of many of his friends, which the subsequent course of events has only too completely justified. A consultation with his lordship's physicians, and a conference with the Archbishop of Canterbury, was the object of his lordship's visit to London, and his resignation has been the result of these interviews. The Bishop returned to Truro on Monday; on Tuesday he conferred with the Cathedral Chapter, and on the following day the letter officially announcing his intention to vacate the bishopric was sent to the Press, through which medium it was conveyed to the people of the diocese.

To the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe

170 Queen's Gate, S.W.: April 10, 1891.

My dear Lord,—I know how sorry you will be to hear that the doctors confirm my own conviction that, for the sake of the diocese, I ought to place my resignation in the hands of the Archbishop. You know what it costs me to write these words, but there seems to be no alternative. While the doctors are perfectly sure that, please God, I shall be completely restored to my old health and strength, they are unanimous in saying that, at present, I must stop my work and go away for a time. It is obviously undesirable for me, as Bishop, to make any fresh experiment in this direction; so, unless I get any fresh light from the Chapter, with whom I am to take counsel on Tuesday next (D.V.), there is no course but resignation open to me.

Any word from you will be welcome.

May God bless you, my dear Lord, a hundredfold for all that you have done to help me. What happy days we have had in working together for the Church in Cornwall!

Ever affecly and gratefully,

Georg: H. Truron.

The sight of such troubles, borne with such humility, such patience, such dignity, could only draw true friends closer to the

Bishop, in reverence and wonder. Mr. Holland's loyalty to him, in particular, was an indescribable solace to the sufferer at the time, and the cause of undying gratitude afterwards. He interviewed doctors; he went backwards and forwards between Truro and London; he attended the Bishop at the meeting with his Chapter; he was with him through all the crisis of the resignation, and for weeks after, ministering such aid as only a man of his powers and spiritual discernment could supply.

It would be impossible to recall here the expressions of sorrow which were uttered on every side, when the Bishop's resignation was made known. One such expression must stand for all, and that not in full. Preaching in the Cathedral on the Sunday evening after, Mr. Bourke, the Subdean, now Archdeacon of Buckingham, took for his text the words 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' He said:

Who can tell what the Bishop has been to Cornwall? How he has touched just what is best in the hearts of men and women, and wakened that, and called it forth to life and energy and sacrifice—how by his own intense conviction he has penetrated to the secret places of others' souls, and wrought conviction there—how he has rolled away the reproach of an effete Church, and a creed that has lost its youth—how he has brought the great unseen realities out of the distant cloudland, and made them near and clear and vivid to the eyes of men—how he has taught them to believe in prayer as a living power to-day, and the Holy Spirit as working in His might to-day—how he has borne down opposition, and swept away suspicions and jealousies, and set the mutually distrustful at one again, by the simple force of transparent love. . . .

And who can tell what this sacrifice has cost the Bishop—this tearing himself away from work most congenial, plans most cherished, friends most dear? May one not almost say, that his heart has been entwined with every stone of this cathedral; every pane of its glass; every ornament of its altar and sanctuary; every offering, small and great, sanctified by prayer, and dedicated here to the Master's use? And if with these material things, how much more with the living stones of the Spiritual Temple—the whole Church in this diocese—and with

the builders who have laboured under him and with him in rearing it up to the Glory of God ?

And now for those sacred ties to be severed, not by the hand of death, which comes to each labourer, whether he will or no, at the time appointed by a higher power ; but by an act of his own, an act of obedience to the direction, as he conceives, of God's providence, one more act of self-surrender—for these ties to be severed by his own hand—some will be admiring the courage, some lamenting the cause, some applauding the decision, some discussing the expediency of it, or questioning its necessity —but let none of us forget, however little we may be able to appreciate it, let none keep out of sight, what this act must have cost the Bishop—the stress and strain, the keenness and sharpness of conflict through which he must have passed, in making this sacrifice for his people. The iron must have entered into his soul.

And why has this sacrifice been made ? And why have things come to such a pass that the Bishop feels himself unable at present to discharge the responsibilities of his office, and grapple with the work of the diocese ?

Some men have resigned public office because they have feared that their health would be impaired by the continuance of the labours incident to it ; some, because they have found themselves thwarted and misjudged, and prevented from having their own way ; some, because they have felt that the time has come to give themselves a little ease and repose, and enjoy more congenial pursuits. I need hardly say that it is not for any of these reasons that the Bishop is satisfied that he ought to resign.

No ; the reason is plainly this—one can read it in every line of his letter, as in every day of his life—the reason is simply this, that he has set before him a high ideal of a Bishop's work, as he did of a Priest's work in years gone by.

He might have gone through the routine of Episcopal duties ; he might, with assistance for the rougher work, have given official sanction to the conduct of affairs ; he might have administered the diocese respectably, without overtaxing his strength. But such was not his conception of the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God. Such was not his interpretation of the charge given at his consecration, to 'hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcast, seek the lost.' He would not, he could not, stand outside any work

which, as Bishop, he undertook. He threw himself into it, his whole self, with all his great powers of sympathy and affection and spiritual insight. He would not touch the burden of any of his people with just the tip of his finger ; his ideal of Episcopal life would not suffer him to rest satisfied with anything short of bearing their burdens, entering into their feelings, aching under their grievances, smarting under their wrongs, sharing their distresses and anxieties. The man as well as the office was in all that he said and did, the heart as well as the tongue and the hand. No wonder that the drain upon his strength was severe and incessant.

And as it was the height of his ideal, which thus allowed him no rest, but strained body and mind, heart and soul, to the utmost, it is the same which has now induced him to wrench himself away from the work which he loves, since he feels that God has denied him at present the power to grapple with it.

More easy-going men would have satisfied themselves with the tempting prospect of returning to work with strength renewed after a good long holiday. But he has evidently felt that a Bishop cannot thus divest himself of his responsibility—that a work so great, so sacred, so exacting, as he conceives a Bishop's work to be, must not on any plea be allowed to suffer ; and therefore he has made the sacrifice. And to all the benefits, for which with all our hearts we thank him, he has added this—he has left us an example of sacrificing self to a high ideal of duty.

He left the home of so many hopes, and joys, and sorrows, on May 8, the morrow of Ascension Day. The day before he left he wrote a farewell letter to the diocese, in which he gave them this simple charge :

Dearly beloved, hold fast, I beseech you, the Faith once delivered to the saints. As members of Christ and children of God, be satisfied with no merely external improvement, with nothing short of an entire consecration of your whole being to Christ your King. Be watchful about your prayers and quiet hours of communion with God. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest His Holy Word. Train up your children to value aright and to look forward to receiving the great gift of Confirmation. Prepare reverently and go regularly to the Holy Communion. Thank God continually that of His tender love

He has given His only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross, and that His precious Blood does indeed cleanse from all sin. Never speak or think lightly of sin. Be sure that whatever Satan may whisper to the contrary, every sin, great and small, will surely find you out. Rejoice always, as those who are partakers of a priceless heritage, whose hearts have been fired with a divine hope of a glorious future. Love from the heart fervently all who are called by the name of Christ. Help by your prayers and alms, and personal self-denying work, the increase of Christ's Church at home and abroad. . . .

God bless you, my dear people. Pray for us, as we shall ever pray for you.

On the same day that he wrote this letter he received a deputation at Lis Escop, headed by Archdeacon Cornish, who presented him with a touching address. Colonel Tremayne, who spoke on behalf of those who had signed it, said that there were two things which Bishop Wilkinson's episcopate had deeply impressed upon the diocese. One was that the work of the Church did not concern the clergy only; it was a matter in which the laity had a full share. The other was that while the Bishop held strong and real convictions, of which he would not abate one jot, he had taught men how to respect the convictions of others.

To the Mother Julian

Eastbourne: May 17, 1891.

Many Blessings, my dear Daughter in Christ—be with you. May our Lord year by year draw you more closely to Himself, and fill you more and more with His own deep Peace. Whatever has been the inward strength, you have been outwardly so brave and true and good. God bless you for it. A little more would, I think, have made it impossible [1] to be outwardly what the office demanded, and your calm strength helped me to endure. But it gets harder—doesn't it?

To the same

Eastbourne: May 27, 1891.

My dear Daughter in Christ, more dear to me than ever as I realise day by day what all this means to you. It is much

[1] For himself.

for the Sisters—I know how close is the tie which binds us. God in His mercy kept me like a stone during those last days for the sake of the Church, the dignity of the office, &c. I hope the dear Sisters understood why I said so little to them on that afternoon of Farewell, and that they know how, to those who have been linked with me as they *are*, time and space make no difference. It is hard for them ; but you are bound to me and to Cara by so many ties, human, spiritual, old days, &c., &c.

Please God He give me back my health, you know how I will go anywhere, at any time, to you, if in illness or dark hours I can help you. The fire has been so terrible ; some day I may tell you details. Now it is better for me to be still, except to say that I understand what you are feeling and you have my prayers. God ever Bless you, dear daughter in Christ.

To the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe

Eastbourne : June 1, 1891.

My dearest Lord,—I saw some days ago a report in the 'West Briton' of the County Council meeting, with all your kind words about myself. It reported a resolution of the Council, to which I ought to reply. As it had not reached me, I wrote to one of the Canons, but have heard nothing. I was, for reasons into which I need not enter, so deeply touched, not merely with your kindness (to that I am accustomed), but with the way in which your words were received, that I am anxious that I should not appear to ignore the affection of my people.

I am wonderfully better, thank God. I always felt that I only needed about three months' quiet to be perfectly well again, but the doctors felt that it might require a year. . . . Every day, as I get better and stronger, I realise more what I have lost, and the pain is even greater than I anticipated. But nothing can happen unless God allows it, and if only a good Bishop is sent to you, He will soon help me to say, not merely submissively, but joyfully, 'Thy will be done.' But the diocese in all the old books is regarded as the Bishop's Bride, and I am going over much of what God gave me to bear when my own wife passed away. . . .

God ever bless you, my dear Lord,
Affectly yours,
Georg : H. Truron.

The number of beautiful and helpful letters that he received was of course very great. The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote

Lambeth Palace, S.E. : April 16, 1891.

DEAREST BISHOP,—Your sad pair of letters was my greeting on reaching this old home this morning and it was the climax to all I have been fearing and shaping this nine days. And yet the Lamb is King. Gentleness and suffering reign.

The Master is leading you through very deep waters—but then, dearest Bishop, you always, when you were well, prayed, hoped, and strove that He should lead you whithersoever He would.

He has taken many of us through waters we were obliged 'to swim in'—but none has He led as He has you. You have shown Him that you keep back nothing from Him, not even the Crook and Keys He gave you. 'Ανερεύνητα τὰ βάθη [1]—we none of us know what He is about; but something very great and holy. And now you will go gently forward from day to day, step by step—and we shall see. *All* feel the greatness of the step and manner of taking it. Friends, laymen, priests, Chapter, strangers—all are sure that you could not, without being guided, so move onward—for, be sure, onward it is, not backward.

Nothing is *done* until you send me . . . a formal document. *It* will state the date on which you wish to resign. I accept it from that date. How full of pain are those hard words; but He will temper them. *We* have no strength to gain from them but by the sight of your firm walking; but you have to go from strength to strength by the door of ἀσθένεια [2] which He opens. Alas for my poor words—but you can fill them with meaning, and will 'add thereto many like words' of much more worth.

Your constant lover and true servant,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Two of the other letters will be read with interest in connexion with the after course of his life, then all unknown :

Culdees, Perthshire: April 25, 1891.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I learn with great sorrow that you have resigned your see, both because it will have cost you, I feel sure, intense pain, and because it is a sign of unimproved health.

[1] Unsearchable are the depths. [2] Weakness.

I would not have ventured to trouble you with a letter at this time merely to express my sympathy, but. . . .

I have also another reason for writing to you. Our Bishop here is past eighty, and practically for years past has done nothing. A year or more ago he wished to appoint a coadjutor and successor, but . . . the matter dropped. But the necessity is greater than ever.

The work of one of our northern dioceses is very light, and Scotch air is very different to Cornish. Is it the least use my endeavouring to bring about the offering of this appointment to you, or could you not give it favourable consideration ? . . .

Believe me, my dear Lord Bishop,
Yours very sincerely,
R. T. N. Speir.

1 Woodlands Terrace, Glasgow : April 20, 1891.

My dear Bishop and dearest of Old Friends,—Your son's letter has touched me greatly, for I know what this most solemn step must have cost you. I am thankful you have taken it, because, for you to feel there was work to be done, and that you could not do it, would have been a constant and weary trial. When one sees the way to be the way appointed by God, it can be taken in peace; and yet the shutting out of the possibilities of a great office, as possibilities you are not to fulfil, is hard to bear. Not that it touches mere carnal ambition—for I think that means little for you—but it certainly must touch the right ambition of every true soldier of the Cross.

How well I remember your ideas of what a cathedral might be made ! And if you had the physical strength, it would have been your joy to try to realise them.

My only wonder is that you have stood the strain so long. The great gift of sympathy—that which was peculiarly your grace—has its trying side, for we cannot give forth, cannot bear truly the burdens of others, without proportionate exhaustion and nervous waste ; and when I think of what you were and are to so very many, it is simply a marvel to me that you have been able to fulfil the life that you have lived with its constant and keen feeling. . . .

When turning over some old letters the other day, I stumbled on the enclosed.[1] How queer it seems, and how touching, now that the life-work of both of us is so nearly over, to recall that

[1] A little note to him at Rome in 1856.

time of joy and early manhood, when 'we heard our days before us and the tumult of our life;' and now we shake hands and look back upon it, and, for my part, I can but cast myself on the unchangeable Grace and Mercy. . . .

You will be fit for work yet—good work—perhaps the best you have yet done. So be at peace, and 'follow.'

God bless you, my ever dear Wilkinson.

Your affectionate,

DONALD MACLEOD.

Archdeacon Bourke writes about this period:

I never knew the Bishop in full possession of his powers until after his visit to Africa in 1892. The shadow of a great depression was already upon him in 1889 when I went to Truro. He was away from the diocese for many months at a time under medical order; and though there were passing gleams of improvement, there was no real recovery. Although prayer and sympathy and spiritual counsel seemed to come natural to him, the effort to bear the burden of episcopal work and anxiety was manifestly a painful strain upon his powers.

I may mention in passing that one strongly-marked element in his view of the spiritual world—besides all that intense and instinctive reliance upon God, which always shone out from him—was his vivid perception of the personality and antagonism of the devil, not only as tempting individuals, but as thwarting and hindering the good attempts and good works of the Church. I do not remember any one speaking so unhesitatingly about this malign power of opposition as a thing to be obviously reckoned upon. And I have little doubt that this strong conviction of an outside agent at work saved him from being utterly crushed by obstacles, failures, and scandals, in the work and the *personnel* of the Church.

He endeavoured still to master every detail connected with the cathedral and its services, and to recover the ground lost during his absences; but continuous exertion plainly over-taxed him. His utterances, even on such an occasion as the prize-giving at the High School, were tinged with a sombre melancholy.

In spite of this distressing condition, he was able to summon his forces for such an occasion as a Confirmation, or the Address at the Diocesan Conference, or the formation of the society of Mission Clergy, when he spoke with deep impressiveness, and nothing ever interfered with his kindness and sympathy in thought and word and deed.

After his resignation, when the expedition to South Africa was determined upon, the depression, I suppose, was at its worst, aggravated by insomnia. On board ship nothing seemed to amuse or distract him. The change in the way of life, the novelty of sights and sounds, the incidents of passing birds or fish or ships, all failed to dispel the gloom. He made heroic efforts to interest himself in the passengers and the officers, their stories and their sports. But the woebegone face made the efforts pathetic. Deep pity was felt for him, as evidently a broken man. Almost all his powers seemed affected. He appeared quite incapable of writing a letter or even a telegram. Some papers with regard to Natal difficulties, which the Archbishop had entrusted to him, with the idea that he might do something to adjust matters there, he took out once or twice, but never was able to master.

He would not conduct the Sunday Saloon Service, but he celebrated in the music-room, and said Matins with me daily at a fixed hour, selecting one or two collects to be added to the Office. He got into spiritual touch with two Irish Jesuit Fathers, and with a young Presbyterian Minister on his way to Lovedale, and, I think, prayed with them. He got to know about the prospects of one or two young men, and, with that curious persistency of practical sagacity which never quite deserted him, pushed their interests successfully when he got to Cape Town. On the last night of the voyage, after dinner, he pulled himself together to propose the Captain's health in a hearty and genial speech.

At the Cape nothing could exceed the kindness and thoughtfulness of Sir Henry and Lady Loch and of Bishop and Mrs. Jones, by whom we were entertained. But the clouds did not disappear, and the hopes that he would preach or speak were disappointed here, as afterwards at Grahamstown.

On looking back over it all, I was struck by his wonderful and touching patience and stillness under the Hand of God.

Altogether it would have struck any one, except perhaps a far-seeing mental specialist, that this was a case of complete breakdown — no temporary prostration, but a permanent shattering and final wreck of almost every power. No one could have believed that a man in such a condition had fifteen years of grand and strenuous work before him. I mention all this in order to reinforce your own recollections of the depth

of misery to which he had sunk, and of the marvel, the miracle, of his resurrection from it by the Grace of God.

One thing I should like to add, because I notice that in some accounts of the Bishop it is stated or implied that Cornwall ruined his health. I quite remember Sir Andrew Clark telling me that he had used what influence he had to get him to Truro, and out of London, because he considered him so broken by St. Peter's work. That was what he said in effect, though I do not recall the exact words.

The Bishop's extraordinary exertion before the opening of the Cathedral must have been the flaming up of a lamp that was nearly exhausted, especially those wonderful gatherings in connexion with the women's work for the internal fittings, which are said to have combined the atmosphere of a Spiritual Retreat with the most practical and successful money-getting.

The Archdeacon adds:

I have seen the Bishop since, in the full light of day, vigorous, alert, resourceful, with a keen insight into men and character, a wide outlook, a resolute hopefulness, a statesmanlike weighing of measures and proposals and possibilities and risks, an almost unique power of impressing hearts and making them tingle with a sense of the nearness of God, and the sacrednesss and glory of work for Him—all this especially in connexion with the South African Mission of Help.

But the time of which I have written was very near to desperation.

CHAPTER XV

THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA

THE Bishop did not take any portion of the allowance from the income of the see to which he was legally entitled on his resignation.

The early months of his retirement were spent at Eastbourne, in the company of several of his children. Then he went to pay visits again in Scotland—to Mr. Speir, to Dr. Macleod, as well as to Lord Haddington, Lord Blythswood, Mrs. Drummond-Hay, and others. In the late autumn he was in London, sometimes quietly happy in ministering to souls, sometimes very unhappy. There he remained during the earlier part of 1892. He wrote at the end of May:

To the Mother Julian

34 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.: May 30, 1892.

A letter has been ready (or rather an envelope has been directed to you) for many weeks—long before your last most welcome letter reached me. I hoped to write you a very long letter, and tell you many things. This has been impossible. Through God's mercy I have had two months of as hard work as I ever had in my life. You will thank Him for this. You can imagine what it is, after months of deadness, to feel more than the old power of thought and speech returning. But I need great guidance of the Holy Spirit to balance obedience to the law of limitation and a spirit of holy faith, making ventures in body as well as soul for our Lord. For this guidance you will pray with thanksgiving—and for my children—never all left since 1877[1]—and for faith to rest in Him day by day—for the day—leaving the past and the future, and limiting my cares to the twelve hours of each returning day. . . .

[1] This was not quite the case.

On the following Saturday, June 4, accompanied by his wise and loyal friend, Mr. Bourke, and by the invaluable Mr. Biggar, the valet whose services were lent to him by a friend, he started on a voyage which deeply affected his subsequent life and thoughts, and which bore incalculable fruit in the lives of others. Archdeacon Bourke's letter, already given, tells something of it.

Allan Becher Webb, Bishop of Grahamstown, and formerly of Bloemfontein, had long been one of his most cherished and intimate friends. From the time when Wilkinson first sat on the Committee of the S.P.G. his attention had been drawn towards him. Wilkinson soon became a member—soon became the leading member—of the Bloemfontein Association. Meetings on its behalf at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, were frequent, and much money was collected for it. To that diocese Wilkinson sent his beloved curate, John Maxwell Lyte, when there was hope that the South African climate might benefit his health. Another curate, the Rev. Wharton B. Smith, who had devoted himself unsparingly to the care of Bishop Wilkinson during his last sad year in Cornwall, was a Canon of Grahamstown. For Bloemfontein, for Grahamstown, and for its Bishop, Wilkinson had been ready to endure any labour. With all his gifts and graces Bishop Webb was not a man of business. His friend in England accumulated, and patiently mastered, a vast quantity of facts and figures with regard to the endowment of the sees, the liabilities of the Bishop, his relations to the Sisterhood which he had founded, the Provisos under which his and other South African dioceses were worked. Endless correspondence upon these subjects passed under his hand and eye, especially at the time when it was necessary to appoint a successor to Bishop Webb at Bloemfontein on his translation to the other see. To the sainted man himself Wilkinson had the strongest attraction. There were few people whose ideas about religious matters commended themselves so entirely to his mind and heart. No one was more welcome as a preacher and instructor at St. Peter's. Several of Bishop Webb's most valuable books took their origin in the form of addresses in Eaton Square or

to candidates for orders and others at Truro. During Bishop Wilkinson's illness, Bishop Webb for several months acted as his trusted deputy in Cornwall. It was arranged that Bishop Wilkinson should now go and see this beloved friend in his own surroundings in Cape Colony.

He wrote a series of delightful letters to his children while he was away. It would be hard to guess from them the condition in which the writer was—so great was his power of keeping from them a knowledge which he thought might be injurious to them. To his eldest daughter alone, the confidante of all his sufferings, the other side of the matter was disclosed in letters of a wholly different strain.

Bishop's Court, Claremont: June 26, 1892.

We arrived at Capetown on Wednesday last. The last two days had been very cold, and a heavy swell, which made the ship roll a great deal. We found it pouring (as it is the rainy season) with almost incessant rain. . . .

The All Saints Sisters are doing a great work, so far as I can judge. They have a school (St. Cyprian's) for high-class Europeans, another (St. Hilda's) for middle-class girls, and St. Michael's for waifs and strays. It is curious seeing these poor little children taken out of every country—Malays, Basutos, English, Germans, Scotch, Italians, Kaffirs. The St. Hilda's School was the one to which Aunt Georgie [1] devoted so much time. The Sister in charge tells me that her name is still in some of the books.

There is an interesting Kaffir College where the pure Kaffirs are educated. They say it is so beautiful, once a month, at the early Celebration, to see them so reverent and singing all the musical parts of the service to their native harmonies. . . .

There is a very interesting Diocesan College, in a pine wood, with a chapel, buildings for students, &c. They take young fellows and educate them from the beginning till they are able to take a degree at the University. They had broken up the night before, and had a dance, so the place was rather in disorder, but it was very curious to see all the English plans of education in operation the same as at home. The incessant rain has made us able to do very little, but we hope to go to Grahamstown on Wednesday, where it is fine and dry.

[1] Sister to Mrs. Wilkinson.

June 28.—Capetown. We left Claremont yesterday, and came in here to stay a couple of days with the Governor. It is a large, rambling house, very comfortable, and Lady Loch is quite charming. She is a cousin of Mrs. Maclagan and sister of Lady Lytton, the widow of the Lord Lytton (our ambassador in Paris) who died last year. They are more than kind to us, and have arranged everything for our journey to Grahamstown, for which we start to-night (June 29). I have written you a very poor letter this time, but I have not been very fit. I shall hope to send you a better one next time. God bless you, my darling children.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: July 6, 1892.

My last letter was posted this day week at Capetown. On that evening (Wednesday) we started at 9 P.M. for Grahamstown. Major Sapte, Edith Gifford's cousin, had secured a reserved compartment for us, and the Government sent a very civil letter to Sir Henry Loch, the Governor, saying that they wished to place free passes at our disposal as coming under the category of 'Visitors of distinction.' It was very good of them, and saved us about 20*l*. We went gradually ascending into the district of the Karoo. It is a desert-like tract of country, covered with stunted Karoo bushes. The Karoo is a little stunted plant of a bluish-grey colour, very stiff and dry. Beautiful light and shade. Here and there you pass a tiny village, cottages, chapel, hotel, seven buildings in all—and then for perhaps a hundred miles no sign of life. After a while comes an ostrich farm. Strange and uncouth are these ostriches with their long necks and strong claw feet. . . .

There is an interesting station where a Scotchman has made a regular settlement—wholesale and retail stores, lodgings, refreshment rooms, &c. It looked so strange to see this sign of civilisation in the midst of the long, dreary waste. . . . At the station which I mentioned above I saw Miss Schreiner, the authoress of the 'South African Farm.' She is a keen, bright-eyed woman—very stout and (I am told) full of conversation. I had, however, no opportunity of judging of the latter, as we had only a few minutes before the train started. . . .

After ascending about 5000 feet, you begin to descend at a great pace till you reach Alicedale Junction—the junction from which you turn off to Grahamstown. Douglas Ellison, who used to be at St. Gabriel's, Warwick Square, has charge of about 400 miles of railroad. He goes from place to place in

a railway trolley—one ganger takes charge of him and conducts him to the next stopping-place, where he has a service—baptizes the children, &c. . . . It was so strange at Alicedale Junction being addressed by the stationmaster and asked if I knew Canon [Wharton] Smith, &c.—and then came up a man from Hayle in Cornwall.

We had two nights and one day in the train, arriving at Grahamstown at about five o'clock on Friday. The Bishop and Mrs. Webb met us at the last station before we reached the town, and went with us on to the chief station, where the Dean of the Cathedral and the churchwardens, and a number of the clergy, all met us, and welcomed me in a few kindly words, to which I responded. We then drove up to the Bishop's house, which is out of the town, about a mile from the station, while the Cathedral bells rang a merry peal. It is a pretty little house in a garden, with a verandah or (as they call them here) a stoep (pronounced *stoop*) to shelter them from the summer sun. Just now the nights are very cold and frosty, the days brilliantly fine. Grahamstown itself is a picturesque town, with rows of eucalyptus lining several of the streets. The streets themselves are very wide (the High Street 140 feet broad), and from every point of view the Cathedral spire is visible. Along the streets you see the wagons drawn by sixteen bullocks going lazily along. There are some handsome buildings, of which I will tell you more later on. Nothing can exceed the kindness of the Bishop and Mrs. Webb—every little detail they seem to think of. They are neither of them well. . . .

Now I must bring my letter to a close. God Bless you all, my darling children. As I look at your photographs my heart goes out to you one by one. May He watch over and guard you all till we meet again.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: July 15, 1892.

Servants are the great difficulty here. They require to be continually overlooked. Day after day they forget to do a thing unless some one is standing by to see them do it. Then they often stop work without any warning, ask for their wages and depart. . . . All this makes a missionary's wife have a very difficult life.

The house itself is like a simple parsonage in England. The Bishop has built on a large dining-room, where, during the time of the Synod, they receive about forty every day. There is a pretty chapel with an apse, and very fine altar furniture. The

garden is small but pretty, with old-fashioned stables. The difficulty I spoke of about servants came out the other day. Because there was no one to look after the gardener, he planted cabbages in the whole garden! To-day the air is darkened and the ground covered with locusts. A clergyman told me that one day he had a beautiful crop of wheat in a ten-acre field, and the next day it was all gone, devoured by the locusts. . . .

Nearly every day some one comes in to luncheon—clergy from distant parts of the diocese, &c. We used to feel how isolated was the life of our Cornish clergy, but theirs was Paradise compared to these African priests. Sometimes they are fifty or a hundred miles from any brother clergyman. The travelling is very expensive, so that they are seldom able to leave home; and yet it is wonderful how bright and cheery they are. It is a great change for them when they come down for a day or two to Grahamstown, and this is one reason why the Bishop is adding this new chancel, so that everything in the Mother Church of the diocese may be noble and uplifting—giving them a vision of the glory of the world unseen, as described in the Book of the Revelation.

This cathedral is at present an ugly barn-like structure, worse than our old wooden cathedral at Truro, with a sad history in the past. When the Bishop came in 1883, the Dean had possession of it, and the Bishop had no right to enter. The Church was held in contempt on all sides. The only thing to be done was to get a Pro-Cathedral, which they made out of an old skating rink, and Canon Wharton Smith and another clergyman helped the Bishop till the Dean died. Then the Bishop was able to get possession of the church, and make it a regular Cathedral. But it will be a long time before the Church has recovered from the harm which was done in that dreary period. The effect of the new chancel, though only half finished, is marvellous. People are becoming stirred with fresh interest in the Church, as they were by the building of Truro Cathedral. When I first went there to a Sunday service I felt like a man in a dream, and seemed to have got back to the time when we began in that old tabernacle in 1883.

There are a good many clergy living here during the week. . . . Mr. Holmes is Dean, and is brother to the Mr. Holmes who was at Truro. . . . All these clergy and the daily Cathedral services make everything seem very like England, and yet in the middle of it all you have the black faces of the Kaffirs,

and the bullock wagons, and in the distance the round kraals or huts of the heathen.

The great excitement of the week is the arrival of the letters. As soon as the steamer arrives at Capetown a flag is hoisted and a notice put into the daily paper as to the time at which letters may be expected. Then at the appointed hour the post office is crammed with people struggling for their letters, or going to the little boxes which line the passage of the post office into which letters are put for the residents. A mail has now arrived, telling me that you are all well—thank God. . . . God bless you all, my children, and be with you.

Canon Bourke left me last Monday, and I have heard of him as fairly started from Capetown, so he will be home before this reaches you. He has been so good and thoughtful for me. I was very sorry to part from him.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown : July 22, 1892.

. . . They have an Institution close to this house where Christian Kaffirs are trained for different trades, and then any fitting ones are set apart to be educated for the priesthood. One of them came over the other day to see me—got up quite smartly, and with very pretty manners. He said that Canon Mullens (their special missionary) had told them that another Bishop was coming to Grahamstown, who cared much for Africa ; so he said ' I much wished to see you, and I walked about looking to see you. I was sorry you had been sick. I hope you are better.' Then he went on to speak in a very poetical way about the Mission work. The heathen, he said, are like an army standing against the soldiers of the Cross, but they have no power to withstand the Cross, and must soon be driven back. He was very reverent, kneeling down with his eyes closed, his hands clasped, and crossing himself. . . .

They are often converted by having a dream about some of the things which the missionary has been teaching, and then they go to the missionary and he teaches them till they are fit to be baptized. They have great musical gifts, and it is very touching to hear them singing. There is a sort of pathetic undertone in their voices. . . .

I had a long talk with the Resident Magistrate about them. He has a high opinion of them, and says that as a general rule they are very truthful and worthy of being trusted. They will, however, shrink from no falsehood or perjury if it will help their masters. . . .

I went over the other day to see a Kaffir Sunday School—just like our English ones, only a coloured woman was playing the harmonium, and a coloured superintendent interpreted the few words which I spoke to the children—bright little things, with woolly hair and white teeth.

As I came in from my ride this afternoon I passed numbers of Kaffirs on the road—the man walking along the road with his hands in his pockets, his wife by his side with a load on her head, a pipe in her mouth, and a smart satiny sort of petticoat. A little further we came to a wilder set. We had been to a farmhouse where an English farmer has lived for his whole life since he was a boy of nine. . . . Their outdoor farm servants are all Kaffirs, and they live in kraals or mud huts near to the farm—rather like a beefsteak pudding to look at, made of brown clay. The Kaffirs sleep in them with their feet to the centre of the tent. They smear their bodies with a sort of red clay, and wear a kind of red blanket. This is one of the causes of the difficulty about native priests. When they were heathen, the red clay and the grease rubbed into their skin made them impervious to rain—but when they wear European clothes, they have perhaps only one suit, and if they get wet they sit in their wet things and, being unaccustomed to it, often fall into consumption. Another difficulty at present is that the native clergy are so dependent upon the white clergy. They work well so far as doing what they are told is concerned, but they have no power of origination, and require continual supervision. This of course can in many instances not be given. All these kinds of questions one hears discussed, and so you gain much light upon the difficulties of Mission life.

We go out occasionally into the Grahamstown society. We have had one dinner and a musical party, so like and yet so unlike the same things at home. So like externally, and yet, when you talk to the people, you find in so many the Colonial accent and marks of Dutch extraction. They are very hospitable and full of anxiety to make your visit to Africa as pleasant as possible. . . .

God Bless you, my children. It is so nice having all your photographs with me.

St. Matthew's, Keiskama Hoek, King William's Town.

My last letter took me back from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown on Friday evening. Saturday, July 30, the long-wished-

for rain descended—a heavy downpour. Every one in despair, for that was the day on which the new Sisterhood buildings were to be opened. You remember Miss Isherwood who was at St. Peter's ? She is now Sister Cecile and Mother of the Community —with five sisters and nine novices—fourteen in all. At last it was decided to have the ceremony, only not to go out of doors. It was a pretty sight—the little orphans, whom the Sisters educate, in pretty white frocks and red caps—procession of clergy, and then the two Bishops in our scarlet robes. Curiously enough, Holmes of Truro was in Grahamstown and carried the pastoral staff for me. Ellison carried the Bishop's. It looked very beautiful as we went up to the altar, perfectly covered with white arums, which grow here like a weed.

Sunday, July 31.—I went in the afternoon to see the Diocesan Girls' School—like our High School at Truro. A first-rate teacher—a Miss Wild—has just come out with about ten teachers, but of this I can tell you more when we meet. The special interest in it is that they take as pupils a certain number of Dutch children and a large number of English children who live in farms up the country, twenty miles—it may be—away from church or any educated neighbours. You can imagine what an effect for good these girls can have when they go back after some years' training in all the atmosphere of Grahamstown. In the evening the Bishop and I went to the Kaffir service. It was so strange to hear evensong in the Kaffir language, and to see the procession of black boys and men in their white surplices. The church was very full. The women in European dress—very smart (for they love fine clothes)—the men sitting for the most part together—all singing heartily, though the singing was not quite so melodious as I expected. It was a striking sight—the second generation of Christians who in that part have been gathered out of heathendom. St. Philip's Church is in the middle of the Kaffir location (the name of the settlement of Kaffirs—masses of round mud huts covered with straw). Among the heathen part of the community there are some terrible scenes at times. Strange rowdy dances, with shouting and wild screams which make sleep an impossibility. . . .

To-day, Wednesday, August 3, we started from Grahamstown at nine with two Cape carts. Did I ever describe them to you ? They are rather high, with two seats, holding four people, and a hood which can be either let down or cover right over your

head—very strong, so as to bear the marvellous shakings to which they are exposed in the terribly bad roads of South Africa. They say it is very good for people with bad livers—at all events you are shaken almost to pieces on some of the journeys. Well, we started—Bishop's coachman, Bishop and I in one trap—Biggar and the luggage in another. We had to stop once or twice to rearrange the luggage, so as to hinder it from pressing too heavily upon the horses. We drove eight miles over dried-up plains, with fine views of the mountains in the distance. Then we stopped for a moment at a little inn. Here lives a young fellow all alone, with no one in the house but Hottentot servants. The Bishop had a little talk with him. Then we drove on through a land full of baboons and leopards, for which we looked in vain—till after sixteen miles' drive we arrived at a place called Committies. Here was a little chapel, where once a month the curate of the Cathedral comes for service (fancy a parish forty miles in one direction and twenty-five in another), a pretty little building erected by the efforts of a Father Simeon, who once came to preach at St. Peter's. While we were at luncheon the Post Cart—a cart like ours, only with six horses—came up. Then on again for twelve more miles (making our day's journey of thirty-six) till we reached Breakfast Vlei—or the pool of the Breakfast: the pool referring to the pool outside the house, and Breakfast to the fact that after one of the battles in the Kaffir War the troops came here for breakfast. We found a funny little inn, only one storey high—no fireplaces, except in one sitting-room—a fat, jolly landlord, full of stories of olden days and Kaffir wars. A Scotch farmer dined with us, who tells me that the progress which Africa is making in these last five years is marvellous. He says that the Kaffirs, like most other races, have both good and bad characters among them—some very good, some very bad. They seem to be generous and loyal to their masters. There was one of his servants who stole some sheep. When he was found out, he offered any amount of money, but his master refused it and put him into prison. He kept his wife and children while he was in prison, and took him back into his service after his imprisonment was over. When the war broke out, the man would not go and join the Kaffirs, but stayed with his master and took care of 250 head of cattle for him without stealing one.

The night was varied in its experiences. Ducks cackling—cocks crowing—rats running up and down in the ceiling. It

was a comfort when dawn broke (the sun does not rise till seven), and after an extraordinary substitute for a tub I got dressed, and out. The hotel stands on a fine plateau with views extending to the mountains—tier after tier rising on all sides. The carts were harnessed, and we started Thursday, August 4, for St. James' Mission. Mr. George Despard, of St. James' Mission, was a gaoler in one of the neighbouring towns. Then he became a catechist and is doing a wonderful work. He is settled down with his little delicate wife in a very poor little house with a rough chapel adjoining on the top of a high hill, with hundreds of Kaffir kraals around him. We found the Christian Kaffirs all assembled to meet us—a blind man of a hundred years old—a delightful young catechist; so good and earnest. He told me that he had some years ago felt his sin and been taught about our Lord and came to Him, and that now he loved Him more than any friend in the whole world. The whole day was a day never to be forgotten, and must be described to-morrow morning.

Friday, August 4.—Picture then a great desolate tableland (in spring it would be all green) covered with Kaffir huts, and in the centre a little house and chapel. The wonder is that it has not all long ago been blown away. The chapel was full of Kaffirs. We had first a Celebration of Holy Communion. It was so strange, the earnest faces of the coloured men in the choir with their white surplices. The Bishop celebrated, and I read the Gospel and administered the Cup. It was the first time that I had ever taken part in a service with two Bishops and no priest or deacon. After service we all assembled in the school-room for a talk. We sat round—the Bishop and I, the Resident Magistrate and his wife, the catechist and his wife, and one by one of the converts came forward and gave us an account how he was first brought out of heathenism into Christianity. One man felt his sin, and used to go day by day and pray by himself under a lonely tree. At last he came to the catechist and made a new start. They wanted to hear how everything was going on in England, and were very interested in all the details which I gave them. It is so curious speaking through an interpreter. . . . After a long talk we went into the catechist's house for luncheon, and then round to the different Kaffir huts to see some of the Christians. Then drove home—meeting Mr. Ellison on the way, going out to one of his Missions, who brought us the good news that the House of Lords had confirmed the Lincoln

Judgment, which is indeed a blessing. We got back to Breakfast Vlei well shaken, and glad of some food, and to bed, as we had fifty miles before us next day.

. . . God ever bless and watch over you all. I am not making the progress which I hoped, but I must trust that I shall feel the good of it all when I return.

Keiskama Hoek : August 6, 1892.

I have just posted a letter to you, and will begin another. We had a long drive yesterday—passing numbers of Kaffirs on the way, with a red blanket (sometimes plain, sometimes covered with beads) thrown round them, and red clay smeared over them to prevent their skin cracking with the hot sun. The roads are very bad, and the long drought has dried up the grass so that it looks like a desert. Our coachman was rather fond of making short cuts, so we were often almost upset and had to throw all our weight into one or other of the sides of the cart to restore the balance. We stopped for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, and hoped to arrive at our journey's end by 5.30. We took, however, a wrong turn, and went on and on—further and further from the right track. No one was near—no house, of course, within a number of miles. We had evidently lost our way. What was to be done? Happily we found a Hottentot with whom we were able to hold sufficient communication to ascertain that we must retrace our steps, which we began to do most reluctantly, as it would make our day's journey at least fifty miles, which was heavy both for man and beast—besides, we were not quite sure of our road—when happily we saw galloping towards us a chief with a red sash round his body, and Biggar and the driver of the luggage cart, who had come back to look for us, having borrowed some horses when, after stopping some time, they found that we were not in sight. They soon showed us the right road, and in a little time we were met by Mr. Taberer and some of his catechists on horseback, who made quite an imposing cavalcade.

The country through which we were passing was the scene of the great Kaffir war. Nearly every spot was historical. After a while we reached the village of Keiskama Hoek, and at about seven o'clock we arrived at St. Matthew's Mission. Here about sixty Christians met us with three English cheers, and conducted us to the Rectory, where Mrs. Taberer gave us a hearty welcome. The Rectory is a long one-storied house with a

verandah all round it. The view of the Amatolo Mountains must be quite lovely in summer when all is green and fresh. You may remember Mr. Taberer, who once came to us at Truro, and for whom Mrs. White had a drawing-room meeting when they lived at Combe Bank, near Sevenoaks. He has a great industrial establishment, boys and young women, sixty-four in all—with a carpenter's shop, a turner's, a wagon manufactory, and a blacksmith's shop. His parish is fifty miles by twenty. There are fourteen Missionary Stations, superintended by catechists, which he has to visit. The female boarders look so nice and tidy in blue or white frocks with white aprons, and, except for their colour, just like a number of girls in a training college in England. The young men are rather rougher, but very intelligent, and make capital workmen. It is wonderful how soon you get accustomed to the dark colour and their woolly heads. We were rather tired after our fifty miles' drive, and thankful for food and rest.

Sunday, August 7.—As soon as we were up, we saw the communicants and congregation coming over the hills from all directions for the Confirmation Service, which was to be held at eleven. It was a strange sight—this gathering in of the fruits of many years of patient work. The greater part were without shoes, but otherwise they were dressed like Europeans. The Bishop confirmed. . . . I celebrated. . . . I shall never forget the scene—the quiet church—rail after rail filled with coloured people—250 in all—the strange, sad melody, like the wail of Africa for all the cruel wrongs under which she has suffered for centuries—the responses, the Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, said in Kaffir. It was a wonderful sight. The service lasted nearly four hours, and then after luncheon we had a conference with the catechists. . . . We had an interesting talk about intercessory prayer, district work, how to find more men and money to support them, &c. Everywhere there seem openings, but the poverty of the Mission makes it unable to take advantage of them. After the conference we had a walk and then evening service.

Next day—Monday, August 9—from quite early, children began to arrive for a great gathering of the Mission Schools. They came in bands with their teachers, walking sometimes 14 + 14, = 28 miles. In other cases they slept at one of the kraals half way. Such funny little things some of them were—the boys for the most part having on a sort of shooting

jacket, which came down to their bare knees. They sang a sort of monotonous rhythm, moving their feet up and down to keep time with the music. We had first a service in church, and then in the afternoon a tea, after which I distributed sweetmeats amongst 400, to their great delight. Many of the natives are very hungry just now, through the locusts and the drought. At any time they, like our men on the Nile, eat very little—mealies made of a sort of Indian corn, and a little grass in it. One funny little boy, when his bread was given him, slipped off with it under his coat and gave it to his mother, saying 'We shall be hungry to-morrow, we have no food at home.' Poor little man! They all looked so picturesque seated on the grass, and one understood so much better our Lord's miracles of feeding in the wilderness when 'divers of them came from far.' At last the feast was brought to an end, and the various schools formed into rank and started for their distant homes.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: August 17, 1892.

I left you, in my last letter, as I was starting for Stutterheim, which is about eighteen miles from Keiskama Hoek. It was a lovely day, and in the spring and summer, when everything is covered with verdure and the wild flowers abound, the view must be quite beautiful. Just now everything is parched, but the deep purple of the Amatolo Mountains makes a wonderful background as you journey on from place to place. We passed on the road one of the stations of the director of woods and forests. The Colony is doing a great deal just now in planting out trees in every direction. And now we are within five miles of Stutterheim. There is a sudden call from the luggage carriage, where Biggar sits triumphant, to halt. We pause and look round. We see my hat-box raised on high. The faithful apparitor has spied a procession in the distance. The Bishop always travels in a light Bishop's hat—black, but made of cork. I have made a compromise, and journey in my white wide-awake—with the understanding that, when necessary, I will keep up the dignity of the office. Only just in time. The Episcopal hat is just on, and we see approaching men and women on horses and in chariots. They draw near. We descend. I am introduced. The usual greetings are interchanged, and we all drive off to the town. We arrive. The luggage is divided, and the Bishop and I depart to our respective homes—for the houses are very small and can only receive one of us. I was taken in under the

hospitable roof of Mr. Brereton. He was once a choir boy at St. Paul's Cathedral. When we last saw each other, he was singing in the choir, and I was preaching one of the Lent Lectures. The sermon in God's mercy had been a help to him; so we were not strangers to each other. He had gone from St. Paul's to St. Augustine's Missionary College at Canterbury, and then come out here. After tea and talk, and arrival of home letters, we had dinner, and then Miss G. Hodgson—an old St. Peter's worker, who had come over from King William's Town—came to see me. We had a long talk, and then I went to rest.

Next day the church, which had been restored with a new chancel, was consecrated. It was much like an English Consecration—the solemn walk round the church—the knocking at the door—the petition—the old Psalm chanted—the blessing of the Font and the Altar, &c. The Bishop preached, I celebrated. Then came luncheon, after which I had a long walk with Archdeacon Coates, who had come over on purpose from Natal, in memory of a time we had spent together at St. Peter's long long ago. He told me a great deal about his work. One special difficulty which meets the missionary at every turn arises from the marriage customs of the heathen. The girls are sold by their fathers for so many cows, and although the law supports a girl in refusing to marry anyone whom she dislikes, a daughter who so acted would be an outcast from all society. He had a sad case in his parish. A young girl—a Christian—hated the man to whom her father had given her, and refused to marry him. The missionaries supported her, and she stood firm. Her father told the man he would lose her if he did not hurry matters, so he induced him to get two men to help him, and they carried her away to the home of the creature whom she hated. This is only one of many instances which have come under my notice. The way in which they exercise discipline is very striking. The case is investigated by the communicants and a report sent to the Bishop. The Bishop sends a brief to the clergyman. The priest who told me the story received the brief. He read it aloud. Then he spoke to the congregation, and to the man who had sinned. Then he took him by the hand and led him down the church, amid the sobs of the people, and put him outside the church and shut the door. Into the church he would not be allowed to return till the weeks or months of his penance had expired. Another striking sight is before a confirmation, or at

the end of the prayer for the Church Militant. All the unbaptized chiefs, however high their position, have then to arise and go out. The time passed quickly as we talked over these and kindred subjects. The Archdeacon is still a member of our St. Peter's Missionary Guild. In the evening we had—as the Bishop generally has when he visits the distant parishes—a conversazione. All the churchworkers were there. Speeches by the Bishop and myself—music—tea—recitations, &c.—passed the time very pleasantly till nearly eleven.

Next day we slept again at Keiskama Hoek, and then on to Alice, a poor little village. Again we were met in procession, &c., as at Stutterheim. . . . I learned a good deal as we drove along of the Bishop's early life. When they first came out, they had to drive all the way from Capetown to Bloemfontein—at a cost of 300*l.* The Dutch were afraid of them, as there had been smallpox on board. Mrs. Webb was nursing her baby, but for twenty-four hours she could get nothing but some green tea. He himself has had to sleep at night in every kind of place—on the ground—under a cart—on a table in a public room where the people were playing cards. He seems greatly respected as he goes along from place to place. Did I tell you of one little girl who asked, 'Oh, Ma, is that the Bishop?—all the hair has come off his head on to his face!' . . . The kindness of the people wherever we go is beyond words. . . . Good-bye for the present, dear children. God bless you all.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: August 24, 1892.

My last letter left us at Alice. I forgot to tell you that on our way there we passed through the famous Booma Pass where so many of our soldiers were destroyed in the Kaffir war. It is a deep pass with stony crags on one side. On the top of these crags the Kaffirs took their stand, hiding themselves in the brushwood which abounds in every direction. Then, quite suddenly, they burst out from their concealment, rolling immense stones down upon our soldiers and then retiring to their shelter before they could be reached by the rifles of the British troops.

Our chief object in staying at Alice was to visit the famous Lovedale Institution. This magnificent establishment belongs to the Scotch Free Kirk, which contributes 2000*l.* a year to its support—which 2000*l.* is met by another grant of 2000*l.* from the Government. . . . The work is, on a large scale, what I described at St. Matthew's, Keiskama—with the exception that

they have a grant of 2000*l.*, whereas Mr. Taberer at Keiskama receives only 500*l.* a year. Another point of difference is that Mr. Taberer combines with his work the care of about eighteen mission districts—some eighteen miles from his house. Then, of course, there is the important difference that all at St. Matthew's who become Christians are confirmed and prepared for Holy Communion. It is indeed a magnificent work. Continually the natives come of their own accord to be admitted as students. One girl, in whom I am much interested, and who is now a teacher at Mr. Taberer's, first came to Lovedale when her father's death had set her free from all tribal obligations. In front she drove a cow—her only earthly possession, but of no small value. She drove it up to the Principal of the Institution and offered it for her keep and education. They gladly accepted it, and she became one of their best pupils. . . .

We left Alice in the afternoon with a burning sun, but no wind. Wind is the great enemy in these journeys, as all the carts are open, and wind means clouds of dust. . . . We reached Fort Beaufort in the evening. It was once a most important place, the centre of all the telegraphs, and a Military Station with two English and one Cape regiment. Now all is desolate. The troops are gone, and there is some thought of removing the telegraphs. There is hope, however, of a lunatic asylum being soon erected! Then there is a vacancy also in the parish, and the newly-appointed vicar cannot get out from England for four months. The poor little church looked so desolate. In the vestry was a broken candlestick, and at its side a bit of candle. . . .

Tuesday Morning, 15th.—We started for our forty-eight miles home—talking, resting, feeding, nearly thrown over once or twice in the dark—but at last reaching home very thankful for all the care which had watched over us—for all the new things which we had seen in this interesting country. I reserve for next time an expedition which we made on the Monday to another Mission station. Amongst other stories which the Bishop told us was one which will make you laugh. The natives were very particular about worshipping the tombs of their ancestors. One man was puzzled how to accomplish this, as his ancestor had been eaten by a neighbouring chief. At last he came to the conclusion that his best plan was to visit regularly the chief by whom his ancestor had been eaten.

God Bless you and watch over you all.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: September 5, 1892.

I was to tell you of an expedition which we made from Fort Beaufort to the Trinity Mission. We started in the cart (the Bishop, Mr. Williams and I). After having asked a variety of people and being knocked about from one rough place to another, we came at last to a place where the Bishop's 'native eye' detected a path through the bushes—so we left our cart, and pushed our way up the hill. After a long ascent we came to the Mission huts—all around us were mountains. The view altogether was not unlike the view (except the snow) from Bel Alp. They were very beautiful—those purple-headed mountains, with the varied hues and changing lights. The history of this Mission was very interesting. . . .

Now it is managed by Daniel, a native priest. He and his wife live and work in this quiet upland height. His history was this. His mother, a heathen, took him to hear preaching. He was interested—began to think—a desire came to him and a hope that he might some day be ordained. He went on—unsettled—till he was tempted by the heathen to take part in a great heathen rite. He wavered—at last with a dash he determined to have nothing to do with this, which involved great wickedness. He saw that he must decide. He decided at once to prepare publicly for Holy Baptism. He was baptized and finally ordained. He told me very touchingly of some of the steps by which he was able to lead people to God. He preached the story of the Passion. The warmhearted Kaffirs were melted. Then into their softened hearts came a deep sense of their sin. Then the teaching of forgiveness—Confirmation and Holy Communion. His own life was very simple. . . .

As we parted we felt that we had known each other for many a day. These native priests gain great influence over their converts. So when times like an election comes, the poor natives come like children to the missionary to be taught how to vote—what to do, &c. Naturally those who are trying to crush the natives have not much love for the missionaries. On the other hand, the missionaries are much tempted to step beyond their province. . . .

My cold is better, and the cough is gradually disappearing, but I was shut up in the house for a week, and though I am riding and walking now, I have not been allowed to be out at night, or to preach and do any of that kind of work. . . .

How much these days through which we are passing mean to

us. It was yesterday that that strange vision was given to darling Mother—to-morrow that she entered into rest. How near the other world became to us as we watched her passing out into that quiet home. God watch over us and grant us to meet her and be with her for evermore. His blessing be with you all.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown: September 10, 1892.

This has not been a very eventful week, as I have only been allowed to have a good ride and walk every day, but not to go in and out of houses. . . .

Wednesday the Bishop had a conference of clergy. We met in the chapel and had a short service, after which I gave them an address on the secret of the power of the Early Church, and the application of the same force to their needs and difficulties in South Africa. Then we had a conference on the best way of commending the Church to the hearts and intellects of the people in this land. They all said their say, and then I gave an address.

We have had two Members of Parliament this week. . . . There are two parties in the country. One desires to elevate, the other to keep down the natives by force, to prevent them from being much educated, that so they may be entirely in the hands of the upper classes. This party is trying to pass a law enabling the local magistrates to flog criminals without any appeal, instead of the present law which forbids the local magistrates to order a flogging unless it has been sanctioned by the judge of the higher Court. The object of this is obvious. The local magistrates are much influenced by the farmers, who if this law be passed will be able to punish their workmen (natives) when they like and so help to crush them altogether.

I have seen a good deal of Miss Dukinfield while I have been here. You remember her in olden days living in Eaton Place with every comfort. She gave all up and came out here, investing some of her money in a bit of ground, building a convalescent home, learning to cook, wash, in fact do the work of every kind of servant. She has had much pain and illness, but she goes on bravely and happily. It must be a curious life. . . .

We had a good service last night at the Cathedral. The drought had continued for long, and the land was suffering terribly; so on Tuesday last there was a special service of Intercession. On Thursday the rain fell in abundance, and Friday

and Saturday. So on Sunday we had a Te Deum and thanksgiving service. I preached and stood by the Bishop's side at the altar for the Te Deum. . . .

God bless you all, my dear children.

. . . I am all right again. The cough and bronchial catarrh gone, I am thankful to say.

Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown : September 15, 1892.

This has been a very busy week. On Sunday night I preached at the Cathedral, and on Monday night there was a large conversazione to greet Dr. Mason and myself—a sort of welcome and farewell in one. . . .

By a happy coincidence the day which was fixed was the Bishop's silver wedding day, so we were all united in the welcome which was given. . . . The thought which I tried to work out was that each place in the diocese had its own appointed work, and that Grahamstown with its colleges and schools had especially the work of preparation. Preparation of themselves to take their proper place in God's Kingdom—preparation of others for all which they might hereafter have to do in their political and social and Church life. I think it was helpful, but it would fill too much space to tell you about it at length. . . .

Wednesday.—In the afternoon I went to a sort of gathering at the Kaffir location. This is the place where most of the Christian Kaffirs live. It was a lovely afternoon and a most picturesque scene. The schoolroom was covered with flags and flowers—and all around sat bands of these dark-coloured natives. The strange old faces with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, sitting so peacefully as if they would gladly sit there for eternity. First we had English singing, and then Kaffir singing, and then Basuto singing—and then I gave them an address. It was the first long speech that I had made through an interpreter. . . . After I had spoken, there got up two ancient men—one blind, both grey—and poured forth most eloquent speeches as to the joy which it gave them to welcome the Bishop of England (as they called it) and how they rejoiced in all that was going on, in the way in which they had been brought out of darkness and evil into light and good. Then we had some more speaking and more singing, and I went off to give a little farewell address to the Diocesan School for girls. . . . It was very touching. Few things have impressed me more than that college. . . .

Thursday.—We were winding up our affairs. A long touching walk with Wharton Smith, &c. . . . We started on Friday from the station at 11, with many friends assembled, according to South African custom, to bid us farewell. . . . Friday night we slept at Port Elizabeth, and started in our old friend the 'Hawarden Castle,' welcomed by all the officers and some old fellow-passengers, but not by the weather. . . . Next day it calmed and we had a lovely day, getting in sight of the lights of Capetown about 10 o'clock, but not able to come into the harbour till 11 this morning, where Father Osborne met us to arrange about some meetings which are to be held this week. Then we walked up to Government House, where we now are. I had some pleasant talk with the Bishop of Kaffraria, Bishop Callaway's successor, coming down to attend the consecration of Dr. Hicks to the diocese of Bloemfontein. Now good-bye, my darling children. I hope that my letters have reached you regularly, for I have written every week. God ever bless and watch over you.

Government House, Capetown: September 28, 1892.

I can hardly realise that this is, please God, the last letter which I shall write to you before we are once more all together in England. . . . I only wish that I were going back more fit, but, please God, the good of the voyage, &c., will come out when I return. A great deal has happened, more or less interesting, since I last wrote. This place is, as you know, the metropolis of the Church in South Africa, and the Bishop is Metropolitan. Generally the Bishops are consecrated in England, but occasionally there is a consecration here. Dr. Hicks, the new Bishop of Bloemfontein, chose to be consecrated here, and pressed me to remain so that I might take part in the service as a representative of the Mother Church. Wednesday, St. Matthew's Day, was a beautiful day. The Cathedral was crowded, clergy and laity having come from all parts of the Province. Father Douglas, whom you may remember at Lis Escop, had come down from Bloemfontein, Archdeacon Gaul from Kimberley, and many others whom either I knew or who knew me, so that we had many greetings before we went to robe. . . . The Bishop of Grahamstown and I presented Dr. Hicks, each taking his hand and leading him up to the Metropolitan, as you will see in the Consecration Service. The service was just the same as in St. Paul's—except that, of course, no oath was taken to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was very solemn and very

touching in this far-off land to see the same Catholic and Apostolic Church providing a new centre of spiritual life, England giving one of her best sons to take oversight of that diocese for which we prayed week by week in old days in St. Peter's. Four excellent men have come out with the Bishop. One of them, a layman, the grandson of that Sir George Grey whom we used to meet at Aunt Grey's. The consecrating Bishops were the Bishops of Capetown, St. John's Kaffraria, Pretoria, Grahamstown, and myself. Bishop Jones had had a sharp attack of influenza, and could hardly get through the service. After service we went to lunch at the Dean's and met many old friends. It is so strange here—hardly a day passes in which some one does not tell me either that we helped to build his church in old days, or that the books had helped him. [The] sermon preached at the consecration has made a great sensation. Church people and dissenters, all the men and women in the place are full of it, and the newspapers have leaders upon it. . . .

Thursday, 22nd.—I went to the Bishops' synod, which was very interesting—a case of terrible difficulty involving a dispute between one of the Bishops and his clergy was being discussed. I did not speak till the end, but then I made a suggestion which was acted upon, and the two senior Bishops, Capetown and Grahamstown, told me afterwards that no one but a Bishop from the outside could have made it, and that for the time at all events it had solved the difficulty. You can imagine how thankful I was. At night there was a great conversazione of welcome to Bishop Hicks and all the Bishops who had taken part in his consecration. One of the Government introduced me, telling them of the work in Durham, and London, and Truro, and I was able to speak so as to lay hold of every one, and especially (so every one says) to press the need of help for the Bishop of Capetown in such a way that the laymen met afterwards and decided to provide the money for a Coadjutor. The plan had long been simmering, but in their speeches at a later meeting the Bishops and the Governor said that it was owing to my words. All this would be egotistical if I were not writing to my children. It was a bright evening.

Friday 23rd.—We had a meeting for the Church Penitentiary Association. All the Bishops were present. It was a good meeting, and my speech went all right, I think. In the evening there was a great Temperance meeting, but I thought I had had enough, especially as on Saturday there was to be a great meeting

for the opening of the Church House—a sort of imitation of our Church House in London. There was a nice service at this meeting, and addresses by the Bishop of Capetown, the Governor, and myself.

The Governor is Governor of the Colony (Cape Colony) and also representative of the Queen in all South Africa, so wherever they go they are treated as if they were King and Queen.

On Monday they had to pay an official visit to the new Admiral at Simon's Town, so they took me with them. . . . We came away at 3.30 and then went to such a pretty service—a Guild Festival for the All Saints' Sisters' High School. All the girls were dressed alike and processed round the chapel singing hymns. They wanted me to preach, but I had had enough speaking. So Father Douglas gave a touching address on 'Beloved of God' 'Called to be Saints.' Yesterday I had one of those days which Lyte used to describe, trying to help a poor young fellow of a very good English family, who had . . . been sent over here. . . .

The kindness which we receive from every one, the continual thought of the Lochs from morning to night of what we should like best, is wonderful. She is a cousin of Mrs. Maclagan and of that Edward Liddell who came to see me. There is a son just going into the Army, and two daughters, the eldest just coming out. . . .

May God bless you all and keep you well till I see you again.

The Bishop's long illness ended with a strange and startling suddenness, as the two next letters show. There had been no sign of any approaching relief. Day after day, and night after night, had been almost intolerable, though perhaps few could have guessed his state of feeling, when his words were telling with such force upon congregations and synods as well as upon individuals. All at once, on the Thursday before he left Africa, the cloud rolled completely away. As he watched the black children at St. Philip's, a sense of joy and peace and health came back to him, to which he had been a stranger for years. Although he was far too wise and too deeply experienced to allow himself to be carried away by the revulsion, he became from that instant a different man.

On board the 'Norham Castle': October 7, 1892.

. . . The last seven days have been as happy as I have ever had. Abundance of work—reading, speaking, &c.—seeing people, and hearing from men and women that the work had not been in vain. Then the fact of being at Government House was an immense help. With four aides-de-camp, a private secretary, two girls and a son, the house was always cheery—while Sir H. and Lady Loch are two of the nicest people whom I have ever known. Every person of any importance in the Government or neighbourhood was either asked to see me or came in on business. . . .

Even now on board I have Sir H. Loch, the Governor, Mr. Rhodes, Sir J. Sievewright, another member of the Government—so during these ten days I have been able to get information and take notes about almost every question which is being discussed (social or political). I put down my rough notes in a book, and hope that they will be useful for many a day. I forget whether I told you about Sir H. Loch. . . . You can imagine the interest of talking hour after hour to such a man. . . . Then there is the poor boy George sent from Cambridge, returning home—his face almost consumed with that terrible lupus, and a young fellow of twenty dying of consumption, only longing to live to see his father and mother once more, and two or three women who have just lost their husbands, and Miss Molteno, the great head of the Port Elizabeth Girls' College, a second Miss Beale—and, saddest of all, a young widow and her sister from Newquay. Poor child, she was married December 31, 1891. In three weeks her husband had influenza. For six months it settled on his lungs. The doctors sent him out to Cradock, a place on that Karoo which I described to you when I first came out. There they went full of hope. In a week hæmorrhage came on, and in a day he was gone. Now within four weeks from the time when she was nearing Cape Town she is going home: only nineteen, poor child! Then there are dear little children, who have just been telling me about the Sunday sermon and winning sixpences for good answers. . . .

My cabin looks as pretty as when Carina and May left me at Southampton. The Sisters at Cape Town have a High School. I did some work for them, so, to my surprise, they sent a lovely bouquet into my cabin.

I had great joy a few days ago—you remember how I told you of that young fellow belonging to a good English family

whom I tried to help. All has gone well with him. He has got 6*l.* a month, and wrote me two such delightful letters, returning me some money which I had lent him. Is it not a blessing ? . . .

Thursday.— . . . I paid some visits, and went off to St. Philip's Church, where a festival was being held (St. Michael's Day) of the St. Michael's School. If you remember I told you about this Mission School. It is for poor children of all races—practically picked up out of the streets by the Sisters. I could not write what would be the life of the girls if they had not been saved by the Sisters, and the future of the boys was almost as bad. We were a little early, so we sat quietly in the vestry. After a time we heard the sound of music, so went to the place from whence it came, and there we saw a sight which I shall never forget. A meeting was going on. The children of St. Michael's School were ranged at the two ends of the room, the boys with little Eton collars and suits of blue serge, the little tiny girls in red frocks with white French bonnets. My mind had been filled for long with the lovely wild flowers of Africa (no words can describe how beautiful they are, field after field of them), and now I seemed to be looking at the wild flowers in God's own beautiful Garden. It was almost too much. The spirit of Africa at last had laid hold of me, encircled me, mastered me. It was a positive relief when the Bishop pressed me to speak for a few moments. Then we went to church and had a lovely service, marching round and round the church singing hymns. Then evensong and a child's sermon from Father Osborne, one of the Cowley Fathers, a friend of mine.

Friday.—I held a prayer meeting in the Cathedral and gave a short address on prayer. Then Lady Loch had a horse waiting, and I galloped down to the sea. Then a wonderful afternoon to the various works of the Sisterhood—Lillie Bloem, the penitentiary, St. Columba's Home, and St. Philip's Cottage—I have notes of all this and will tell you (D.V.) when we meet, but I must tell you of the happy hour at St. Philip's. The view was glorious, snow-capped mountains all around. The calm bay with its ships in front, and the busy town at your feet. The Kaffir girls all sitting on the floor as Father Osborne and I had our tea. This cottage has a funny object. They find that when the Kaffirs become Christians they have a difficulty in getting nice wives, so the sisters get a number of nice Kaffir girls and the converts meet them and marry them.

Saturday.—I wrote letters, had two hours' delightful work

in helping some of the All Saints Sisters, and then off to Newlands, the pretty country house of the Governor, and then to a sham fight—the Volunteers against the Regulars. All the Staff were out, and I had a good gallop in scenery too glorious to be described, and then a quiet evening (for these dear people would not ask any one, that I might be fresh for to-morrow).

Sunday.—I celebrated in the Cathedral at 8 A.M., and then a quiet day in the garden and up the avenue till 6.30, when I preached in the Cathedral—my first sermon to a really large congregation, the size of St. Peter's without galleries. All went well, thank God.

Monday.—Off to the Bishop's. A lovely day, stroll in the hills and quiet rest after a hard fortnight of work. God was very good to me, and from men and women numbers of letters came to show that my work had not been in vain.

Tuesday.—A lovely drive by the sea, very like the Cornice road in Italy. Bishop and Mrs. Jones and their boy, Mr. Williams, Dr. Mason and myself, in two carts. Also Biggar, for whom the Bishop had kindly kept a place. I cannot tell you how beautiful it was. The glorious mountains looking down on the sea with its many twinkling smile, every colour in turn, blue, green, white, its network of foam breaking on rocks and shore. Masses of flowers, geraniums, ixia, watsonia, heath, protea, tritonia, &c. Past Green Point and Six Point and Camps Bay down to Hoets Bay, where we picnicked, and so home through garden-like vineyards till we reached Bishop's Court.

Wednesday.—We had a morning of shopping, luncheon at Government House, a sad day for dear Lady Loch. They had all been at Holy Communion on Sunday morning, and now they had to part while he went to England. But she was just the same, doing all she had to do as if nothing were going to happen. Then on board ship, where Bishop, clergy, laymen of all kinds came to say good-bye, and we gave them tea, and then the Governor arrived with his outriders, and the band played 'God Save the Queen,' and everybody said good-bye, and the anchor was heaved and we set sail for home amid cheers for the Governor, six oarsmen holding up their oars—salutes fired from the forts.

All is over. Never have I had more real happiness than in this last week in Capetown. Never was my heart more quickly drawn to people. Never can I be thankful enough to God for letting me come here. And now to home, sweet home, once

more, please God, to see you all, my children. His blessing be upon you.

To the Mother Julian

Off Madeira, 'Norham Castle': St. Luke's Day, 1892.

My Dearest Daughter in Christ,—You will, ere this, have received my letter from Capetown. We have had a wonderful voyage, with some of the most intelligent men in South Africa sitting by our side, breakfast, luncheon, dinner; so it is our own fault if we have not learned much about that wonderful country. Long experience makes me, almost literally, rejoice with trembling, not knowing what is to be the next step in God's dealing—but so far the change has been quite marvellous. For long I seemed to get worse instead of better. I at last got a sort of bronchial attack which made me a prisoner for a fortnight and affected both voice and throat. I did no work that I could avoid, what I did was pain and grief to me, and done with no consciousness of help. But God was still there, and to an extent that I hardly ever remember. I was allowed to see and hear from letters, from the speeches of Bishops and laity, and in other ways, that the work—public and individual—was being blessed; and then one afternoon, while I was helping a soul in need, the cloud seemed to break; and since, it has been very happy—speaking, preaching, &c. It is very good of God. I should be glad if the dear Sub-warden (to whom please give my love) would gather you all together. . . . (1) To thank God for marvellous improvement in health. (2) To thank Him for definite blessing . . . to work in South Africa. (3) To pray Whitsuntide Collect for me. If I keep as well as I am, I must soon undertake definite work. In fact—in strictest confidence—some has been offered me about which I must decide before Christmas. . . . I like writing to you about the inner as well as the outer events of a life for which you have offered so many prayers.

The remainder of 1892 was filled with strenuous work of various kinds in London. The last entry in his diary for December is, 'Happy, peaceful end to an anxious year. *Laus Deo.*'

SIXTH PERIOD

ST. ANDREWS

CHAPTER I

ENTERING UPON WORK IN SCOTLAND

It was not strange, after such a memorable visit to South Africa, that the visitor should be pressed to return. The Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) of Capetown earnestly endeavoured to persuade him to accept that office of coadjutor which he had largely helped to create. He talked to him about it before he left. He wrote to him again in England. There was much to attract in the proposal. Besides the personal loveableness of the Metropolitan himself, whom the Bishop would have been heartily glad to help, the Bishop had, as he expressed it, been laid hold of by the spirit of Africa. He felt in some degree that he owed to Africa his restoration to health. The blessing which had already followed his labours there, so far beyond anything that he had looked for, seemed to promise great results if he were to settle in the country, at least for a time. This was the 'definite work' about which he told the Mother Julian that he had to decide before Christmas.

The decision, however, was against it; and in the meantime the offer of work in Scotland became definite likewise. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, died on December 5, 1892. Mr. Speir lost no time in following up what he had written to the Bishop at the time when he resigned Truro. The Bishop refused to commit himself in any way unless he were actually elected; but he made inquiries. He wished to know the exact limits of the diocese, its population, the number of clergy; whether, as he supposed, the Bishop ought

to live at Perth, near the Cathedral; what the climate was like; and, very privately, whether a person of his Church views would really work harmoniously with the other Bishops, 'who, rightly or wrongly, are supposed to be very extreme.'[1] On all these points the answers were reassuring, and the Bishop was prepared to consider the matter favourably when the call came.

It was not long in coming. Mr. Speir's proposal was warmly received by people in Scotland. Some natural feelings were indeed expressed to the effect that Scotch sees should be filled by Scotchmen; but they were drowned in the general desire that Bishop Wilkinson should accept the see. One of those 'very extreme' Scotch Bishops wrote to a friend, 'Bishop Wilkinson would be indeed a gain and a blessing to us if his health would allow him to come. I do not by any means think Scottish nationality a *sine qua non*. I would *far* sooner have a good Englishman than a less good Scotchman.' Another of them, who was himself among those named for St. Andrews, wrote 'You know how gladly I should welcome *him*, how I feel that his piety would help to lift us all to a higher level, and what a host of powerful friends he might influence to help our poor Scottish Church.' Mr. Speir himself wrote to the Bishop:

It may assist you in your decision if I briefly give some of the reasons why I have promoted your election, quite apart from any considerations of personal attachment. Among Presbyterians it is a reproach against our Church that we are wooden and formal, wanting in spirituality and unction. I don't think this is a true accusation, though I wish we could point to the standard among Church people as an evident proof of its unfairness. I believe your coming among us would be a great help to our diocese, specially to our clergy, who have had no shepherding for many years. The Dean gave this, the other day, as his reason for advocating your election. . . . Also I think your late position on the English Episcopal Bench, and your own theological position, will, so far as I know my countrymen, give you great advantage in dealing with members of the Presbyterian establishment.

[1] The learned Bishop of Edinburgh is now the only one out of the whole number still holding his see.

Mr. Speir's connexion with the Bishop was of long standing.

My first recollection of the Primus, Mr. Speir writes, was a sermon he preached just after he was appointed to St. Peter's, Eaton Square ; it was not, however, until I came to London in 1878 that I became connected with St. Peter's, and took the Sunday services in the Church schools. I usually attended St. John's, Wilton Road, as it was 'free and open,' but I went from time to time to hear the vicar preach ; his teaching appealed to me as the right combination of Gospel Truth and Sacramental Catholicism.

He came to stay at Culdees when he was in ill-health, but before he had resigned Truro, September 1890. The weather was wet and gloomy, and to cheer him up I took him a gallop across country, and I can hear him now say, as his horse dropped his hind legs at a brook, 'Very badly done, G. H. W.'

Two Presbyterian neighbours of mine had lately joined our Church, and there happened to be three boys, whose parents were at home from India, staying near, who were anxious to be confirmed. I telegraphed to our Bishop, asking if Bishop Wilkinson might confirm them in my chapel, and to this he cordially agreed, and so Bishop Wilkinson performed his first Episcopal act in his future diocese, he was to rule over so well. I shall never forget that confirmation ; I remember one of my schoolboy sons saying to the butler, 'Hadn't you a lump in your throat ?' and his reply 'No, but I had tears in my eyes.'

In August 1891 he came back to Culdees ; he had then resigned Truro. Our own Bishop Wordsworth was a very old man. He had been talking about resigning, and about taking a co-adjutor Bishop, and had consulted me on the subject, and with this in my mind I said to Bishop Wilkinson, 'This is a diocese with very few clergy and a bracing climate. Would you ever think of it ?' His answer was : 'If God would give me back my health I do not see why I should not.' I spoke of this at the time to one of our most influential clergy as something we should keep before us in the event of the see becoming vacant. Two years afterwards Bishop Wordsworth died, and it then fell to the diocese to elect a successor.

A Scottish Bishop is elected by the clergy and the lay-electors, one of whom is appointed by each congregation, voting in separate chambers, and it is necessary that he should have a majority in both chambers to secure election. There were only

two names seriously considered by the electors, Bishop Wilkinson and Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Moray and Ross, afterwards Primus, who resigned in a few years, when our Bishop was appointed to succeed him. There were two difficulties in the minds of the electors in regard to the selection of Bishop Wilkinson: one was the question of his health, the other was the doubt as to whether if he were elected he would accept, and a diocese of course does not like to fix on any one unless there are good grounds for believing he is likely to give a favourable answer to their call when it is given. I had letters from a good many of the electors, both clerical and lay, asking if I thought the Bishop would accept the see if elected. My answer always was that I felt confident he would, though I knew he would not consider the question until the offer had been definitely made. The clergy had several informal meetings, and I was asked to call the lay electors together to exchange their views, which I did, and the result was very favourable to the Bishop's election.

The Rev. G. T. S. Farquhar, Canon and Precentor of St. Ninian's Cathedral, who has most obligingly lent for the purpose of these Memoirs his carefully kept diary, noted how at the election on February 9, 1893, 'things got somewhat lively' over a proposal to enter in the records an expression of regret that a Scotchman was not chosen, although the electors who wished to make this entry were ready to welcome Bishop Wilkinson.

Then, he wrote, the laity retired to the schoolroom, and in two minutes the clergy were practically unanimous in favour of Bishop Wilkinson. Two minutes later the laity returned, and Lord Strathmore announced that they also were unanimous for him. The Dean [who presided] exclaimed, 'Thank God,' and then, after a few formalities, he said the General Thanksgiving. I regret that we did not see our way to a Scotchman, but am deeply thankful both that we have fixed on so good a man and also because there has been no ill feeling or party spirit from beginning to end. It now remains to be seen whether the Bishop will accept.

The canonical meetings for the election were then held. There was never any doubt as to the opinion of the majority

of the laity, and after a consultation with the clergy Bishop Wilkinson was unanimously elected in both Chambers :

The Bishop wrote to Mr. Speir on the eve of his election :

Your friendship has been a very great help to me at this turning point of my life. . . . Will you get the Diocesan Treasurer to send me a statement as to sources of episcopal income, when it is paid, how it is secured . . . I ask these questions because I ought to have everything before me, but I should not allow them to affect my final decision. In confidence, I am at present quite clear that, unless God reveal His will in a very marked way, I am called to St. Andrews—a call to which I shall humbly but joyfully respond.

The more I think of it, he wrote again after the election, the more I am touched by the generous confidence which you have placed in me. It will be indeed a happiness if I am allowed to be of real use to the Church in Scotland.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had some influence upon the Bishop's final decision :

When the offer of the see of St. Andrews came to the Bishop, Mr. Arthur Benson says, he was still unwell, suffering from the effects of the nervous breakdown which had forced him to resign Truro, although he was recovering ; one of the symptoms had been a great unwillingness to come to a decision. He had thought much over the question of accepting the offer ; there seemed to be many reasons against it ; his health was very uncertain, the field of work was unfamiliar, the income was inadequate ; he had prepared an elaborate paper of *pros* and *cons*, and he had almost made up his mind that he must refuse. He came to Lambeth to consult my father, and found him and my mother together. She rose to go, but he asked her to stay, and began to discuss the question in detail, reading out the points from the papers he had brought with him. My father listened to the argument for a while, and then suddenly turning round said : ' Well, I shall never believe in a call again if you refuse this offer.' The Bishop looked at him with great and painful surprise. ' What do you say, Archbishop ? ' My father repeated the words. The Bishop without another word folded up his papers, said good-bye, went away, and accepted the see. It was very characteristic of him to do this ; he was as ready to accept real direction as he was to give it.

The see of St. Andrews no longer carries with it, as in the later mediæval times, the office of Metropolitan of the Scottish Church. The Archbishopric of St. Andrews came to an end in 1704.

The nonjuring Bishops, says the Bishop of Salisbury, in the biography of his uncle, Charles Wordsworth, Bishop Wilkinson's predecessor, appear to have been afraid of trenching on the prerogatives of the Sovereign whom they acknowledged, which they supposed to include that of assigning jurisdiction to particular prelates. . . . At first they were so timid as to drop all diocesan titles, but these, after an interval, were revived under Bishop Rattray's influence. It is not quite clear why they shrunk from the further step of reviving the Archbishopric, since the assignment of metropolitan jurisdiction is no more part of the prerogative than the distribution of dioceses. But probably they were afraid of alarming their countrymen, to whom the traditions of Archbishops were worse even than those of simple prelacy.[1]

But if the see of St. Andrews was shorn of something of its ancient dignity, its fusion with the other two enriched it with a wealth of historical association, even beyond that which belonged to it alone. Bishop Wilkinson was the successor not only of Turgot, the chaplain and biographer of St. Margaret; of Kennedy, the founder of St. Salvador's College at St. Andrews; of the murdered Sharpe, in whom the succession was again renewed; but in Dunkeld he sat in the seat of Gawain Douglas, the first Scotch poet, and of Rattray, the theologian, who framed the constitution of the modern Church of his country; and at Dunblane in that of Wedderburn, one of the chief authors of that Eucharistic Liturgy of which the Scottish Church is so justly proud, and—greatest of all—of Robert Leighton, the 'Scottish Fénelon.'[2]

The united diocese embraces nearly the whole of the great county of Perth, together with those of Fife and Kinross, parts of Clackmannan and Stirling, and a large part of Forfar. An attractive description of its beauties and its traditions will be

[1] *Episcopate of C. Wordsworth*, p. 27. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 26.

found in Bishop Wordsworth's memoir of his uncle. To these beauties and traditions Bishop Wilkinson was not insensible; but his interest in the diocese lay mainly in the souls of which it consisted, and in the possibilities which it offered for the glory and kingdom of God.

A week or so after his election, and before his final decision to accept, he went into Scotland to reconnoitre.

On February 23 Mr. Farquhar wrote:

Bishop Wilkinson attended the 9 A.M. celebration to-day. I wonder if he had ever communicated by the Scottish Office before. I am most favourably impressed by his appearance, but he looks delicate. I cannot make out whether he has decided to come.

Feb. 24.—It being St. Matthias' Day, we had an early celebration. Bishop Wilkinson had promised to decide definitely at this service. The Dean celebrated. . . . I served. . . . At 7.30 P.M. the Dean told me that the Bishop has accepted. I am very thankful. I believe him to have a good grasp of Catholic Doctrine and to be of an extremely devout mind. Time will show. These things being premised, I may also rejoice in the high position he has held, and the ability which that ought to imply.

On Saturday [Feb. 25] I went to the Station Hotel to call on our new Bishop. I found him sitting with his daughter. He gave one bright laugh, but received me quietly, kindly, and seriously. He can keep his own counsel too. Asked me earnest questions about our work in Perth; was so sorry he could not get a house here and must in the meantime go to Dunkeld. Then he asked his daughter to go out, knelt down and said a very sweet, earnest prayer, and ended by giving me his blessing. . . . He is a tall, thin man of sixty; coal-black hair; clean-shaven face with a spiritual expression.

The Bishop's enthronement took place on Thursday, April 27.

Viewed as an ecclesiastical ceremony, Mr. Farquhar wrote, it was one of the best managed which has ever taken place in the Scottish Church. The Rev. J. W. Hunter of Dunkeld was Ceremoniarius, and he had worked hard. There were about seventy clergy, including the Primus (Jermyn), the Bishops of Moray (Kelly) and Aberdeen (Douglas). The procession left

the schoolroom in glorious sunshine and proceeded up Methven Street and along Atholl Street to the west door of the cathedral; each and all were habited in surplice, &c. The Bishops were in rochet and chimere, but the Primus in cope and mitre. With his long white beard he looked like a veritable Patriarch. The Chapter, consisting of the Dean, myself, and three frail old men (Douglas, Bruce, and Malcolm), met the Bishop inside the west door. The Bishop there requested to be enthroned, and the procession moved towards the altar, singing Psalms. There the Primus handed to our Bishop the pastoral staff, and the Dean then led him to his throne. I then lighted the altar lights, and the Primus celebrated according to the Scottish form. . . . The Lord Provost and Town Council were present, and a detachment of the Black Watch. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson) sent a telegram—'Gratia et pax [et salus] in Domino.' Our Bishop preached, and I have heard his sermon much praised, but, sitting in a crowd near the altar, I could only hear bits of it. . . . I wonder what Bishop Wordsworth would have thought if he could have seen his cathedral the scene of [this] imposing service!

The sermon was, indeed, like the Bishop at his best. It was on a favourite text—the Son of man among the seven golden candlesticks:

Begin with personal religion, he said, or you will never conquer the world. Begin—with penitence and with faith and with surrender, and then go out and take this branch of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church to which we belong—this branch that has all the marks of God's election—poverty, small in the eye of man—martyrs, saints . . . this Church that can lift up her hand and show the mark of the nails—go out and help her.

At the luncheon which followed the service the Bishop expressed his sense of the kindness with which he had been received.

It is strange to me, as letter after letter reaches me, and hand after hand grasps my hand. . . . I cannot feel as a stranger. I could not feel as a stranger even when the first call came to me to link what might remain of my life to this ancient

see . . . because . . . there is scarcely a great name in Scotland which has not been linked with my own life in some of the manifold works that have been entrusted to me. . . . My mind goes back to many, to whom I owe under God much of the blessing that has attended my work in London. But there is one of whom I should like to speak, even if it be but for a moment —the sister of the saintly Bishop Forbes. Day after day, without one single intermission, . . . her prayers went up that the new clergyman (as he then was) sent by God to St. Peter's should be helped and strengthened in body and soul. . . .

But I take my stand, he pursued, not upon the marvellous kindness you have all shown—not even on the many more Scotchmen with whom I have worked—I take my stand on the fact that we believe in one great Catholic and Apostolic line, one Church. The English branch and the Scottish branch are one. . . . And it is because we thank God with all our heart that . . . we have been made part and parcel of that great society, . . . that we cannot, through very gratitude to our God, do anything but love all, as He has bidden us love them, and pray God with all our hearts that every wall of division may be broken down in His own good time and His own good way. . . . Now I am well assured, as I felt that strange electric sympathy coming out in our Cathedral this morning, you will help me . . . to do nothing that will sever, but to do all that will unite those whom God does not wish to live separated from each other. But if I am to be of any use, if in this strange mystery—for to me it is a mystery . . .—why once more God should have allowed me to grasp that pastoral staff and to feel that I could speak as a leader and commander . . . then I must throw myself upon you all—layman as well as clergyman, old and young, rich and poor, the child in the schoolroom, the boy when he goes up from Scotland to his public school. Every one, man, woman and child, have their work to do. . . .

It was an encouraging comment upon this speech that Mr. Farquhar was able to record in his diary on April 30 :

Dr. Buchanan White told me rather an astonishing thing after service to-night. He says that our new Bishop was publicly prayed for in the Free West Church to-day! This shows a most remarkable change of feeling on the part of the Presbyterians.

It is interesting to be allowed to see the first impressions made by the Bishop upon the observant and devout mind of the chronicler.

May 7.—The Bishop gives us all the impression of goodness. His addresses [at a Confirmation] were utterly unostentatious, unlaboured, simple to the last degree, and yet he had tears in every one's eyes. There is a something about him—a touch of holiness.

July 22.—For the last two days the clergy of the diocese, —or at least about thirty of them—have been staying at Birnam as the guests of the Bishop for a Conference and Retreat. The first day was a conference on preaching, &c. . . . Next day was the Retreat, from which several withdrew. The Bishop's addresses were very searching indeed. —— (by no means a sentimental man) is reported to have burst into tears. The gathering will, I think, have the happiest effects.

Aug. 1.—We had a meeting of the Diocesan Standing Committee to-day, to prepare for the forthcoming Diocesan Council. The Bishop was in the chair. It is long since it was episcopally occupied.

Aug. 8.—We had the Diocesan Council in the Cathedral Schoolroom. There was a very large attendance. It was the first appearance of the Bishop in the chair. And a very good appearance it was. His orderliness, gentleness, and goodness made us all agree that we never remember so satisfactory a meeting. His presence just ' made all the difference.'

Aug. 9.—The Bishop was again everything that could be desired in the chair—very earnest and devout, but at the same time very methodical and businesslike. If God spares him, he will do a great work in the diocese yet.

Oct. 29.—I missed Bishop Wilkinson's first Diocesan Synod, which was held in the Cathedral on Thursday. It seems a perfect age since Bishop Wordsworth's last Synod a year ago. There is evidently going to be a great difference in the method of conducting them. Of late years old age prevented Bishop Wordsworth from being present at the Synod Celebration, and there was hardly ever any business worth speaking about before the Synod, and the delivery of a magnificently composed (and delivered) Charge on the subject of union with the Presbyterians used to occupy our whole session. On Thursday they had a very stately Eucharist, the Bishop himself being

celebrant, and a large number of clergy present at it. At the Synod itself the Bishop said that after only five months in Scotland he did not feel it becoming to deliver a Charge. Then they tell me that they had such long discussions that a supplementary Synod will have to be held. . . .

I have been off work for exactly a fortnight. The Bishop called to see me and was very kind. He does not waste words. He talked sympathetically for a few minutes about my indisposition from a secular point of view, and then diverged on to the religious aspect of the case: 'But, beneath it all, we must look for the will of Christ'—and so to prayer.

St. Stephen's Day.—The general impression seems to be that the Bishop has more buoyancy and spring in him since he came north. There can be no doubt that his break-down at Truro, though he schooled himself to bear it peacefully, must have been a severe trial to him. I thought that in his City Hall speech, after his enthronement, there was a certain exultation in his tone, when he exclaimed that he rejoiced 'once more to grasp his pastoral staff.' He is going to take a holiday in the early part of 1894. After Easter I expect him to open out his own policy of activity as Bishop. Hitherto, during his first year, he has been 'registering impressions.'

April 10.—After about a year's experience of the Bishop, the following is my impression about him. He combines 'High' Church doctrine and ritual and spirituality with an evangelical and Wesleyan manner of expression. He has simply imported the devotion of the dissenting Prayer meeting into the Church, but solidified by a substratum of Catholicism. However, be the exact hue of his Christianity what it may, it is certain that he lives and moves in an atmosphere of spirituality to which most, even good, clergy only occasionally attain.

May 4.—I do not think I have yet seen all the sides of the Bishop's character. The point in him which is striking me at present is this: At first the most prominent characteristic in him was his gentleness and spirituality. Now it is his reserve and silence. He is very accessible officially, and, on such subjects, kindness and consideration itself . . . At the same time I notice that he avoids anything like an 'undress' conversation. I have heard him indeed at a dinner table open out delightfully, but then there was nothing else for him to do. He has never yet had what I should call a 'talk' with me. Old Canon Bruce, who was once his curate, says he has 'an iron

will.' It will be interesting to notice how this comes out. Nothing irritates or startles him into anything but a word or two of the gentlest kind.

Dec. 12.—From to-day's proceedings [at the Diocesan Synod] I see better what old Canon Bruce meant when he said that the Bishop has 'an iron will.' Whenever he is satisfied that a certain course is the right one, which he ought before God to take, then nothing matters ; along that road he will go straight, whatever he has to encounter ; he takes it with no more hesitation than he would eat his dinner !

Photo W. CROOKE.

ST. NINIAN'S CATHEDRAL, PERTH, 1908.

CHAPTER II

THE CATHEDRAL CENTRE

TRURO had taught Bishop Wilkinson much. Among the first tasks which he set himself to perform in his northern sphere was the improvement of his Cathedral fabric and the adjustment of its relations to the diocese. Of the ancient Cathedrals of his three dioceses, St. Andrews was in ruins; Dunblane had recently been restored with great success, but was of course in other hands than his; the choir of Dunkeld was a very ugly Presbyterian Church, one whole side of which was occupied by the pew of the Duke of Atholl; the beautiful nave lay open to the sky and the rain. Dunkeld is now in the process of restoration. The cathedral of the united dioceses, St. Ninian's, at Perth, was a rather poor modern building of Butterfield's, poorly furnished—lacking the dignity that might, perhaps, have gathered round such a bare chamber as served Bishop Jolly for a cathedral in the neighbouring diocese during the days of proscription. It could claim, however, 'the distinction of being the first Cathedral Church projected and begun in Great Britain since the Reformation.' It owed its origin to the efforts made by two Scottish noblemen, Lord Forbes and Lord Glasgow, who undertook to raise the necessary funds for building the eastern portion. The foundation-stone was laid by Bishop Forbes of Brechin—Torry, Bishop of St. Andrews, was too old and infirm to be present—on the eve of St. Ninian's Day, 1849; Bishop Forbes also consecrated it the following year. The nave was added by the exertions of Dean Rorison, and consecrated by Bishop Wordsworth in 1890.[1]

As early as July 20, 1893, at the close of the conference which has been mentioned, the Bishop announced, Mr. Farquhar says

[1] *Scottish Guardian*, August 2, 1901.

in his diary, 'that he hopes to revise the Cathedral Constitution and make the Cathedral the centre of the diocese.'

Under special difficulties, Mr. Speir writes, enumerating the chief works of Wilkinson's Scotch episcopate, he placed the Cathedral Church—which previously had been nothing more than a place of worship for a town congregation—upon its proper footing as the Mother Church of the diocese, and made it a pattern for all other churches. He organised missionary meetings, quiet days for clergy and laity, and retreats, bringing to them the best teachers of the Anglican Church, and providing for those who attended from a distance an unstinted hospitality. With money collected by his personal influence he restored and beautified the Cathedral, and built the Chapter House in memory of his predecessor,[1] along with cloister and vestries; a work which is now being completed by those who loved him, in his memory.

Of these various achievements, the embellishment of the fabric came last. The outward contrast between the way in which Truro was built and the way in which Perth was (practically) rebuilt was striking, though the inner method—the prayers of the Bishop and a few faithful friends—was the same. There was no committee; there were no public meetings; no widespread appeals—at least to begin with. The Bishop felt that the pressure of other claims was too great to allow him to ask at large for money to spend upon what might be thought a luxury. He took it all into his own hands. It is impossible not to be a little amused at wondering what were the well-concealed feelings of the Canons as they heard of the steps which he was taking—apparently without consulting them.

Mr. Pearson's representative has been at the Cathedral all day, wrote the Precentor on December 8, 1896, taking measurements. I do not quite know what the Bishop is contemplating at present, whether it is the Chapter House, or new stalls, or what. In any case something is in view.

On December 31:

He is intending to build the Chapter House, erect new choir stalls, and to lengthen the choir.

[1] The money for this purpose was chiefly collected by Lord Rollo.

On April 5, 1897 :

He says he has received new plans for buildings at the Cathedral from Mr. Pearson. He spoke of the 1000*l.* he has lately had given him for this purpose in England. He said the manner of getting it illustrated God's way of working. He had begged for it, but without success, in what seemed a likely quarter ; the matter was not to be forced. Then suddenly from a most unexpected quarter came a diffident but spontaneous offer of 1000*l.*

On May 20 :

I was . . . interested by the Bishop's statement that he had now about 3000*l.* for building purposes at the Cathedral. It has all come in quite quietly. He exhibited plans by Mr. Pearson, showing removal of the organ from the north of the chancel to the south transept ; a proposed south aisle to the choir ; opening out of arches into the choir aisles, and of arches from the nave aisles into those of the choir ; also a cloister is to open out of the south transept and lead into a Chapter House in memory of Bishop Wordsworth ; also the choir is to be extended internally into the transepts, and good oak stalls substituted for our present stained pine ones. But all this sounds like more than 3000*l.*

On August 12 :

Yesterday at the Diocesan Council the Bishop announced with some eloquence that he had made up his mind to make at least a beginning with Mr. Pearson's plans for the enlargement of the Cathedral. I noticed that he did not ask the Council to undertake the work in any way. He only asked them ' to pass a resolution that they wished him God speed in the work,' and this they did.

At last the time came when he thought that he might appeal. In December, 1897, he ' started a campaign ' for the purpose. He had a meeting of ladies at Perth, as he had done at Truro. A Ladies' Committee was formed for raising money.

The Bishop recognises, however, Mr. Farquhar wrote, that as yet, apart from personal respect to himself, his plan does not raise much enthusiasm. But he is evidently convinced in his

own mind that it is a work for God. He thinks the time for doing it has come, but, if Providence rule otherwise, he is preparing himself not to be disappointed.

During the first half of the following year it became evident that there would be opposition to the scheme. Objections were raised to the removal of the chancel screen, to the piercing of the walls by arches, to the largely 'ornamental' character of the proposed changes, and to the grafting of one architect's designs upon those of another. Mr. Butterfield, it may be mentioned, was still alive, though in extreme age; Mr. Pearson, on the other hand, was now dead, and his work had been taken over by his son. The Bishop was warned of what was likely to be said. He seemed distressed, though grateful for the information. 'The Bishop,' his informant said, 'is like Lord Cromer in this, that he is obstructed but goes on.' On April 13, 1898, a meeting was held, at which the Bishop

with infinite tact, says Mr. Farquhar, and his usual religious intensity, asked them whether they would support him in an attempt to remodel the Cathedral chancel. . . . The Dean then rose and said that although he did not always agree with Bishops, he concurred in the substance of the Bishop's remarks. . . . The Bishop promised 250*l.*, and, though hardly anything else was promised in the room, the meeting evidently meant business. So here we are embarked upon a Cathedral building period like that which began about ten years ago, when by the Dean's influence the nave was built.

A little later the diary says:

June 26.—It is extraordinary how the Bishop is getting in money for the Cathedral building fund! The committee have not yet got their machinery perfected, nor their work begun, and yet, just in response to the circular which has been put out (signed by the Bishop and the Dean), there is already over 7000*l.* in hand!

Next day:

We had a Chapter meeting; . . . the most important thing done was to pass a resolution asking the architect to prepare

working designs and invite specifications. We definitely resolved to go on with the Cathedral improvements up to a cost of 10,000*l*. . . . It was a very harmonious meeting, and all differences about the removal of the screen, &c., had vanished into thin air. All agreed to let Mr. Pearson have his way and remove it.

Dec. 29.—The Cathedral building fund now stands at 9000*l*. The money seems to grow of itself, and the Bishop is hoping to issue a Pastoral begging the people not to give so willingly!

On January 20, 1899, the chronicler records:

A premonitory sign of the approaching completion of the Cathedral has occurred. It was a slushy, sleety day, when, lo and behold! I beheld a lorry full of bright green-leaved plants going down Barossa Street. It struck me that they looked very much out of place in the snow, but I thought no more about it. On approaching the Cathedral, however, I observed that Farquharson had begun to dismantle his nursery garden, which has been on the site of the future additions for, I daresay, a quarter of a century.

On April 26, it appeared that the lowest tender for the proposed work came to 14,000*l*.; Mr. Pearson's estimate—as will often happen—had been just half that sum. The Chapter naturally began at once to consider what parts of the scheme could be omitted; but next day

the Bishop had a service of Thanksgiving and Intercession in the Cathedral. There was no music nor 'liturgical' service. He just stood on the chancel steps and first made us all feel how remiss we had been, as before God, in not remembering that the completion of the Cathedral is a work to His glory. Then he dwelt upon all that we had to thank God for, glancing back at the patient endurance of the Nonjurors; the building of the chancel in the middle of this century; that of the nave ten years ago, and then ended with the thought of our dependence upon God to carry us through at present. Between each section of his address he knelt down and prayed. At the end he knelt so long, staff in hand, that all began to sit, and some went out. At 2.30 P.M. we had a conference in the Station Hotel, and the

Bishop detailed the tremendous difficulty of the Chapter yesterday in view of the huge sum required for the contract. The meeting lasted a good while, and was very hearty, but not large. They were anxious for work to be begun immediately.

After many discussions a working compromise was effected, and on November 2, 1899, the memorial stone of the Chapter House was laid.

By the end of April the gables of it were nearly finished, and every one was delighted with the appearance.

Upon the whole, Mr. Farquhar wrote, things are distinctly quiet with us. The Bishop having come home has conducted some Intercession Services. They are just 'Evangelical' prayer meetings. It is curious, when you come to think of it, how we have slipped quietly into having all these informal services—purely extempore, and a combination of preaching and praying—in addition to the regular Church Services! We have travelled far since Bishop Terrot interdicted Mr. Drummond.

By the end of May the workmen had invaded the interior of the church. At the end of the year—and of the century—great progress had been made. The expenditure came at last to about 14,000*l*. Mr. Farquhar notes with surprise:

Nov. 23 [1900].—One curious thing strikes me about the Bishop. Although he is the *fons et origo* of all these building operations at the Cathedral, he has never as yet, so far as I know, taken even a glance at them. I haunt the place, but the only time I know of the Bishop being near the building that is going on, was once when I took him behind the wooden partition, intending to make for the sacristy. All he did was at once to exclaim, 'This is very dirty! Let us go to the schoolroom.'

In January 1901 they felt able to fix the dedication for the following July, and to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury (Temple) to be present, as Archbishop Longley had been present at the foundation of the cathedral of Inverness. The diary says:

March 21.—The Archbishop has promised our Bishop that he will come and preach for us at the opening of our new buildings on July 31 [30]. . . . Our Bishop was preaching before the King in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday—the first time the

occupant of a Scottish see has ever done that, I imagine. . . . The Archbishop's coming will have an excellent local effect at the present juncture. Just when the Dean's departure [1] might be making the outside world think that the Cathedral was on the wane, the prestige of the Archbishop's coming will give us a lift.

July 28.—Here we are very near our great day of Dedication. The arrangements have been made by a committee appointed by the Chapter. . . . The Bishop has taken the utmost interest in every point, however minute. We assigned the seats most impartially all round by ballot [this was following the Truro precedent] and sat over that item alone nearly seven hours. . . . The exclamation which more than one person has made on going in to see the Cathedral has been 'I could not have believed that I was in Perth.'

The reopening of the building took place as appointed. Readers of Archbishop Temple's Life will remember some interesting and pathetic details in connexion with it.

The Archbishop's train was borne at the service by two charming boys, who were soon after killed in a railway accident on their way back to school. They were the sons of Mr. Robert Kinloch, W.S., the secretary and treasurer of the Bishop of St. Andrews Fund from its commencement, Chapter Clerk, and, after the death of Mr. T. T. Oliphant in 1902, Diocesan Registrar also. Mr. Kinloch was always ready to help the Bishop with his counsel in business and legal matters ; and the Bishop in turn could never speak too warmly of the way in which Mr. Kinloch—and many other laymen of the Scottish Church—discharged the often laborious duties of these unpaid offices.

Mr. Farquhar says :

Aug. 1.—There can be no doubt that Tuesday (July 30) was a very great day at the Cathedral. The 9.30 A.M. celebration [there had been two earlier celebrations] was a most impressive service. Besides our Bishop, who was celebrant, the Bishop of Aberdeen (Douglas) and Bishop Richardson were in cope and mitre. . . . It was the grandest service of the day. Then at 11.45 came the dedication, performed by our

[1] Dean Rorison accepted the charge of St. John's, Perth, in 1901, and resigned his position as Provost of St. Ninian's.

Bishop. And no doubt it is due to him, under God, that the whole enterprise has been begun and completed—others have of course more or less helped—and so he was a notable figure at the service, and, accompanied by his Chapter, walked last in the procession, even behind the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . The procession came . . . along Atholl Street to the N.W. door of the Cathedral. It was very long. The sun was shining brightly, and all the Bishops [there were ten of them] in their scarlet and white robes, and the clergy in their surplices and hoods, looked most picturesque. An old Presbyterian woman in the street, on beholding this most unexpected apparition, said that it was ' like the Day of Judgment,' and burst into tears.

The Bishop of Salisbury was among the prelates who were present. He preached that evening in the Cathedral. Meetings and services were held during the octave in something of the same fashion as those which had been held at Truro.

The scene at Perth, said the 'Scottish Guardian' on August 9, was worthy of the great occasion, and went a long way to dispel the idea that the British have no notion of dignity in ceremonial. No one could fail to be impressed with the beauty and the reverence of the whole service. For once, at least, the services of the Church were presented to the view of outsiders with a stately dignity that carried its own lesson. Watching the procession as it proceeded from the Chapter House door and wound its way round the building, one could not but be reminded of all that had come and gone in Perth. Many an ecclesiastical pageant has passed along its streets. Many stirring scenes in the ecclesiastical world have been enacted there. Surely we are right in thinking that none of them all has been more full of significance than that of Tuesday week. Never before, we think, have there walked together there in peace and harmony representatives of the Church from so many parts of the world, bearing witness at once to the unity and good feelings of the various branches of the Anglican Communion. For many a long year the Scottish Episcopal Church had been hidden away in obscurity, driven to the celebration of its services in the holes and caves of the earth. For many a year it carried on a mere precarious existence in the light of day, living in constant dread of the informer's tale or the mob's violence. Crushed by poverty,

and reduced in numbers to the 'shadow of a shade,' it persisted in proclaiming its message, and gradually was able once again to rear its head where it had suffered and borne so much. The day of adversity has passed, and better and brighter days have dawned. The presence of the Primate of All England was most fitting on such an occasion as that which marked the completion of the Cathedral at Perth. It is the public declaration that the old days of isolation are over, and that the great Church of England has at last recognised that it dare not neglect even comparatively small branches of the Church, professing the same faith, and holding to the same order as itself. The Church in Scotland rejoices over and feels honoured by the Archbishop's visit and his kindly words. It marks a new epoch in the relationship of the two branches of the same Communion.

The improvement of the fabric was not Bishop Wilkinson's only solicitude. As at Truro, when he first went there, the Cathedral was under a sort of dual control. He had to devise a plan by which, without injustice to the congregation of St. Ninian's, some sort of Diocesan Board for the Cathedral finance might take the place of the Congregational Committee. The Congregational Committee were not disposed to abdicate. In July 1896 a meeting of that body was held. The object was to confer with the Bishop concerning his proposed reorganisation of the committee. He opened the proceedings with a very moving address, in which he announced that in view of the opposition with which some members had met his proposal to cancel the Congregational Constitution, he abandoned the proposal. But while coming so far to meet their wishes, he still asked them to revise the constitution, though he did not ask them to cancel it. If they would not have a single unified code, at least he wished the existing two to be so modified as to leave no points of conflict between them. After three hours' keen debate, six members voted for the resuscitation of the Bishop's first comprehensive scheme, and seven for the less large proposal. Half a year passed, and on February 23, 1897, the Precentor wrote :

A very important meeting of the Congregational Committee. Hitherto they have been opposed to the Bishop's scheme of

merging them in a Diocesan Committee for the financial management of the Cathedral, and the Bishop had allowed his ideal to rest. But now, I know not why, they have suddenly of their own accord voted *nemine contradicente* that the Bishop be asked to form an amalgamated committee from the congregation and the diocese. They have seen the uselessness of having two accounts for the Cathedral, and so have decided for uniting them. For some years the Bishop worked towards this end as hard as he could, but, having failed, he retired gracefully. Now in his two months' absence the ripe apple seems to have dropped into his lap. I doubt not he will attribute the result to prayer.

The arrangements for the Cathedral were unsatisfactory in other matters besides those of financial control. A statute of the Cathedral, made in the time of the late Bishop, enacted that the five senior presbyters of the diocese should always be Canons of St. Ninian's. At the first Chapter held by Bishop Wilkinson, in August 1893, it was agreed to repeal that statute, but nothing positive was put in its place. In September another Chapter was held, when Lord Strathmore and Mr. Oliphant were present in addition to the Chapter proper.

Our business, says Mr. Farquhar in his diary, was the revision of the Cathedral Statutes. Bishop Torry had a code; Bishop Wordsworth issued a second, and now Bishop Wilkinson, very wisely, I think, is determined to have a third. The appointment of the non-resident canons is the great stumbling-block. At present . . . they must be the five oldest in the diocese; and so we have five, all over eighty! We ratified our previous resolve to repeal this statute. There were so many different opinions as to how the canons ought to be appointed that . . . a small committee was appointed, of which I am a member, to go over the whole code, and propose a complete scheme of revision.

In July of the next year he writes:

This forenoon, at the Bishop's desire, I began to write a comment upon the Truro Cathedral statutes with a view to the revision of our own—not so easy, even if we were making a fresh start, but all the more difficult, as we have officials holding

office under the old statutes. The Bishop, no doubt, will pilot us through.

Mr. Farquhar prepared himself for his work by a careful study of the Lincoln Statutes as edited for the Bradshaw Society. Much to his confusion, the Bishop announced to the Synod the following December that Mr. Farquhar was investigating the constitutions of the ancient Scottish Cathedrals. The announcement had the desired effect of sending Mr. Farquhar to the *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdoniensis*, which soon gave him an insight into the life of a mediæval Scottish Cathedral. On May 26, 1897, the Bishop informed the Chapter that 'he had at long last formally promulged the new Statutes on which we have been so long at work—a triumph of quiet pertinacity—and he has carried the Dean and Chapter with him.' In October 1901 Mr. Farquhar writes:

The Bishop is taking advantage of the vacancy in the Provostship to make further changes in the Cathedral statutes. . . . The Provost-designate has said that 'whatever statutes please the Bishop will also please him.' . . . We had a meeting to-day presided over by the Bishop, at which we worked away, trying to get the statutes into the state in which the Bishop wants to have them, i.e. so that the Bishop will be the effective head of the Cathedral. . . . After all, is not that the original root idea of a Cathedral?

Finally on March 27, 1903, the revised statutes were approved.

The present revision, wrote the chief agent in the work, has been very thoroughgoing from beginning to end, and has received so much thought that it ought not to be changed lightly again. . . . The chief object has been, while leaving the Provost power to go full steam ahead on his own initiative in everyday life, to make the Bishop, sitting in and consulting with his Chapter, the ultimate authority. The Bishop has also conceded the right of the Synod Clerk, who is elected by the Synod, to be a Canon *ex officio*. This will be a popular move on the part of the Bishop.

All the other Canons, as well as the Provost, were to be appointed freely by the Bishop.

Finally in September 1904 the Congregational Committee, supported by the congregation, agreed to the unification of its own constitution with that of the Cathedral.

Mr. Farquhar was right when he observed in 1894, 'The Bishop has thoroughly identified himself with the Cathedral, and round it is summoning a consciousness of our corporate existence as a diocese into activity.'

The Precentor's own department was one which felt the quickening influence.

Oct. 9, 1897.—Choir Festival at the Cathedral. This much prepared for day is now at an end, and very successful it has been. . . . Three Bishops were present—our own, Zanzibar, and the Archbishop of York (Maclagan) in his scarlet Convocation robes, who preached a nice sermon on Praise. Two hundred and thirty choristers in eleven or twelve choirs took part in the service. . . . If the Cathedral will contain 1000 people, then that was the number of the congregation. . . . Our working people in little country congregations are, I think, apt to look upon the 'Episcopal Chapel' merely as a local fad . . . but a grand central service, like to-day's, enlarges their ideas of the Church. Of course also it gives an impetus to church music, and may reveal to some who have not had it before the idea of praise and of divine worship.

The Bishop was not fortunate only in having such a mainstay in the Cathedral as the independent-minded Canon whose words have been so much quoted, but also in the succession of Provosts, without whose help little could have been done. When Dean Rorison resigned in 1901, his place was taken by the Rev. A. E. Campbell, between whom and the Bishop the bond was like that between son and father. When Mr. Campbell two years later was made Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, the Bishop appointed the Rev. G. Grub, Rector of Holy Trinity, Ayr, son of the historian of the Scottish Church. At the beginning of 1906 Provost Grub was compelled by ill-health to resign, and was succeeded by the Rev. C. E. Plumb, formerly Principal of St. Stephen's House at Oxford, whose worth was so greatly felt that he was unanimously chosen to be the Bishop of the see when Bishop Wilkinson died.

The following letters will show the terms on which he was with his Provost in Mr. Campbell's time.

To the Rev. A. E. Campbell

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B.: May 18, 1901.

My dear Campbell,—. . . I think that after my visit to you, I can, in a measure, realise the difficulty which you feel in even considering the idea of your leaving the great work which God has entrusted to you. I quite feel with the vicar of Leeds that we are as much bound to consider the *placings* of God, as to think of His calls to depart and go elsewhere. At the same time it is possible that the same God, who sent you to Leeds ten years ago, may now be calling you to leave it. He may be doing this—Partly because He has some one else ready for All Souls: Partly, because He sees that there is a place in this poor and despised branch of the Catholic Church, which He desires you to fill: Partly, because He sees that you and your wife are tired with the multitudes who, in their very love for you, hardly leave you leisure even to feed your own spiritual life and says in His love 'Come apart and rest awhile': Partly because He may desire through a period of lighter work to prepare you for some other post which He desires to fill, after the special work in Perth is finished.

All this is possible. I dare not, with the recollection of that Sunday in All Souls fresh in my mind, say more. I know how great is the sacrifice which would be involved in your coming to Scotland. I know the loss which it would be to All Souls to lose you and Mrs. Campbell from amongst them. The result, however, of my observation and conversation with others since my return from Leeds, is that I am more than ever convinced of the special blessing which you would bring to us, if God, in His mercy, were to send you to us.

I have no doubt that you will be rightly guided, for you both only seek to know and to do His will, and a large number of persons are praying that He will mercifully reveal to us all His blessed will. . . . I hope that you will take as long time as you wish before you decide, and that if you come to us you will only enter into residence when it is quite convenient to you.

God bless you, dear Campbell. I feel much for you both.

Your affectionate Father in God,

George St. Andrews.

Pitfour: May 25, 1901.

. . . If you and Mrs. Campbell can manage to come on Thursday 6th, it would be a great help. On Friday we have a service of Intercession for the Cathedral and the Diocese, and in the afternoon a Conference about the Cathedral Improvement. This service and meeting would help you to see much of the diocesan side of the work. It would show you how judged by a human standard everything is small and poor and insignificant, and yet I think that you would have eyes to see how really great it is when weighed in the balances of Heaven. The possibilities for Scotland seem widening.

Pitfour: December 27, 1901.

. . . One or two matters of business about which no reply is needed.

1. I have asked Mr. Kinloch to send you the rough draft of the proposed Statutes, together with a copy of the Statutes as I found them when I came into the diocese. The paper which Mr. Kinloch is sending you is only a mass of dry bones. When the Chapter have finally adopted them, I hope to clothe them with some flesh and make them more like the statutes of ancient Cathedrals. Although our Cathedral is not essentially old, it is the descendant of some of the oldest in Great Britain. I want you to look at these statutes very carefully, and to write or speak to me very freely about them. I need not say to you that I should most happily go on with the statutes as already existing—in fact, I would quite happily work with you without any statutes at all. But I think we ought for the sake of the Church of the future to take advantage of this time of peace to put the Cathedral on as sound a foundation as possible. In the past, . . . real scandals have occurred in the Cathedral Church of Perth. The present statutes have one clause which is so ambiguous that a life of litigation might be spent upon it. For reasons into which I need not enter, we were obliged to leave it in that ambiguous state, but that necessity no longer exists. What I want is to secure for future Provosts the full development of their gifts, but always to keep the Episcopal idea to the front, that behind all and above all is the person, however unworthy, whom God has chosen to be Father-in-God for the diocese.

2. I hear that some time ago —— hindered two people from making their confession, and that he believed Confession to be

merely a Roman Catholic ordinance. This must be dealt with at once, or Satan may use it as a means of troubling the Church. I think the best plan would be for you at once to see him, and after praying with him for guidance, to tell him that you heard that before you came he hindered two persons from making their confession, and that he does not believe in it. You might then show him our Lord's words in St. John, the words of the Ordinal, the Absolution in the Communion Office and the Office for the Visitation of the Sick. He is a very good man, and it might be an opportunity of getting into spiritual touch with his soul.

I am greatly cheered by hearing that already the very poor people say that they feel you care for them as much as you do for the upper classes. God is good. . . .

Pitfour: May 9, 1902.

. . . I have written to all the priests whom I can depend upon about the Retreat, but it is too late. Their arrangements are all made. All that I can think of is that you should content yourself with such simple preparation as you can give on the previous Saturday and Sunday, and on the actual days of the Retreat. You could also do what I do in my Retreats, namely, tell the clergy that if any of them wish to see you privately, they could do so on the day after the Retreat. This leaves one time to work at the addresses as the Retreat goes on, and the Blessed Spirit gives the thoughts which He sees one requires. I am very sorry to add this to your work. . . .

I am a little anxious about your being so overtired as you evidently *look*, whatever you may feel. I trust that you will not let your desire to save finances make you injure yourself and rob yourself of that spring, which is not compatible with an overtired frame and yet is of such great importance at this time. . . .

Feu House, Perth: December 26, 1903.

My dear Provost,—First, I send you the enclosed, to be added to yesterday's offertory; I had not enough money with me.

2. During these winter months, I depend upon you to tell me if any money is wanted for the poor, who have, of course, the first claim upon my charity money.

3. I enclose a prayer.[1] Will you alter it in any way you think best, and let it be used at the various services till further notice?

[1] For the Mission of Help to South Africa.

4. Will you in my name ask the prayers of the congregation at the different services to-morrow to the effect 'that God in His mercy may arrest the wave of drunkenness which is flowing over this land, and may bless and guide all efforts which are made within and without the Church to promote temperance and godly self-restraint on the last day of the year' (or similar words). . . .

Ever, dear Archie, affectely,
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

Here is his advice to Provost Campbell on his election to the see of Glasgow:

In preliminary inquiries you will be dealing with persons whom you may be called to govern. Therefore add to Love and Friendliness σεμνότης [1] and Restraint—not giving yourself away.

2. Ask one or more people of Perth and diocese to tell you anything which they have to say in favour of your remaining.

3. Consult Bishop Harrison [2] as to practical matters (*net* income, &c.). . . .

4. Take Helen with you to see the house, &c.

5. Have list of practical questions written before you go to Glasgow.

The same happy relations were continued with Provost Campbell's successor.

Though my time with him at St. Ninian's Cathedral was all too short, says Provost Grub, I owe more to him than can be told. We were in almost daily affectionate correspondence from the time of my appointment to the Provostship until my unexpected breakdown in the autumn of 1905.

To the Very Rev. Provost Grub

Feu House, Perth: April 3, 1906.

MY DEAR PROVOST,—Thank you for your letter. Work presses, so I do not write more than a short note. I depend upon your prayers for Argyll,[3] for Kirkcaldy, and for a chaplain in Gwyther's place, who is going to Dollar, for blessing on a

[1] 'Gravity,' 1 Tim. iii. 4. [2] The retiring bishop.
[3] The see of Argyll was then vacant.

mission through the Argyll diocese which Bishop Richardson has undertaken for me, confirming, preaching, &c.—and above all for myself that I may be rightly guided by the Holy Spirit.

I have no doubt that God will open a door for you in His own time and way—'after you have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, and settle you.' Meanwhile (1) I take for granted that you continue as one of my Examining Chaplains ; (2) I note that you continue Provost of St. Ninian's till Easter Tuesday, and that Easter Day Offering is for you.

I hope to go for a holiday after the Representative Church Council. I am, thank God, perfectly well, but rather tired. Please give all love to Mrs. Grub. God bless you.

Ever affectely,

GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

The Bishop's ideas about Cathedrals and their ministers were never allowed to sink to a low level. In offering an honorary canonry to a priest in the diocese he wrote :

. . . If you have not already read it, allow me to give you a copy of Archbishop Benson's book on the Cathedral, which will indicate the principles on which we are working, sowing, I humbly believe, seed which will bring forth fruit in Scotland long after the limited time of our service on earth is over.

CHAPTER III

DIOCESAN AND OTHER WORK

To aid him in the work of the diocese, the Bishop secured the services, for longer or shorter periods, of men like Mr. Scott Holland, Dr. George Body, Father Maturin of Cowley (who would probably have seceded from the Anglican Church long before he did, if it had not been for the influence of Bishop Wilkinson), Professor Collins (now Bishop of Gibraltar), and above all of Mr. V. Stuckey S. Coles, Principal of the Pusey House. There was no man to whom the Bishop was more deeply indebted during the later years of his life than to Mr. Coles. He did not resort to confession at fixed periods ; but since the death of Mr. Carter of Clewer, it was to Mr. Coles that he went whenever he felt the need. Several of these distinguished men stayed with him for long stretches of time, or came to him at recurrent seasons. They preached in the diocese, spoke at meetings, conducted retreats, examined questions submitted to them, and did many other things for the benefit of the diocese. The Rev. A. E. Davies, who for eleven years was Bishop Wilkinson's domestic chaplain, and accompanied him everywhere on his tours through the diocese, must be numbered as among his most gratefully remembered helpers. The Bishop relied greatly upon his clear and sound judgment ; and the clergy of the diocese likewise felt that they could confidently lay before him questions in which they needed the help of one at headquarters. But it would be impossible not to make specially grateful mention of one venerable man who devoted himself in a singularly touching manner to aiding the Bishop. Bishop Richardson, formerly Bishop of Zanzibar, placed himself wholly at his disposal. He lived in his house for the last few years, and was

not only ready at all times to supply ministrations which could only be supplied by one of his own order, but performed the humblest tasks of a secretary or a chaplain, to ease the burden of the Bishop of St. Andrews.

With such helpers the work went forward bravely. The Bishop's demands occasionally alarmed the shrewd Scotch mind. Before he had been in the diocese a year, in April 1894, Mr. Farquhar says :

The Bishop having returned from his holiday is settling down to work, which will in the end, I trust, infuse new life into the diocese. He had a Conference and Quiet Day for Women last week, at which about sixty ladies or more were present. It was successful, and was a great matter as a beginning of this kind of work, which will do an immensity of good, never done before. Last night also he was present and made a fine speech at our Congregational gathering—about 500 present. The men's conference to-day produced at least one striking incident. The Bishop (I daresay he was only wishing to arrest attention) announced that he wanted 2500*l.* a year additional for work in the diocese ! . . . He asked for an expression of opinion. (Had it been anyone else, I should have suspected him of a subtle irony.) There was a long pause. At last a layman (surely he was not the least thing 'dour') asked 'How does your Lordship propose to raise the 80,000*l.* ?' 'What 80,000*l.* ?' asked the Bishop in surprise. 'Did you not say that you wanted 2500*l.* a year ? That capitalised would be 80,000*l.*' (Perhaps my exact figures are not quite right.) What the Bishop is immediately pressing for is 500*l.* a year for Diocesan missions, and about the same sum for the [sustentation of the] Cathedral.

In May some anonymous person promised him 1000*l.* for Mission work in Fife, and it was rumoured that there was more to come. In July the Diocesan Standing Committee met :

The Bishop was in the chair. A large amount of new Mission work is to be opened out in the diocese. The Bishop has 1000*l.* in hand, and several curates are to be engaged for two years. Thus beginnings will be made in several places, which, if they elicit local support, will be continued ; if not, not. Forfar,

Aberfoyle, Cupar-Fife, Burntisland, and Kirkcaldy seem to be likely centres.

The following is the appeal which the Bishop put forth on behalf of his fund :

To the Clergy and Laity of the United Diocese of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—A year has now passed since we decided at our Diocesan Council to inaugurate a special fund, which, at the request of laymen interested in the movement, was to bear the name of ' The Bishop of St. Andrews' Fund.'

It was not desirable, in my judgment, to send an appeal in behalf of this fund throughout the diocese until provision had been made for the most pressing needs of our Cathedral. Although the amount which is required for the Mother Church of the diocese has not yet been entirely subscribed, so much has been collected that I now feel justified in carrying out the informal resolution to which I have already referred.

Suffer me then to explain to you as briefly as possible the needs which this new organisation is intended to supply.

I find in all parts of the diocese a considerable number of persons, both rich and poor, belonging to our own Church, who are practically deprived of the Means of Grace. They live at so great a distance from their Church, that it is *impossible* for the women, and *very* difficult for the men to walk, or in some cases even to drive, with any regularity, to the nearest church. The consequence is that the zeal which in early days was kindled, perhaps at a mother's knee, or in the solemn hour of Confirmation, has been gradually stifled by the cares or pleasures of this earthly life. They themselves are foremost to acknowledge that they do not love their Lord as once they loved Him, and do not care, as once they cared, for the increase of His Kingdom. My Brethren, we cannot allow this state of things to continue. God forbid that I should ignore the work which is being done by the different Christian bodies who labour throughout the length and breadth of the land. The most devoted Presbyterian, however, would be the first to allow that we are justified if not *bound* to provide the means of grace for our own people. How can we ever hope to develop in our people that fulness of life which was manifested at the first establishment of the Christian

Kingdom, unless we provide for them those frequent celebrations of Holy Communion, and those regular services which were a chief source of the strength and joy of the early Christians, whose habits of life are described in the Acts of the Apostles. 'They all continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, and in *the breaking of the Bread and in the prayers*.' 'On the first day of the week,' at the very least, 'they were gathered together to *Break the Bread*.' For these scattered members of the one Body, for the masses in the mining districts of Fife, for the lonely dwellers on our Perthshire hills, we cannot fail to hold ourselves responsible in the sight of Him who has redeemed them to Himself by the Blood of His Son, and has marked their foreheads with the Sign of His Cross.

How, then, is this difficulty to be removed? Only, my people, by a generous, systematic offering of our substance, supported by systematic intercession. I desire to adapt to our diocese the system which I found in successful operation amongst our own Church people in South Africa. I ask for additional clergy for our larger districts. I ask for sufficient money to enable me to employ a staff of clergy who shall go from place to place, finding out the people who belong to our own Church, providing for them regular administrations of Holy Communion, and at least one service on every Sunday. I ask for sufficient money to make it possible to give additional clergy for our mining districts and other portions of the diocese.

I do not base this appeal on mere theory.

Through the generosity of a layman who headed the fund with 1000*l*., we have already made some experiments which God has been pleased to crown with remarkable success. In some places we have given a curate to an over-worked rector, enabling him to deal with the more distant portions of his charge. In others we have sent the messenger of God to preach the glad tidings of the Kingdom, to baptize the children who were living as heathen in the midst of a Christian land, to offer to a little body of communicants, at least at the greater festivals, the Sacrament of their Lord's Body and Blood. In one district we found, all unexpectedly, a number of Church people who had given up going to church, and we placed them under the care of a curate, provided by the fund, assisted by a devoted lady living in the neighbourhood.

Right heartily and right thankfully have the people responded, and already the heart of the Bishop is gladdened as he goes

from place to place, and marks the result of this as yet entirely imperfect organisation.

But, my people, I must not disguise from you that if my ministry is to be fulfilled, if the work for which you called me to Scotland is to be done as you would have it done, you must help me with really generous subscriptions. *I ask for nothing in the current year.* I only desire to receive as soon as possible promises for five or ten years which will enable me to develop my plans with the least possible delay. Mistakes, we may rest assured, will be made in this as in every other human enterprise ; but the best guarantee for the right distribution of the funds will be found in the names of the committee by whom I am assisted.

I know that the times are hard. I know, better than most, through the generous confidence with which you have spoken to your Father in God, how many are the difficulties which, unknown to the world, press upon some of you. I hope that no word of mine will induce you to give more than is right. I hope also that nothing will be offered in answer to this appeal which would otherwise be given to the Central Funds of the Church. You may trust me that I shall not misinterpret the reasons which may prevent you from making any contribution whatever.

I only ask you to read once on some quiet Sunday the story of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and then to say on your knees this simple prayer : ' O God, Who hast so loved me as to give Thine only Son to die for me ; all that I have is Thine. Thou only knowest the secrets of my heart. Thou only knowest how much I ought to give. O God, grant that I may both perceive and know what things I ought to do, and also have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same.'

God bless you all, my people.

Your friend and Bishop,

GEORGE H. ST. ANDREWS,
Dunkeld and Dunblane.

Mr. Farquhar wrote on August 2 :

The Diocesan Council meeting was very important to-day. How the Bishop is drawing both clergy and laity out ! We sat from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. (with an interval for lunch), and did a great deal of work, without completing the business. The chief feature was the inauguration of a ' Bishop of St. Andrews' Fund ' and the committal of the diocese to real mission effort

within its own borders. Thus we are at the beginning of a new era. We were well guided when we elected Bishop Wilkinson !

July 3, 1895.—I spent a day at the Bishop's at Birnam. He has left St. Mary's Tower and gone to Erigmore—close by and equally beautiful. . . . The Bishop and I walked about the grounds, in which numbers of rose trees were in their glory. He asked me about the state of the Church in Perth. I took the opportunity of enlarging upon what I considered its weak points. He seemed a little surprised, but I think he likes people to open out their minds to him. How else is he to get at the truth of things ?

Dec. 31.—The Bishop's Home Mission movement in this diocese is taking root, though he is not getting all the support he hoped for. Still, missions at Newburgh, Kirkcaldy, Ballathie, and, I think, Ladybank, are being started.

Feb. 13, 1896.—The Bishop is, as usual at this time of year, away from home. How much already hangs on him ! . . . Look at the [Perth] School—for this year we are carrying on on the strength of his personal guarantee ! Look at the Diocesan Home Mission scheme—almost, but not quite launched !

By *March* 17.—I hear he has already raised 400*l.* a year for it. That is already a great achievement !

April 24.—The Bishop was able to announce two large legacies left to the diocese—2000*l.* from the late Earl of Moray, and 2500*l.* from the Pitcairn Trust. The former is to go to the Diocesan Home Mission Fund. When I was ordained, the whole Home Mission Fund of the Church in Scotland used to be about 400*l.* a year. Therefore 2000*l.* to the Home Missions of a single diocese . . . is pretty good. We sat voting money for additional clergy and missions in a way I never could have believed possible.

Oct. 6.—The Church Council Report has just come in. The number of general members throughout Scotland has risen from 104,000 last year to 107,000 for 1896 ; the number of communicants is also up from 40,000 to 42,000. Now look at ten years ago, and the numbers were 80,000 and 29,000 !

Next day.—A piece of good news, of which the Dean has just told me, is that a Mission for the Poor is to be started in Perth in connexion with the Cathedral. I have long been thinking that this ought to be done. . . . Now, thanks to the Bishop, we are to solve the difficulty. He has granted 100*l.* out of his Home Mission Fund. The Rev. J. Philip is to be priest-in-charge.

Dec. 19.—The Cathedral School has got a good report from the Government Inspector. . . . Had it not been for the Bishop's moral and financial support it would have had to have been closed. He is a Bishop worth having. He takes a keen interest in every bit of work going on in his diocese and does his best for it. I believe that he has opened a Mission in Stanley and Bankfoot. His policy is to bring the Church's ministrations within reach of every one within his bounds. . . . Mr. Philip is pushing on to have our Perth Mission opened on the Epiphany. The Hall in the Watergate has been secured. Also Miss [Carina] Wilkinson is going to have a home for girls here in Perth.[1] The Bishop's hand is in all this.

Sept. 4. 1897.—The Bishop's Home Mission Fund is a great success. He has about 3000*l.* in hand, and the annual income this year was about 750*l.* . . . New churches have been built at Auchterarder (by Mr. Reid) and St. Fillans, and the following Missions are more or less kept up by the Fund: Kirkcaldy (two missions), Newburgh, Lunanhead, Cowdenbeath, Guardbridge, Watergate (Perth), Stanley; and Colonel Richardson has built a chapel at Ballathie. Also two Chaplains are maintained. And it has all been done so quietly!

Jan. 17, 1898.—The number of Church people in the diocese seems to have been increased during 1897 by 700.

Sept. 27, 1899.—The Bishop's administration of the diocese is beginning to show substantial results. . . . He has resolutely set himself, since he came north, while scrupulously refraining from doing anything needlessly provocative towards those without, to develop his diocese *quam maxime*, in a spirit of faith. Not to mention the revisal of the Cathedral statutes, and the raising of nearly 10,000*l.* for Cathedral building, and the making of St. Ninian's much more the Mother Church of the diocese than it has ever been before, . . . the Bishop's new missions pave been quietly founded and are slowly taking root, and . . after six years the Synod Clerk's returns show remarkable hrogress, as the following table will show:

	Souls	Communicants	Baptisms
1853 (year of Bishop Torry's death) . .	2,552	1,132	91
1892 (year of Bishop Wordsworth's death) .	6,665	3,283	208
1899 (sixth year of Bishop Wilkinson) . .	11,064	5,151	429

[1] The Watergate Mission and the Home were opened on January 12 and 19, 1897, respectively.

Oct. 7.—I had a very nice interview with the Bishop. . . . I suggested the idea of a chapel, dependent on the Cathedral, to provide early Celebrations and Evensong for our people in Craigie and Cherrybank. These places are growing rapidly; we have more than twenty families in them, and they are a considerable distance from the Cathedral. The Bishop was delighted with the idea, and said he would support it.

Oct. 3, 1902.—We had our annual Diocesan Festival on the 30th. They are entirely the Bishop's doing, and they entail some financial responsibility upon him. . . . Canon Gardiner of Truro was the preacher. . . . These festivals, I think, do good by spreading the corporate feeling of diocesan, as distinguished from merely congregational, life, and give our people a wider outlook.

Feb. 8, 1904.—The Bishop is not so bright as usual. His Diocesan Home Mission Fund is down.

June 18, 1906.—This sudden news about the Primus is enough to make us realise his value to us. For instance, at the Cathedral I feel that we are going along in a certain style, and that, so long as we have him, we are, humanly speaking, sufficiently underpropped. And it is the same with the missions in the diocese. But without him—what? True, some one might be evolved capable of filling his place, but then some one might not.

No apology need be made for adding to these extracts a few more to show how the Bishop's character, in various aspects, impressed this keen observer. In April 1893 he had written 'I am looking forward to his coming, but as yet I hardly know anything of him except from hearsay and newspapers.' In April 1902 his opinion was formed:

The Bishop, having returned from his usual six or eight weeks in the south, and having got Holy Week and Easter over, will be once more entering on his year's work in earnest. I notice very definitely that he always begins about this time, and by January, when he goes south again, he has accomplished something for the Church, the Diocese, or the Cathedral, or all three. I do not feel sure that I can sketch him as he now appears to me after ten years, but I will try.

The thing which first struck me about him was an air of sadness, which I imagine was conveyed most by his voice. This first impression, however, was very soon swallowed up by a

sense of his religiousness. He talks religion and never has an interview with any one under any circumstances but what he says a prayer on his knees and gives his episcopal blessing. I never met any one like him. His one absorbing topic is piety. I sometimes wonder whether it is all instinctive with him, or whether it is 'second nature' produced by determined obedience to his conscience. At all events, in either case, it is natural to him.

The next thing I discovered was that, notwithstanding his uncompromising religiousness, he can laugh, and that he is very accessible. At the same time, after I had found that he is equable and accessible, I again discovered (perhaps this was only because I am one of his clergy) that it is only within limits. He is distinctly not accessible for purposes of (what Beethoven would have called) 'unbuttoned' conversation, but only for conversation which bears upon work—and *then*, though he is interested, accessible, gentle, he is so as a Bishop, but always as a Bishop; never as a mere acquaintance.

What perhaps I realised last was his determined will. This is not obvious on the surface, though there is something about his lips which might give warning. But he never obtrudes his will. What he desires to accomplish, he is determined to accomplish—that is, if he thinks it is according to the Divine will. If he can get it done easily, without pressure, so much the better. He then lets other people do what he wants, caring little for the 'honour and glory' of the thing. But, if other people do not do it, then he does it. If they resist, he does not resist them in the first instance to the point of force. He has an immense power of self-control, and waits till he can repeat his determination at a favourable moment and in as gentle and Christian a manner as possible. If he is still opposed, then he waits again quite calm and unruffled. But he gently presses his point till he has accomplished what he has determined.

As a preacher, his outstanding characteristic is not intellectual cogency, nor scholarly learning, nor rhetorical eloquence. His subject matter hardly ever varies from the simple old 'Evangelical' gospel, interwoven, however, with the sacramental system. Sometimes one wishes that he would now and then vary his line. He has, however, great force as a preacher, and the phrase which every one uses to describe it is, after all, the most satisfactory, and it is 'spiritual intensity.'

June 7, 1904.—As I have chiefly represented the Bishop in

his graver moods, I will note an incident which shows him in a lighter vein. I was lunching at the Feu House [1] with them. He was not going to join us at table, and I was going into the dining-room with an English clergyman. Suddenly I heard the Bishop calling out my name from upstairs—'Farquhar! Farquhar!' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Be sure you impress upon Mr. C. that though there *are* other branches of the Church, ours in Scotland is the only one worth attending to!'

Dec. 24, 1904.—I did not go to Inverness for the consecration of Bishop McLean. But I met the Primus after he came home from it. It was in Atholl Street, outside the Cathedral, and Mrs. F. was with me. After the usual hearty salutations there was that odd pause at the beginning of a conversation which I have sometimes noticed with the Primus. These pauses always disconcert me a little. My resolve, of course, is to allow the Primus to choose the subject of conversation and to begin. But he does not. This flusters me, and then, although I am an unready speaker, I invariably make a plunge and open the campaign myself and then things go on all right; but I have a lingering doubt that I ought not to have begun, and that the Primus is 'taking stock' of me all the time. But to return to yesterday. After a beginning of this kind, he began telling us what a grand service they had had in Inverness, and then he ended up with a touch of that humour for which I do not think he always gets credit: 'O yes! It was very grand! You've no idea what you'll soon be seeing all the Bishops wearing!'

A writer in the 'Guardian,' after the Bishop's death, said:

In the work of his diocese he set two great objects before him. The first was to strengthen and encourage the clergy and people of the various parishes, for it was his conviction that no amount of general ecclesiastical machinery could be offered to God as a substitute for the living faith of the souls committed to his charge. Accordingly, a visit to a congregation was no perfunctory affair, but an event that took account of every piece of work that was going on in the place. The clergyman was made to feel, for the time being, that he was the only priest in the diocese, while the choir, the guilds, and members of the congregation were with perfect naturalness treated as his friends,

[1] At Perth, the Bishop's home for the last few years of his life, and Bishop Wordsworth's before him.

and above all as ' fellow-workers with God.' Wherever he went about his diocese, inspiration, encouragement and zeal went with him, and communicated themselves like fire to his people. The second duty which the Bishop never ceased to regard as paramount was the fostering of Diocesan unity and co-operation—a task of special difficulty in a diocese consisting of scattered and, in many cases, small charges. A Diocesan Festival was instituted; frequent gatherings of clergy and laity were held at Perth, and in every possible way the diocese was taught to look to the Cathedral as its head and centre, till clergy and laity learned to forget their isolation as the ideal of corporate unity deepened. But stone and lime by themselves never can and never will inspire a diocese with a sense of its unity. It was the Bishop who, in St. Andrews, was the secret of that *esprit de corps* and brotherly fellowship which called forth the envious wonder of visitors to the diocese.

The Bishop of St. Andrews was almost, if not quite, as frequent a figure in London as the Bishop of Truro had formerly been; but his sojourn in London did not mean that he forgot his flock in the north. In 1898 he determined to reach the ears of the members of the Scottish Church who were resident in London. A special service for them was held in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Sunday afternoon, May 22. It was the Sunday after Mr. Gladstone's death. The Bishop preached on the text about ' the rock whence ye are hewn.' This service, he said,

is not intended as a means of obtaining money from England. It is perfectly true that thousands, and tens of thousands, of English people come every year to our country. They admire the surpassing beauty of our mountains and our lakes; they put a certain amount of money into certain pockets, but with some noble exceptions they do not stay to ask how the churches in which they worship are supported, how the altars are fed at which they communicate. We do not complain. We thankfully welcome them as members with ourselves of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church, as sharers with ourselves in all the privileges of the Anglican Communion. We gladly minister to them, and I am not here to ask for money from them.

My appeal this afternoon is to those who, either through themselves or through their ancestors, have gained in Scotland

the force by which they have made their way into comfort or wealth or title or distinction. I ask them this afternoon to consider for a few moments the rock from which they were hewn, and the hole of the pit out of which they were digged. I ask Scotchmen who live in London to consider, whether they cannot do something now, at this glorious crisis in the Church's history, now when God is opening doors to us on every side, now when those who once hated us are coming to love and to respect us, now when on all sides our eyes are opening to see the wonderful things that God is preparing for us,—we ask them whether now they cannot make some special effort to get us in a few hundreds for the next five years at any rate, to enable us to carry on the many works that we have begun.

He went on to enumerate those works, dwelling a little upon each—the Clergy Fund, the Theological College, the Education Fund, the Home Mission Fund, the Foreign Mission Fund.

It is of course, he said, in busy London—nobody knows it better than I do—in the middle of May, with collections on all sides for hospitals, and the Bishop of London's Fund, and the like,—it is almost a forlorn hope. It is, at all events, a venture of faith. If it does nothing else, I can offer it up as a thanksgiving to my God for the blessing He has given me in my northern home. I can offer it up as a thankoffering to the Church that welcomed me so heartily and loyally to preside over it; and I stand in a Church where again and again it has been proved that that which is impossible with men is possible with God. Whenever my heart fails, I remember a Saturday night when a few poor people met me in this church, and with doubting hearts we prayed to our God for the Sunday that was following, and to a shilling the prayer was answered, and the entire 3000*l.* was provided. And I remember how I have told that story in my northern home, and not once, nor twice, but thrice, all anonymously, 1000*l.*, 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, have been sent in for the glory of God through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. And as I look round this church, so dear to me,—the rock, indeed, out of which I was hewn, the hole of the pit from which I was digged—I remember how many there are who have passed within the veil, and are free now to pray for us with the freedom which was impossible for them when they were weighed down by the burden of this corruptible body. I think of that number,

increasing every year, of the spirits and souls of the righteous, who, in the more immediate presence of the Saviour, are able to pray to Him, not according to earthly ideas of what is important, but according to the mind of the Holy Spirit who dwelleth in them.

And on this day I think of one, who, last Thursday, on that bright Ascension morning, passed out of the toil and pain of this suffering life into the rest for which he was pleading. I think of him—I am not speaking now to you, I need hardly say, politically—who was, in many points, the type of our higher Scottish Churchman. He was strong, he was reverent, he had an indomitable manhood. Others have spoken in fitting language, strong and pathetic language, on Friday night, in another place, of some aspects of Mr. Gladstone's character. I like rather to-day to think of him, in the words of the speech of the Prime Minister, as the 'great Christian' man, and, as I should add, the strong Scottish Churchman. And yet not Scottish alone. He belonged to Great Britain, trained at Eton and at Oxford, and yet ever remembering the rock from which he was hewn and the hole of the pit out of which he was digged. I like to think of him when a boy at Eton, with hard discipline training himself so that he should never allow his eyes to look at anything that was evil, nor his mind to dwell upon anything that was not pure and lovely and of good report. I like to think of him in his young manhood on that day when, in the presence of only one intimate friend, he solemnly made up his mind that, whatever else he accomplished in life, whether he was successful or whether he failed, he would, by God's help, not rest unless he was able to bring back from the dreary wilderness of sin some of those poor women whose lives have been ruined by man's selfishness, man's thoughtless cruelty. I like to see him like the young knight in the ancient legend, girding on his armour for that lifelong effort. I like to recall him as I saw him myself, thirty years ago, in a little church in another part of London, when he had been suddenly summoned by his Sovereign for the first time to undertake the momentous work of forming a Cabinet that was to direct the destinies of this great Empire. I remember him coming, as he always did, on every emergency, great or small, to receive the life of Christ at the holy Table. I see him now kneeling there. The sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ had been received. His soul was feeding spiritually on that Body and Blood. Communicants went up and came back, but he remained absorbed,

evidently, in communion with his Saviour. He was there till the very end of the service. He had lost all thought of man.

These are pictures on which I love to dwell. Shall I ever forget one hour a few months ago in the library at Hawarden, which is for ever to me consecrated ground? He had no sympathy with the new ideas by which sin and Satan have been eliminated from our modern enlightenment. He felt that sin was a horrible thing, a cursed thing, that nailed the Son of God to the cross; that any little sin was an abomination in the sight of God; and I wish that every young man here could have seen him as he weighed his life, not in the balance of earth, but of heaven—as he reviewed the past and anticipated the future. 'Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness. Wash me throughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.' He did not know what was meant by the outside idea of sin and goodness. He knew what it was to have the light of God, the Holy Ghost, shining into his heart. He anticipated what every one of us here will one day learn when the books are opened and the record of life is revealed.

He had no sympathy either with that flippant irreverence with which nowadays so many crowd to the holy altar of our God. It was to him a very solemn thing to receive the Holy Communion. Shall I ever forget the last Friday in Passion Week, when I gave him the last Holy Communion that I was allowed to administer to him? It was early in the morning. He was obliged to be in bed, and he was ordered to remain there, but the time had come for the confession of sin, and the receiving of absolution. Out from his bed he came. Alone he knelt in the presence of his God till the absolution had been spoken, and the sacred elements had been received. 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' that was the keynote of his life. May the Lord bless him and keep him. May the Lord make His face to shine upon him, and be gracious unto him. May the Lord lift up for ever the light of His countenance upon him, and give him joy never-ending in that quiet home of the redeemed. . . . God help and comfort those who loved him, perhaps, as few husbands, few fathers have been loved.

His life, I venture to think, pleads emphatically for the Scottish branch of the Anglo-Catholic Communion. In days when he was despised and rejected of men he came to the front and gave generously to found the College at Glenalmond for the training of her clergy. Almost the last day he was in Scotland he

came unasked to me, bringing a contribution as a thankoffering for his stay in Scotland, to be used for the fund in our Scottish Church which we use in taking the blessings of the Gospel of the Kingdom to the thousands belonging to our own Church, who are utterly away from everything that their own Church can give them. The beginning of his life was to help this old Church. To the very end he was her true and devoted son.

Then after as strong and pathetic an appeal as ever he made in his life, he proceeded :

Think of [Christ] as I speak, and try to realise that in one city alone, in Glasgow, there are 35,000 people who belong to ourselves, who call themselves our Church people, who go nowhere, and we are straining every nerve to help them. But what can we do, if you who have made the money, you who are rich enough to come to London, you who are rich enough to share in all its harmless pleasures, you who can now and then have a horse and a day's hunting in the winter, do not help. If you do not help, who, in the name of heaven, is to help ? The poor fishermen cannot help. The poor broken-down people who bring their sixpences and their shillings cannot contribute what is wanted. Think of Jesus Christ, His love for one soul ; and then let me tell you just one picture out of thousands, just what happened the other day—so simple that an ordinary worldly person would laugh, but you would not have come here this afternoon if you intended to laugh. I was going last week to have a Confirmation some distance from my home, and I heard at the last moment that there was a person of adult years, 28 was the age, who was to have driven eight miles, quite a poor person. Only a poor person, the world will say—not much matter that, not much influence. But you will not say that. You are seeking righteousness. You are trying to fashion your lives, I know, by the standard of Jesus and His Gospel. You would not say of one poor person, 'What did it matter ?' I was told that she greatly longed for her confirmation. She had been prepared, and she was so disappointed, it was impossible for her to drive over. So, of course, I went in the morning to the place where she lived, and as I went into the little house, the doctor came to me and he said 'I am afraid it must be very short. She is very anxious for it, but I do not think she can bear but a few minutes ; but I would rather she was confirmed, she is so anxious.' I

said, 'Tell me how many minutes.' And he gave me the time. Shall I ever forget that morning, as I took her hand and told her what you, my people, will all one day care for above all things that you ever heard or read, when the great day of your departure arrives. I taught her how dreadful was a single sin, that nothing but the Blood of Christ would ever have washed one sin away, that all the sin of a whole life could be washed away by the precious Blood. Oh, I can see her face as clearly as I do the face of my Lord lifted up on that window in this church in the glory of His Ascension. . . . Never shall I forget that face as, in the old Scottish Office, I lifted up my hand and signed on her forehead the sign of the cross, and said, calling her by her Christian name, 'I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I lay my hand upon thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' . . . God give you the joy—there is no joy like it—God give you the joy of rendering generously to the Church which He loves, and the souls for which He died.

Mr. Farquhar noted in his diary for that day:

The Bishop has been holding an important service in London. To-day he has got together a congregation of Scottish people who live half the year there. Many of them draw their incomes from north of the border, but live 'quietly' in Scotland, and spend their money during the season 'in Town.' The Bishop wants to remind them of their duty to the Church in Scotland. He had a congregation of over 1500, and the offerings were over 100*l.* Also, I believe several cheques were sent in afterwards.

London work was, when reckoned up, a large factor in the Bishop's life, especially during the first half of his Scotch episcopate. Besides not infrequent sermons at St. Paul's and other London churches—to the Guild of St. Luke, at the consecration of the Bishop of Norwich, and on other occasions—there were Quiet Days—amongst others, for the English Bishops at Lambeth—and public meetings for various objects. There were the gatherings in Lambeth Palace Chapel, during Archbishop Benson's life. There were the meetings of the Pimlico Ladies' Association. There was Mr. Rosenthal and his cause. There was the Society of Watchers and Workers, making continual demands upon him such as he loved to meet. There was the

useful little 'Sunbeam Mission,' for helping suffering children, about which the foundress says :

The Bishop took an interest in it from the first, guided it through every difficulty up to the very end, sanctioned the Diocesan scheme which was to put it on a permanent basis, wrote the prayer for the Prayer Union, and, in fact, helped it in every way.

There were innumerable spiritual children looking forward to his visits to London as the opportunity for confessions and guidance. And there were all the social relationships to be maintained, which were not only a pleasure and a relaxation to him, but a providential means of spreading religious influence. Once or twice he spoke or preached, as of old, in connexion with Church Congresses. In 1899 he conducted a full Retreat for the Society of the Resurrection in Selwyn College, Cambridge ; some eighty priests were in it, and many of them testified that it was an astonishing Retreat—so awakening and so uplifting. In 1905 he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Disorders in the Church, on matters connected with the Scottish Church.

Four times, at least, during the time that he was Bishop of St. Andrews, Wilkinson revisited his first diocese beyond the Tamar and preached, besides private visits. The first was at Michaelmas 1894. Archbishop Benson was there too. It may well be imagined how genuine was the joy with which he preached again, in that presence, in the Cathedral so dear to them both :

A joy too great for words, he said, in God's strange providence, to be here with your own Archbishop, to revive the memories of the early days at Kenwyn with him and with his wife.

He preached again a few days afterwards at the anniversary of his own Community of the Epiphany, and rejoiced in the opportunity of speaking to so many whom it was impossible for him to visit in the different parts of Cornwall from which they came. In both sermons he thanked the Cornish people for those prayers to which, under God, he ascribed renewed power and happy work. In the second sermon he appealed for prayers on behalf

of the Bishop of Truro, who was hindered by a Confirmation elsewhere from being present that day.

Remember, he said, that this diocese of Truro has, amid all its unspeakable attractions, special difficulties, special responsibilities, which of necessity press very heavily upon any right-minded man. . . . The Bishop must to a very large extent carry those burdens alone. However much a man believes in Jesus Christ, and casts his anxieties on Him, they do press very heavily ; they do make great demands upon the nerve force ; they are very liable, quite unexpectedly, to overstrain even the strongest man. However happy his work may be, however much he may be blest and loved both by God and man, he is obliged, in proportion to the spiritual heights he has attained, in proportion to the grandeur of the ideal which God has revealed to him, to work alone. Alone he labours, alone he endures.

There was doubtless much of autobiography in these words.

The second time was a quite unexpected visit of three days, at the time when work was just beginning upon the nave, and two of the three days were spent in ministering to a sick brother bishop at Falmouth. On the third day, which was a Sunday, he preached again in the Cathedral.

Once more he was present, on that great and memorable day, July 15, 1903, when the nave of the Cathedral was dedicated. He read the Lesson at the Dedication service. He preached in the evening of the following Sunday, as well as on one of the afternoons during the octave, to a wonderful nave-full of people, but perhaps hardly with his earlier force. He was then on his way to South Africa for the Mission of Help, and far from well.

His last visit to Cornwall was in Lent, 1906. 'We hear,' Mr. Farquhar wrote, 'that 1700 people gathered to hear the Primus in Truro Cathedral this week.' He went there on Friday, March 16, and came away on the following Wednesday. 'Seeing people all day,' 'People,' 'People' are the expressive entries in his own diary.

His connexion with his old neighbourhood of Durham was well maintained. Oswald House, where he was born, was sold, long before his death, but he had colliery property at Wingate,

and made a point of visiting it regularly. He felt that the converse of the apostolic saying was as true as the saying itself, and that if he reaped carnal things from Wingate, it was his duty to minister to them in spiritual things. It seems hardly necessary to add that he did everything, and more than everything, for the physical welfare of his tenants that could be expected of a good landlord.

He paid us a visit almost every year, says Mr. Davison, the Vicar of Deaf Hill, writing in 1908. Last year, in July, he wrote saying that he would visit us on the Saturday. I replied, saying how very pleased we would be to see him, but much more on the Sunday, if he would preach for us. He wired for his robes and did so, leaving behind, as he always did, such an impression for good.

Along with this letter, Mr. Davison sent to the present writer half a dozen letters addressed by the Bishop to a good old man on the estate, named George Dixon. The Bishop gave him books to read, asked his prayers on going to Africa, sent him word of his daughter's marriage, and cheered him when he was poorly. On January 31, 1902, he wrote :

My Dear Old Friend,—Mrs. Davison tells me that you are ill, so I must write you a word of affectionate remembrance. I pray for you that our Lord who died for you may be very near to help and comfort you. You will find much blessing in Psalm 23, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' The Lord Jesus Christ tells us in St. John x. that He is the Good Shepherd, the true Shepherd. In the East the shepherd *goes before* the sheep. So our Lord has gone before us through life and death. The Eastern Shepherd knows his sheep one by one, has a name for each, calls each by its name. Even so our Lord tells us that He knows us one by one, calls us by our name—our Christian name, the name which was given us at our Baptism. So you can go on with the Psalm : 'Oh, Lord Jesus, Thou art my Shepherd, I shall not want,' and so on all through the Psalm. If you are feeling equal to it, get your clergyman to give you the Holy Communion—the Table which the Lord has prepared for you.

God bless you both.

Yours affectionately,

George St. Andrews.

Mr. Davison goes on to say :

Old Mr. Dixon died a few years ago. I must tell you of one story. When the old man was too feeble to get to church, I went to see him one day before Ascensiontide. I asked him if he would really like me to administer the Sacrament at his home, as I knew he had communicated on certain days, Ascension Day being amongst them. He replied with the sweetest simplicity, 'Ay do, the Bishop lays great *distress* on the Sacrament for Ascension Day.'

The Bishop frequently visited Bishop Auckland when he was in those parts.

After twenty years, Miss Wilkinson says, when we visited Bishop Auckland he was able to talk to all the old men and women, and call them by their old nicknames, and speak of their circumstances, as if he had only just left the parish ; and they spoke of his sermons as if they had been within the last week.

CHAPTER IV

REMINISCENCES

The Bishop's son-in-law, Mr. Davies, gives the following account of his pastoral activities between 1893 and 1904 :

Almost immediately after his enthronement the Bishop zealously set himself to the task of making a thorough visitation of his diocese. His visits to various charges followed so fast one upon another, that a leading layman felt constrained to write and tell him that he was making his visits too common, and that he must reserve his strength. Except for a few centres the charges were for the most part small—small churches, small congregations, few communicants, few Confirmation candidates —yet it was very striking to note how naturally he adapted himself to this condition of things. He idealised it all. He threw himself with the same spiritual intensity into his sermons to a handful of people, and into the administration of Confirmation to five or six candidates, as he did when preaching in St. Peter's or in the Cathedral at Truro. He never allowed himself to escape from a deep sense of his responsibility. Every sermon or Confirmation was an opportunity for winning souls to Christ, and in this conviction he was able to rise completely above the sense of depression which small numbers so often produce.

He generally spent a Sunday, and often, at the beginning of his episcopate in Scotland, a few days longer, in each district. As a rule he was the guest of some leading layman, feeling that in this way he could get into contact with the laity, and help forward the work of the Church. The whole of his visit, though he was punctilious in the performance of every social claim, was pervaded with a sense of mission. He seized every opportunity that presented itself for quickening or deepening the spiritual life of all with whom he was brought in contact. With unerring instinct he discerned the spiritual needs of priest and people. An atmosphere of prayer encircled the whole visit—

prayer for host and hostess, for guests, for the household, for priest, for individuals in the congregation. Before leaving, all these were entered into a notebook, and intercessions were offered by him for some time afterwards, every name being again and again remembered before God. Much of his time in the train as he travelled about the diocese, and even when abroad, was spent in this ministry. Special cases were prayed for in the intercession services in his chapel, and found a place on the 'Prayer Board.'

On the Sunday of his visit it was his custom to celebrate at 8 or 8.30 in the church. This often meant a drive of some miles and not infrequently several of the house party would set off with him in the family omnibus. After the ordinary interchange of greetings, his ingenuity in warding off trivial conversation and maintaining a spirit of recollectedness on these occasions was extraordinary. If he could not secure silence he would by one means or another get on to some spiritual topic, and would say, for instance: 'Do you know that wonderful hymn of Dr. Bright, "And now, O Father, mindful of the love"?' This gave him the opening for something like a meditation. Often, however, he quietly read psalms and prayers in preparation for his Communion.

In the forenoon he preached or confirmed. In nearly every sermon the same subjects found a place—the Atonement, the need of faith, conversion, surrender of the will, combined with strong teaching about the Sacraments and the power of prayer.

The afternoon was given up either to his hosts or to some guest needing spiritual help. Often, however, it was spent at the Parsonage, where he rejoiced to cheer the priest and his household with counsel and encouragement. On Sunday evening he preferred that the rector should preach, though sometimes he conducted a family service in the house where he was staying.

Monday was generally given up to interviews. Every hour was carefully mapped out. People in the house or members of the congregation who desired his help, or who had been stirred by his sermons, would be seen individually. Sick persons and difficult cases would be visited. The servants of the household, especially any who waited upon him, did not escape his attention, and he would make opportunities of getting into spiritual relations with them. But the chief event of Monday, when it was possible, was the congregational social gathering or soirée. Here he was at his very best. He had a hearty shake of

the hand and the right word for everyone. His speech was full of humour and instruction and appeal. The humour was never used as a bait to attract attention, nor as padding to fill up the speech, but he would pass with startling abruptness from an amusing anecdote, to apply it to the deepest and most solemn needs of the soul. It was at these gatherings that he got into touch with the rank and file of his diocese.

Many features of his Confirmations were unique. At first they were overloaded by coming at the end of Morning Prayer and sermon. Experience proved this to be impossible. Before his visit minute directions had been sent to the rector. The Bishop on the day took entire charge of the service. Fuss and confusion were avoided by his telling the candidates and the congregation, in detail, exactly what they were to do at each point as the service proceeded. There were no fewer than three addresses. The Bishop went straight to the pulpit and addressed the congregation, pleading with them for their prayers on behalf of the candidates. In simple, earnest, compelling words he spoke to them of the power of intercession. Then followed a pause for silent prayer, two or three Collects, and Veni Creator, in which all joined. He next addressed the candidates, taking the passages relating to Confirmation in the Acts, impressing on them the reality of the gift, reminding them of their Baptism, and then mingling instruction and appeal, put forth the constraining love of Christ in the Atonement.

At the end of the address he would tell the congregation to remain seated, the candidates to kneel. It was like a bit transplanted from an after-meeting at a mission. Putting the words into the mouth of the candidates, he turned the main points of his address into prayer. With pauses, he put a few general searching questions of self-examination, then pleaded the Atonement, prayed for forgiveness, promised to persevere. The candidates were then instructed to stand. By his direction they had all been placed in a certain order, and he had a list of their Christian names. He read the question, saying, 'Never mind if you have no godfathers and godmothers. It really means "Do you want to try and persevere."' Then followed the question to each one: 'N., Do you?' and after the answer, 'Then kneel down, my child (or my son), and ask God to help you.'

The Bishop then proceeded to the entrance of the chancel and said the prayer for the Sevenfold Gifts, with staff in hand, turning to the candidates. Except in one or two churches he

invariably used the form of laying on of hands allowed by the Canons of the Scottish Church. Each candidate was presented singly by the priest, who mentioned the name to the Bishop. Signing him with the Cross on the forehead, he said, 'N., I sign thee with the sign of the Cross, and I lay my hands upon thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Defend, &c.' The Bishop then went to the altar and announced that the Benedictus would be sung, drawing attention to the verse, 'And thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Highest.' Back to the pulpit for the third address, which was full of the duty of thanksgiving, and practical instruction on prayer, Bible reading, almsgiving, Holy Communion, and the privilege of service. The office was concluded at the altar. Each of those confirmed received a memorial card signed by himself.

The size of the dioceses in Scotland makes it possible for a bishop to be a real father in God. This is certainly the case in the Diocese of St. Andrews, which has some forty clergy. The Bishop's visits to the various congregations made him thoroughly acquainted with priest and people. He knew personally in most cases not only the priest and his household, but the church officials, the members of the Vestry (with whom lay the choice of the incumbent), and many of the congregation. The clergy could therefore approach him for advice and counsel, which he was enabled to give not only by drawing on past experience, but from personal knowledge of the place and individuals concerned. The clergy were in constant communication with him by letter and interview, so that he was in reality as well as in name the Chief Pastor of the diocese.

In addition to the regular annual retreats, he rejoiced to welcome the clergy and many of the laity of the diocese, as well as old friends from the south, to his home, and to do all in his power to make their visits a time of physical, mental, and spiritual refreshment. According to his wont no opportunity was lost of giving spiritual help; to him every time was opportune, whether in a quiet walk in the garden, or at meals, or by a regular interview in his library or chapel. Certainly it is true to say that hardly an individual paid a visit to the house without an opportunity being afforded for spiritual help and guidance, and none left without prayer and his blessing. The Bishop of London has said that he looked upon his yearly visit to the Bishop as in many respects an annual retreat. One after another

came and went, feeling that they could return to their work refreshed by the atmosphere which the presence of the Bishop created. They had been for a time on the mountain top.

The chapel with its round of services contributed much to all this. At first a daily celebration of Holy Communion was attempted, but owing to the frequent absences of the Bishop and his chaplain together on his visits in the diocese, it was found impossible to continue it, though there were always several celebrations each week. The Bishop loved the Scottish Communion Office, rejoiced to find it the sole use at the Cathedral, and always used it in his chapel.

There were two or three unique features in the chapel services, which were very characteristic of the Bishop. The morning family prayers of the household consisted of shortened Matins, concluding at the third Collect. The Bishop always read the lesson, generally the second lesson appointed for the day. He followed this up with an instruction, or meditation, or appeal, founded on the passage, in which all his accumulated spiritual experience found vent. There can be no doubt that in this way he greatly influenced not only guests who came and went, but a succession of servants, who still look back on the impressions which these addresses made upon them, and the advance in spiritual life which they fostered. Occasionally he would end this short address by saying 'Let us pray.' And at once the service was transformed into a prayer meeting. But, with his usual considerateness, he gave this up entirely when it was represented to him by members of his family that the hour was not exactly convenient for it. Mr. Carter, now Dean of Grahamstown, once said: 'The Bishop preaches a Mission every morning in his chapel.' After the third Collect the Bishop concluded the service with simple intercessions, sometimes at considerable length, sometimes quite short, but generally making the following the basis (the same after Compline): 'Remember, O Lord, all the absent members of the family, all who are near and dear to us, all who are in trouble, sorrow, need, or any other adversity, all who in foreign lands are witnessing for Thee, all the blessed ones who rest in Paradise.'

The other special feature was the weekly Intercession Service, so dear to him at St. Peter's and Truro. Over this he took great pains. He carefully wrote down all the thanksgivings, names of sick people, national and diocesan needs, and in a way peculiar to himself made them all live. There were touches

which brought out vividly the objects for which intercession was offered, appropriate texts, collects, simple extempore prayers. The subjects for intercession and thanksgiving were afterwards written out on the Prayer Board which always hung in the chapel. Services of this kind, occasional Confirmations, institutions or licensings of clergy, the continual use of the chapel for private devotion by himself and others, seemed woven into the general life of the household. After a visit of the Scottish Bishops for some days at Pitfour for a conference (and synod) the Bishop (Kelly) of Moray and Ross wrote: 'May I say that my few days at Pitfour made me realise what the life was at Little Gidding in Nicholas Ferrar's days.' The Bishop of Edinburgh wrote with great feeling of what the chapel services had been to them all.

At St. Mary's Tower, Erigmore, and Pitfour the chapel was used for the annual retreats, which were a great feature of the Bishop's pastorate, one being held for clergy and one for women, in addition to occasional retreats for men hoping to be ordained. Later they were held in the church at Birnam. The Precentor of St. Ninian's is credited with saying: 'Bishop Wordsworth was a Bishop of Charges; Bishop Wilkinson a Bishop of Retreats.' Certainly he took the greatest pains to secure the help of experienced spiritual guides. The Bishop always welcomed those who came to the retreat in a short address after dinner before silence began. He attended many of the addresses and services, and shared with the conductor the work of helping individuals.

To turn to what by many would be considered the purely business side of diocesan work, it must be said that to the Bishop there was no sharp distinction, where the Church was concerned, between the financial and spiritual sides. He had no hesitation or awkwardness in appealing to individuals or to the diocese for financial aid. It was as natural to him as to ask their prayers. He would write, 'If you have any charity money left this year, would you consider ——,' or 'When you are arranging your charity money next year, will you bear in mind —— ?' When money arrived in answer to his appeal he took it as a matter of course. So at his Diocesan Councils and Financial Committee Meetings. At first the business layman or priest must have been astounded at his calm pronouncements as to plans and schemes involving a considerable outlay of money. They could hardly be expected to know that he had previously

wrestled in prayer over the matters on the agenda paper, and had his course clear in his own mind. It is only fair to say that he put them unconsciously at a great disadvantage by presenting the business as a matter of the deepest spiritual import. They were tongue-tied. It was unwonted ground on which to meet their Bishop. They scrupled, with great delicacy of feeling, to intrude into that province. And then by experience they found that there was no need to do so. Somehow the Bishop's boldest schemes and highest aspirations had a way of accomplishing themselves—as in the case of the Bishop of St. Andrews' Fund and the Cathedral Completion Fund. It was the same in the Representative Church Council and quarterly Board Meetings in Edinburgh, which he was scrupulous in attending as regularly as possible. He never tired of praising the wonderful sacrifice of time and concentration of mind which laymen (as well as clergy) devoted to the Council and Board Meetings. He persisted in treating it as spiritual work, while he was shrewd and experienced in financial and business matters. He never shrank from speaking out and witnessing for this standpoint both in the Council and at Board Meetings. He was instrumental in carrying a proposal that at the Council meetings each of the funds of the Church should in turn have special prominence, and that selected speakers should be invited to deal with them, who should not be confined to figures and organisation. Doubtless a certain number rather chafed inwardly at this, but his outspoken utterances, combining practical suggestion with spiritual appeal, were generally received with respect and even enthusiasm, and it will be within the memory of all that his last words, spoken at a meeting of the Executive Committee, were a solemn appeal for prayer on behalf of the Clergy Sustentation Fund.

Instances of his wonderful dependence on prayer, and his readiness at all times to put himself at the disposal of souls needing his help, could be multiplied indefinitely.

He never dealt with his letters without beginning with prayer, and if some special difficulty arose he resorted to prayer afresh. Any letter about which he was anxious would be despatched and followed up with prayer that it might effect its purpose or not be misunderstood.

On one occasion he had an interview with a great landowner about a small church which was his property, and had fallen into disrepair. It was probably one of the only times

when he had not begun with prayer. For some time no progress seemed to be made, when the Bishop said, 'I am afraid that we began badly. Will you be good enough to kneel down with me, and let us usk God to help us.' The interview went on, and orders were given for the church to be put into complete repair.

As an instance of his readiness on all occasions to help, he was approached one day, when waiting at a railway junction, by a lady unknown to him, who did not belong to his diocese. In a few minutes he returned to his chaplain and said: 'Lift up your heart to God. I am trying, at his mother's wish, to help a young man stricken with a fatal illness, who feels the hardness of his lot.' He returned to the young man and got into the train with him, putting out all his power to help him. Some months afterwards the mother wrote that her son had passed away. She sent a memorial gift to the Bishop, saying that his interview had been an unspeakable blessing to her son.

It must not be thought that his high spiritual tension was never relaxed. He found relaxation in his home life, in his daily ride (when possible), and especially in his holiday abroad. But it is true that he was never off duty or off guard, and he could always turn quite naturally from any occupation to talk on high spiritual subjects, or to deal with any soul in need of his help. It is no exaggeration to say that his life was lived in correspondence with God, so that he was never found unprepared.

There were one or two characteristics of the Bishop which could only be known and tested by those who lived continually with him.

His courtesy was unfailing. It was conspicuous in his treatment of all whom he met. It disarmed clergymen with a grievance, or disaffected laymen. It secured for him attention and respect from the most dour of railway porters or surly cabmen. Any deliberate lack of courtesy, or roughness towards himself or others in his presence, seemed to hurt him as though he had been struck.

Whether by nature, or, as seems more probable, by self-discipline and grace, he had a control of the member which St. James calls unruly, to an extent which was almost incredible. Whatever his inward feelings may have been, those who knew him best cannot remember him ever to have given utterance to an irritable or unkind word. He never discussed the

character or motives of others, or indeed spoke of people at all except in a kindly manner. Gossip he disliked, and if it were talked in his presence, or if unworthy motives were imputed to others, he first gently deprecated it, and then unmistakably intervened to change the subject. The result was decisive if somewhat disconcerting. In consequence of all this, men tended to become what he wished. He always hoped the best of others, especially of his clergy, gave them credit for the highest motives, and assumed that they had high ideals of duty and lofty aspirations. In a few instances his confidence was abused, to his great distress. But more often men endeavoured, however imperfectly, to live up to what he expected and hoped of them.

Amidst all his varied activities of a public nature, the Bishop's heart was still, and to the last, the heart of a pastor. The testimonies to that effect are abundant on every side. The following pathetic paper will be read with interest—it is but a sample of numberless stories of the same kind.

A member of the congregation was much influenced by the Bishop's teaching Sunday after Sunday at St. Peter's, though she did not know him. At the time she was leading a very worldly life amidst many temptations, and yet every Sunday a sort of fascination brought her back to listen to his words. She went on from bad to worse, and at last she wrote an anonymous letter to the Bishop (then Vicar of St. Peter's) telling him how she was at one moment influenced by his words, and then drawn back again by the world and all its temptation, and begging him to say something to her in his sermon the following Sunday. She went, and he mentioned having received a letter from one in terrible trouble, and after preaching one of his most beautiful sermons, at the close he asked for the prayers of the congregation for this one woman who was afraid to break off from a life she knew to be wrong. Years went on, and he never knew if his influence and prayers had had any effect till one day, when England was sending out her best and dearest ones to fight for the Queen, the Bishop (as he was then) got a miserable letter, telling him all the truth, and begging him to see the writer, who was in an agony of mind and anxiety, and felt that all she was going through was due to her former life of sin and carelessness and luxury. The Bishop saw her, and she told him all the

truth, for he had influenced her life all through, but she had never had the courage to break it off till now. So with his ever charitable kind way of looking at things, with no harsh reproaches but with kind, patient teaching, he made her see her sin, and during all the years of the war he never lost touch with her, now and then, by an interview, or a letter or a book; and in time his gentle patience was 'rewarded,' as he put it himself, by knowing that she had entirely come to see the wrong of her whole life; and by showing her how God had determined to touch her heart, and make her give Him only her love, he led her to a full confession of her sins and gave her the great comfort of Absolution. It is hardly possible to describe what his patience and kindness were during really *years*—even after she had made herself known to him—but he used always to say it was God Himself who was determined to gain this soul, and it is in sorrowful gratitude that these words are sent as a tribute to the memory of one who never thought any trouble too great, if only he could rescue one soul from sin and death.

One lady who belonged to his diocese sends a selection of thirty-two letters, written to her between December 1898 and November 1907. Readers of his little books would not find much in the letters that they are not already familiar with, but the letters are an example of the way in which he applied to an individual the methods of the books, and show, as the lady says, 'the endless trouble, the watchful, tender, thoughtful care, the marvellous insight and sympathy, he had for those he was helping.' Here is a very practical specimen of his thoughtfulness:

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall: June 26, 1901.

. . . Please remember that it is an understood thing in the diocese that if anyone has a difficulty about their Sunday Communion, they propose themselves, and come over as often as they like for the Sunday to us. . . .

Here is an example of the latter part of the series.

Feu House, Perth: March 18, 1907.

. . . If you or I had attained to perfect repentance, temptation would have less power over us. That is true, and it is one

of the blessed ways in which God keeps us humble, when He lets us see how weak we are—how dependent upon His grace—how liable to fall if once He allowed evil to have all its attractiveness, Satan to use all his power. On the other hand, to be tempted is no sign that we have not repented. As long as we live, evil is present with us. Satan was allowed to tempt our Lord to defy His Father's Will, to commit suicide, to worship the Prince of Darkness. It is a real battle. . . .

A former maidservant of Mrs. Williamson's wrote to her after his death :

I know what a deep sorrow the loss of Bishop Wilkinson would be to you. He was such a holy and good man ; only his presence when he came into your room used to make one feel how much room they had to be better. He had such a calm, serene look as though nothing wrong, in any way, could enter into his thoughts.

Mr. Sabin, the excellent verger of St. Ninian's, sends the following reminiscences :

A butler told me, who in the days when the Primus was Vicar of St. Peter's that he was then a first footman in a noble house in the square. He said the vicar knew that servants had very little opportunity to get to church on Sunday or any day, and he also knew that many were indifferent about religion who could go, but did not ; so he made a practice of going round the square about 9 in the evening, and used to get into conversation with the men-servants as they stood at the top of the area steps, smoking their pipes after dinner was over in the dining-room, and in this way got in touch with and said a timely word to many men who learned to highly respect him, like the butler who told me the story.

One day at Perth Station, the Bishop noticed a thin-faced boy looking very closely at the Bishop, when his lordship asked the lad if he was wanting to speak to him, and the lad, being ignorant of the courtesy titles given to our bishops, replied, 'No, sir, only I sing in the same choir as you are in.' The Bishop's friends laughed at the boy's idea of his association with the Bishop in the Church, but the porter who tells the story says the boy was not laughed at by the Bishop, who patted him gently, and gave him a few kind words and a

little present. Of the Bishop's generosity to private individuals, besides his benevolent acts of charity to public institutions and the like, there is no end. Many a poor man and woman in Perth have reason to lament the death of such a helper 'in the time of need,' as the Bishop was to them.

When the Primus removed to the vicinity of Perth, it was his custom in latter years to invite all the adult members of the choir to dine with him and his family about Christmas time. These happy annual gatherings were very much enjoyed, for the men were welcomed to the same table at which he used to entertain the present Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, when the former was in the North and the latter paid him a short visit.

Whenever the Primus was present at the morning or evening service in the Cathedral he used to read the Absolution with great dignity and solemnity, so much so that the congregation used to attend with the utmost devotion, while a wonderful still calm invaded the Cathedral whilst he pronounced it, or whenever he prayed or preached.

Others will tell you of the great use the Primus made of the Cathedral for private prayer. When he was not engaged in business he was always at prayer, as I myself can faithfully bear record. The clergy of the diocese well knew his punctual habits. At their various meetings he was always in his seat before the time to commence. His presence was wonderfully felt in the room or hall, and many know the power of his words and the value they gave to whatever was being discussed.

Perhaps some of the greatest blessings that were sought during the late Boer War were obtained through the intensely earnest intercession he had in the Cathedral at that time, and the telling addresses he gave to the people in the congregation and to those who came to join in the intercessions from other parts of the diocese.

The Bishop loved to befriend the lowly and obscure:

Calling at a house in Perthshire, says one, where many were assembled full of mutual interest and conversation, he saw a lady pouring out tea in a corner of the room who was in weak and trying ill-health. He went quietly to her, sat down by her side, and in gentle tones told her what to do when she felt unable to say her prayers.

A little nurse from a London Hospital was taking her holiday in Scotland, and he singled her out, talked to her of her work, and kneeling down in the drawing-room, prayed for her and her friends. She said she could never forget the reality of the strength that came to her as he laid his hand upon her head and gave her his blessing.

His considerateness for the weakness and sinfulness of others overflowed in directions where it was hardly to be expected. A correspondent writes :

There is one thng which the late Primus once said to me, which I very much treasure, and which, perhaps, you may think worth recording.

I was speaking to him about the incomprehensibility of some action of doubtful uprightness done by a very pious person, and he said ' My dear fellow, there's many a thing which a very good and holy person will do, for the sake of religion, which a man of the world would kick him for, *and kick him rightly*.'

I think those were his exact words, and you will know the beautiful half-seriousness with which he began his sentence, and the delightful little sniff at the end of it.

In his Scottish diocese, as everywhere else, he made it his practice to pray with everybody and on all occasions, if the thing was possible. Mrs. Drummond Hay, of Seggieden, says :

Mrs. Wilkinson and I spent the season of 1855 in Rome. We were girls of much the same sort of tastes, and became great friends, and kept our friendship all through her married life—constantly writing to each other—but I only knew Mr. Wilkinson very slightly till he came to Scotland ; and when he took Pitfour, which was very near this, I got to know all his family and himself very intimately. For the sake of my friendship with his wife he was everything that was kind to me. He always spoke about her to me. What a blessing that time was to me is more than I can say. It was during the South African war, when both my sons were there, and whenever he was at our little church at evensong he used to come out of the vestry to say a prayer with me. And he never finished an ordinary call at any time without saying a few words of prayer and giving me his blessing.

The following letters give glimpses of his relation to his clergy :

To a Priest who had asked advice in dealing with a dying Agnostic

Erigmore, Birnam: May 27, 1896.

If I had to deal with such a case I should surround him (spiritually I mean) with a little band of intercessors. I should then read him, if he would allow me, a few verses of the Bible (bits of our Lord's words and deeds—beginning with a prayer for the Holy Spirit).

I should not expound, I should decline to argue, but offer to answer any questions. I should then kneel down and say a prayer of your own for him, modelled on the prayer 'Almighty God, the fountain of all goodness'—shake hands with him and leave him. . . .

Let me rejoice with you in the way in which our prayers are answered. The blessing of the Mission will be felt, please God for many a year.[1]

Next let me remind you of what I said about rest. If you cannot get away, at all events rest—stay quietly in bed for one or two mornings, go off for the afternoon, so as gradually to recoup the effort of the Mission.

To a Priest of his Diocese who had completely broken down in health after an attack of scarlet fever

S. Remo: February 9, 1899.

If you could afford it, four months' quiet reading and prayer for part of the day might do you a world of good, while you listened on Sundays to other voices than your own, like those which you would hear in London all through Lent.

To a Priest writing to him in doubt as to whether he had done right in leaving one charge in the Diocese for another

Pitfour: January 15, 1902.

Never look back on what is decided. I believe the decision was entirely according to the will of God, but in any case our motto is 'Forgetting the things that are behind.'

To a Priest who had been Diocesan Secretary for the Pan-Anglican Congress and who had to undergo a serious operation in November 1907.

Feu House, Perth: December 2.

I heartily rejoice in the good news that you are back at your house and amongst your own people.

[1] A Mission had recently been held in the place.

It is a very real thanksgiving with me, as it will be, I know, with numbers who value your work throughout the Church.

Pan-Anglican Thankoffering.

In my diocese the offerings are to be unappropriated *unless* they are ear-marked.

There seems a real movement beginning in the diocese. A lifelong experience has taught me that at *very* important times some one who cares about the work has to be taken apart, not so much to pray as to suffer, to fill up τὰ ὑστερήματα τῶν παθημάτων [1] of our Lord. So I believe it has been with you, dear C.

The Rev. H. W. Dennis, Principal of St. John's College, Battersea, writes :

Some ten years ago the Bishop came over to consecrate the little church at Lochearnhead, and stopped at Stronvar, the house of Mr. Carnegie . . . and I remember so well how in the morning, before breakfast, at Family Prayers, the Bishop, who conducted them and spoke a few words, had something of special value for everybody. It was a large August house party, containing a good many men gathered for shooting, &c., and yet, in the most wonderful way, he contrived, I know, to say just the thing that was wanted for each of us. Later on in the day he drove over with me to Lochearnhead, where the few clergy who could be got together in the neighbourhood met him to share in a service, and he had us all down on our knees with some stirring prayer and message before we went out to our service. . . .

A priest in the diocese of Aberdeen writes to say that when the see of Aberdeen was vacant it fell to the Primus to consecrate a burying-ground high up on a hillside.

We—the Primus, his chaplain, and myself as the local priest—robed in a little cabin. Although there was nothing for me to do until the actual witnessing of the deed of consecration, I was not to be idle. Before starting, the Primus turned to me and said, ' You, my son, will give yourself unto prayer.'

Numerous examples might be quoted of his thoughtful courtesy towards all with whom he was connected. It may well

[1] ' That which is behind of the sufferings.'

be supposed that it was extended to those whom he loved best. Mr. Benson says :

When my brother Hugh joined the Roman Church [in 1903], he was instructed to go to Rome, lodge at S. Silvestro, and study for the priesthood. He arranged to leave London on a certain day, and my mother went to see him off. She wrote to the Bishop beforehand, told him what was happening, and asked him to bear her in mind at the time. She went to Charing Cross, said good-bye to Hugh, and the train steamed out of the station, Hugh waving from a window. She turned round, and there was the Bishop, who had been careful not to intrude on the parting. He just came up and took her arm under his own, and said 'I want you only to bear this in mind. If his father would—and he would—have wished Hugh to follow his convictions when he was on earth, how much more in Paradise!' He said no more, but shook hands, with one of his tender and beautiful smiles, and went away in silence.

A few more extracts from Mr. Farquhar's charming diary may still further illustrate various sides of the Bishop's character.

Oct. 12 [1895].—I have just returned from the Representative Church Council in Edinburgh. . . . Our Bishop made several fine speeches. In one, however, he raised much good-humoured laughter at his own expense. He was pleading for some one to offer himself as a Missionary to Chanda [the mission of the Scottish Church in India]. 'That mission,' he said, 'only required for its success an Englishman—I beg your pardon, I mean a Scotchman or an Englishman—at its head.' Soon afterwards his excessive care not to ruffle the susceptibilities of his northern compatriots led him deeper into the mire : 'For,' he went on to say, 'there is another point, upon which I want to lay stress. Whoever offers himself need by no means at first be familiar with the native language spoken in Chanda. His own Engli—I mean Sco—I mean whoever speaks English will do quite well!' But the audience was in fits of laughter by this time. Of course the Bishop took it most good-naturedly.

Nov. 19 [1895].—Mrs. Harper, Kirkcaldy, told me rather a pretty story of the Bishop. He had been taking a Confirmation for them in the evening. After it was over, his host's carriage was waiting to drive him back. But he had forgotten some-

thing in the Parsonage, and ran back for it. Altogether he was in a hurry, and tired. But little Phyllis Harper, aged about five, was lying by this time in her bed, with her door open. Hearing the Bishop's voice, she called out 'Bishop, you've come back to say good-night to me!' Pressed for time though he was, he obeyed the summons and gave the child his blessing, and then insisted on being conducted to her little sister.

Christmas [1896].—The Bishop preached very earnestly at 11 A.M. . . . On the Sunday after Christmas a Presbyterian who had been in the Cathedral exclaimed 'If we had a service like that in one of our churches we'd double our numbers in no time.'

Sept. 17 [1897].—I bicycled up to Birnam with some friends. A candidate who had not been presented in the Cathedral was going to be confirmed—a young lady. We found that there were two others—a gentleman and a stable boy. What especially struck us was that the Bishop took as much care and pains over those three as he would have done over 100. His pastoral staff was carried, and every one could see that he was doing his utmost in the three addresses which he gave.

Sept. 28 [1897].—Diocesan Synod. . . . As usual in his charge, he tried to rouse us up to Christian zeal. It is very good of him that he lets a number of speeches and debates on all sorts of subjects be made before he delivers his charge. It is not every one in his position who would risk being run altogether into a corner like that.

Oct. 25 [1900].—Diocesan Synod. . . . On rising to deliver his charge, the Bishop found he had left it in the hotel. This was rather trying for him, especially as business was finished. He filled up the interval, however, by reading Psalms to us! This he did quite quietly and collectedly, but surely he must have felt inwardly rather 'bothered.' When the charge did arrive, it was an excessively searching call to the clergy to make sure they were not 'withered branches,' fit only to be taken away 'for the burning.'

Jan. 16 [1902].—At a meeting about the 'Black Watch' window in the Cathedral, the Bishop said he had told the ladies they might have any saint they liked in such and such a panel, 'provided that he were a respectable saint.'

Feb. 6 [1906].—On Saturday we had the annual meeting of the Diocesan Council. I thought the Primus was in 'very good form.' He stood up and talked continually the whole day, and

was not infrequently witty—as when one individual asked concerning some new Society, 'Could we have any printed rules of it?' The Primus replied 'Yes! whole volumes of 'em.'

Feb. 9 [1906].—It sometimes passes through my mind that in one point there is a parallel between Bishop Wilkinson's and John Wesley's experiences in Scotland. They both were successful in getting people to come to 'open out their griefs' privately to them in England, but met with a much more reserved response in this connexion north of the Border. On Sunday evening, I hear, when preaching in the Cathedral on 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' he inveighed, not for the first time, against Scottish reserve and pride.

March 31 [1906].—On calling on the Primus to-day and talking over certain financial points connected with the Cathedral, he bade me farewell with the words, 'Don't you worry; that is my privilege!'

To these reminiscences may be appended a few letters written during the years after the Bishop left Truro.

To the Rev. Saltren Rogers, Canon of Truro

34 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.: Dec. 3, 1891.

Thank you for your long and interesting letter. I am sure that the more people realise what is meant by Confirmation, the more difficulty we shall find in getting candidates. Each candidate, however, who really afterwards lives an earnest, devoted life becomes a centre of influence, and is worth twenty ordinary candidates who live after their Confirmation just as they lived before, and bring the whole ordinance into contempt.

To the Mother Julian

St. Mary's Tower, Birnam: May 3, 1893.

Thank you very much for your letter of St. Mark's Day. It was a great pleasure to receive it. All went well on Thursday [1]—as well as possible. Constance is sending you a newspaper account of it. This place is lovely, and every one is more than hearty in their welcome. You can imagine how strange it all is—but there is no doubt that there is plenty to be done, and willing hands to do it. I need not tell you how much my thoughts go back to Truro—and all our blessed days in the Cathedral and

[1] His enthronement at Perth.

at Alverton. There is not one thing in all your work there which, as I look back, I should wish to have been different.

God ever bless you, my dearest Daughter in Christ, and bless the Sisters.

To the same

Parkhill, Blairgowrie, N.B. : May 29, 1893.

Thank you very much for your letter. I write you a few words while waiting for breakfast. I generally spend Sunday away, celebrate at 8 A.M., then at eleven have matins to the third collect, after which I take charge of the service myself. First I preach, leading up to the Confirmation, and instead of the ascription of praise get the congregation to kneel down—first for silence and then for the *Veni* and a collect. Then I speak to the candidates and ask the question—one by one—as I did at Truro—then confirm, sometimes with Scottish, sometimes English office. The former is very beautiful—'John, I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I lay my hands upon thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' and then, as in our Prayer Book, 'Defend, &c.' You know how I used to pause a minute to mark the bestowal of the gift before I said 'Defend'—so I find great blessing in the Scotch words. Then I speak again as of old. In the afternoon I give myself up to the family where I stay, the clergyman's wife, &c., spending it in different ways. Yesterday evening they were not able to go to church, so I gave them a Bible reading to which all the Presbyterian servants came. . . .

To the same

[September 1896.]

. . . You may have heard of the teaching which we have had this week. As I was dressing for dinner I thought how strange it was that as a household we had had no serious accident in a long life, and then I thought 'It is probably the answer to our daily prayers for guarding.' Then I went to dinner ; after soup the servant came in to say the laundry, which joins the house, was on fire. If it had smouldered on and only burst out in the night God only knows the result. As it was, every one turned out, Miss Thesiger working magnificently, and all the girls, Constance included. Fifty men came to help us, &c. For about ten minutes there seemed no hope to any one of saving the house but God heard our prayers. They are all done up, of course, but no permanent bad effects, I hope . . .

Will you pray for a great Mission which Canon Body with five assistant priests is preparing at my old parish of Bishop Auckland? . . . God ever Bless you all. . . .

To Archbishop Benson

St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, N.B. : [? 1894.]

I am indeed thankful that that great anxiety is removed, and that you have found for Natal one whom you know so well as Mr. Baynes. This second letter too of Bishop Macrorie makes it practically sure that the Bishops in South Africa will welcome him heartily, and the laity generally will value, to an extent that is hardly realised in England, any one who comes to them so *directly* from the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . .

What a wonderful day the 16th must have been! It is strange (and yet not strange) how the things for which we have so long watched and hoped come all unexpectedly—as the result of some attack upon the Church. It makes an epoch in the Church's history, that assembly of Convocations and Laity of the two Provinces—and yet how simply and naturally it came about. I was very thankful for the whole line of your own speech. It seemed, if I may say so, just to strike the right note and to lift the entire subject on to a higher platform.

You ask me about the Scottish Church—how it strikes me, &c. It is early days yet to form an opinion. That it is full of difficulties is very clear. That it has a number of really earnest men is also clear. But what is the line which it ought to take in the presence of so many Christian bodies—especially the Established Church—is perplexing. I am watching and thinking, and, please God, after a time I shall see my way more clearly than I do at present.

. . . I wish you were within reach, dearest Archbishop, and that I could have a good talk with you—but perhaps you will come to Scotland in the autumn, which will be delightful. Will you thank Mrs. Benson for her letter? God ever bless and watch over you all.

To the same

Erigmore, Birnam, N.B. : July 30, 1895.

You know how I dislike adding a straw to your heavy burden, but I think that you will feel that I ought to consult you before taking any action with reference to the enclosed letters. The Bishop of Grahamstown has passed through a difficult time, but,

as was manifested at the last Synod, he has won the almost unanimous confidence of his diocese. He has also, in a measure depending upon him, a very important and rapidly increasing Sisterhood. I had moreover opportunity of seeing, when I was in Africa, the value of his deep, broad views and personal influence in the Councils of the Province and the more private conferences of the Bishops. He would be a great loss, yet I can imagine reasons which might make it desirable for him to be succeeded by a new Bishop. Moreover his wife is obliged to be absent for several months with her boys in England, and without her presence he is singularly (if I may use such a word respectfully) helpless. The doctors, moreover, have again and again said that in England he has many years (D.V.) before him of strong, useful work, but that if he remain in Africa he must soon break down. Looking at it from your watch tower, with a view of the whole Anglican Church, should you advise me to write to Lord Salisbury ? . . .

How strange are these elections. One dislikes writing it. It is so easy to interpret the Bible according to one's own fancies, but (2 Chronicles xx. 15–24) there is a strange meaning now in the great Eucharist in St. Paul's, followed by the quiet Collect and ending in the divisions and final discomfiture of those who sought to lay hands on God's Church. May God help the new Government by His Holy Spirit. . . . May God ever bless you and dear Mrs. Benson.

To Miss Macnaghten

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B. : December 19, 1901.

I return [the] letter. I note some things which you can consider and use or not, as you think best. I do not think we ought ever to pray for the Holy Spirit without thanking God that He has been already given to us ; that every good thought of which we are conscious proceeds from Him. Then we can pray with a true heart, and in full assurance of faith for what we all need : namely, a greater manifestation of His power and Presence in us.

Another thing which strikes me in the letter is a large amount of the letter ' I,' which is not the idea of self-denial. For self-denial means to say about ourselves what St. Peter said about our Lord—' I do not know the man.'

Another point is that the Presence of the Holy Spirit is manifested by the fruit of that sacred Presence. The fruit of

the Spirit is charity and obedience to Christ. Our Lord told us we are not to judge. Therefore to say of a person whom she has not seen for years, and who has not published a book since she saw him, that he took the easier road, to externals, &c., does not seem to be Christlike. There is great danger lest Satan, who is still able to come as an angel of light, may fill a soul with an entirely false joy, well knowing that in the long run that soul would do his work by injuring the Church, and protesting against God's truth.

To the Rev. R. T. Saulez

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B. : July 25, 1898.

I quite sympathise with you. There are great difficulties in the Kingdom of God. Amongst these mysteries few are greater than the one to which your letter refers. They seem to come under the class of events in which a strange permission of evil is granted to Satan and the powers of darkness. We are told in the Book of the Revelation that power is given to Satan to make war with the saints of God and *to overcome them.* A holy Bishop . . ., and one of our best laymen . . . ended his life in this way. This temporary aberration of mind has, of course, no effect on their future in the world unseen. To those, however, who mourn their loss, the trial is very great.

God bless and comfort you and guard you from Satan.

To Mrs. Michael Williams

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire, N.B. : Jan. 6, 1900.

I hardly know how to write to you. It is not that I have any doubt that our Lord will help you to bear it bravely in His strength, but it is so terrible a shock for you—so sudden—so unexpected. And your marriage was so ideal—your life so really one, that I can hardly realise that, so far as this world is concerned, the outward and visible tie is broken. I say the outward and visible tie, for, thank God, we are not parted from those whom we have loved in Him. The Blessed Communion of Saints is indeed a mystery—but a mystery the truth of which we realise more and more as the years roll by. Soon after my own sorrow came—when life was rather hard—I was staying near your Devonshire home, and I went out one moonlight night. There was before me a tall tree with many branches, some in the light, some in the shadow. By what I have always felt to be a merciful inspiration from God, I suddenly realised

that all those branches were one and all united to each other. Some were in the light, some in the shadow ; but they all were one as part of the tree. So I saw for life that she whom I loved, who was in the light, was as much one with me, who was left in the shadowland of earth, as we had been one when we were both on earth—as we should be one, when, please God, we were both in the bright land of the Eternal Kingdom. I pray God to give you thoughts like these—thoughts of his peace in that quiet home—spared all the pain of lingering illness, of parting from you all, &c.—just taken quietly into the Home of the Blessed within the Veil. What a blessing it is that his life was so brave, so manly, so outspoken on the side of our Lord. It is a terrible loss to the Church in Cornwall. So very few have his courage, or his influence—but for himself one can only thank God. I am sending you a little book which contains the thoughts which helped me in 1877.[1] Do not take the trouble of answering this letter now, but let me hear some day about you. Meanwhile I pray for you that He who loved you, and loosed you from all your sins in His most Precious Blood, and gave you all this happy married life, may supply all your need till you and Michael are together in the Glorious Kingdom.

God bless and comfort you.

To a lady whose son was in the Boer War.

Feb. 1900.

. . . It is a very difficult time for you. Apart from the great burden which lies upon all of us who care for our country, it is a great strain for you to think of your boy. . . . But, thank God, He does not leave you without counterbalancing blessing. I thought that I observed, when I was at T——, how very close to each other this anxiety had brought you both. Then the development in your boy's character under the pressure of a great responsibility is such a happiness. It is my hope and belief that God our Father will use the silent course of events as His instrument in deepening the character of many of the best and truest who have gone out to Africa. And—once more—it is indeed a blessing that God has, in His mercy, taught you in a measure at any rate to know our Lord, to know how by that great pouring out of His life-blood He has loosed us from the guilt of sin, and by the communication of His life will gradually drive back the death-current of the old nature.

[1] 'The Communion of Saints.'

To Mrs. John Bolitho

Pitfour : Jan. 4, 1901.

Thank you for your letter full of such cheering tidings, and thank you for telling me about the beautiful service.[1] I can picture the sun's rays suddenly lighting up those wonderful figures on the Reredos and the sound of the *Te Deum* rising at the conclusion of the service. It is so blessed also to think of so many of different creeds and characters joining together in that old hymn of praise. It is a sort of forecast of the great reunion which will one day be accomplished, please God, in the world unseen.

God bless you this New Year.

To a lady whose child was ill.

Athæneum, Pall Mall : Feb. 19, 1902.

I am so grieved. It seems so hard to think of anything being the matter with that dear little child, so full of life as she is. But I suppose we have just to begin again in the old way and first to submit our will—' God is in Heaven, I am on earth; His will be done '—and then to remember that God is *life*, and the giver of life, and that He wishes us to expect life and health until He has made it clear that in any special case this gift is not to be bestowed. So we pray, whatever the doctors may fear, that He, the Giver of life, will give her all the physical life which is needed.

To the wife of an ailing priest

Pitfour, Glencarse : March 19, 1902.

Thank you for your letter. Tell him not to lose heart. I was obliged to resign Truro, but, thank God, equally important work soon opened out after a little interval of rest. Ask him to dwell upon all that I said to him at Perth. . . .

God bless you both.

To her husband

April 12, 1902.

I think you are right in what you say in your last letter as to the importance of confession of sin and remembrance of the Atonement. Two points, however, occur to me :

1. There are times when it is dangerous to dwell upon the *realisation* of the Atonement. When a man is ill, as you are, to try and *realise* the Atonement is like the effort which a man

[1] In Truro Cathedral at the beginning of the new century.

with a strained arm might make to lift a weight. He would only delay the recovery of the injured limb.

2. While you are ill, you ought not to *dwell* upon your sins. If one comes into your mind, just acknowledge it, then and there, and *at once* hide yourself under the shadow of the great rock. . . . I fancy that you would find it a help to go more frequently than usual to Confession—only *never* to prepare for it, except very shortly an hour or two before you go.

To the same

January 15, 1904.

I need not tell you how I feel for you. I now only write a word, with one or two commonplace suggestions which might be of use:

1. About having as much exercise as your wife thinks you are physically able to undertake. This I imagine you are doing already, and are a good deal out in the open air.

2. When you get into bed, to turn off your mind altogether from religious subjects, and fix your thoughts upon any place which you have seen in your travels, or of which you have read—something in fact which is entirely secular. Sometimes this is a help.

To the wife

Jan. 18, 1907.

I am wondering how dear E —— is, so write a line to inquire. I trust that you have a good report to give. And when you write, you will tell me about yourself. . . .

Things are going on, thank God, very well with us, but there is a great deal to do before the work which has to be done in Scotland has been accomplished.

What a wonderful season Epiphany is—not merely for its more obvious teaching, but for the thought that, all unseen by us, our Lord really lives—very near to us—able at any moment to withdraw the thin veil which hides Him from us and to reveal Himself to us as He did to St. Stephen, St. John, and others.

Jan. 30, 1907.

It is indeed cheering to hear such a good report of dear E——. The one difficulty now is to prevent his taking advantage of a few good days to try and do more than he can really manage. It must be slow progress, no overstrain for a while—and then, please God, he will gain more power every year. If he overstrains, then almost immediately follows depression, &c.

I am not surprised at what you tell me about yourself. It is a sad mystery, but it is inevitable, and *our Lord understands.* All the long years in which your mind and spirit have been strained must find you out. The best remedy, I think, is :

1. To thank God for everything that you can find for which to be thankful.

2. To have *short* prayers, &c.

3. During Lent to put down on paper any sin which troubles you, confess it and *leave* it, but concentrate your thoughts (not minding if they wander) upon our Lord. Look all Lent, not at the wounds, but at the Brazen Serpent.

I need not say that if the fight got too hard for you, and you were able to leave him, I would gladly see you in London.

To the Rev. C. M. Saunders

Feu House, Perth : January 15, 1907.

It is delightful to see your handwriting, with all the memories which it brings of the days that are gone. How often do I think of the time when you were almost passing away, and we knelt round your bedside the morning after my Margaret was born ! How wonderfully God raised you up, and how all your life He has watched over you ! . . .

How difficult it is to wake up good high-principled men to the true ideal of life ! I so well understand what you feel about ——. I suppose that really our power is limited to intercession. It is only the Holy Spirit, the Giver of life, who can recreate a soul, and those who are good and high-principled are often longest in coming like little children to the foot of the Cross. . . .

God bless you, dear Saunders.

CHAPTER V

THE PRIMUS AND HIS WORK

Bishop Kelly of Moray and Ross had for some time been in failing health, and in 1904 felt himself obliged to resign, first the Primacy of the Scottish Church which he had held for a time since the death of Bishop Jermyn of Brechin, and then his see. There was probably little doubt among the Scottish Bishops as to whom they should elect to succeed him as Primus. On June 30 an Episcopal Synod was held in the new Chapter House of St. Ninian's. Mr. Farquhar wrote in his diary :

Most of the Bishops' business was done in private. . . . On returning to the Chapter House, we found it still closed to the public, but we were soon admitted, when lo and behold ! St. Andrews was in the chair, and the Clerk announced that he had been elected Primus ! I then went to the Post Office and sent off several telegrams. If only our Bishop is granted health and strength, he will make an admirable Primus, and, with a Provincial Synod on the Laity question coming on, he will have some scope. The mere fact of his acceptance, I trust, means that he has some confidence in his own health.

The election was unanimous.

In an affectionate letter to the new Primus, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles (Chinnery-Haldane) says :

I was very thankful for the way everything went. Don't you think the Bishop of Aberdeen presided admirably, in spite of his infirmities ? I was very glad that his idea as to the method of the election was carried out. It may prevent (after our time) the possibility of painful scenes, such as, I fear, have been witnessed in the past. But on *this* particular occasion I wished, as there was no rivalry, that it might have gone out to

the public, in some formal way, that your election was unanimous. I hope, however, this will be known.

To the Bishop himself the election gave great joy. He felt deeply the honour of having the supreme oversight of so venerable a Church. It was to him not only a token of the feelings of his brother Bishops towards him, but also a fresh proof of his acceptance with his Divine Master, who had found him faithful in a few things and made him ruler over many.

The joy was felt in unexpected quarters.

I was somewhat amused, Mr. Farquhar says, to hear from Rev. H. Hardy that when my telegram announcing that our Bishop had been elected Primus arrived in Burntisland, the masons and labourers, hardly any of whom could have been Church people, broke out into a loud cheer!

The cheers were echoed from Cornwall:

It was such a joy to us all, writes a Cornish lady, to hear from the Chancellor, in his speech for prize-giving at the Training College last Saturday, that the Scottish Episcopal Church had elected you to be Primus. We felt that, as he said, it must comfort you for all you had to relinquish here in the past, to know that the Providence of God had spared you for this important work.

They were echoed from America. The Presiding Bishop (Tuttle) wrote:

We of America owe to the Scottish Church our very life; and I want to show a little of the gratitude lying deep in my own heart by sending love and welcome and thanks and good cheer and God speed to you as Primus.

Delahay Street, on behalf of Missions throughout the world, re-echoed them in characteristic fashion:

DEAR PRIMUS,—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! That is all I need say—and I have kept even this back for fear of being accessory to the death of your postman. I hope the poor fellow keeps well.

Yours affly,
H. H. MONTGOMERY (Bp.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had known him intimately since the time of Archbishop Tait, wrote from Lambeth :

My dearest Friend,— . . . We do indeed thank God that now the Church in Scotland has, as its chief, one who is so closely in touch with us all, and is held in such reverence as among the wisest of our counsellors and friends. To me personally the joy and thankfulness are deep indeed. May our great *Pastor pastorum* grant to you in yet richer measure the treasure of His guidance and grace. I had of course hoped for it, but I knew nothing as to what was likely.

Our talk on that Sunday in the garden here has remained fruitfully in my memory, as indeed talks with you always do, and I humbly thank God that He has allowed me the high privilege of your friendship. Be sure that I shall now venture to trespass upon it more than ever. . . .

Your affectionate and grateful,
Randall Cantuar.

Although there had been signs of ill-health, which made the Bishop hesitate for a moment when he was first sounded on the subject of the Primacy, there was no real doubt possible. He as usual consulted friends who were acquainted with the state of things in Scotland, like Mr. Coles and Mr. Holland. They strongly advised him to accept the position, and to cut down some of his work elsewhere—a thing which was made possible through the generous kindness of Bishop Richardson.

Curiously enough it was the first time—so the erudition of Mr. Farquhar discovered—that a Bishop of St. Andrews had ever been Primus, since the time when the system of a floating headship began. Chancellor Worlledge, who had been so great a stay to the Bishop in his episcopate at Truro, hoped that it might be a favourable moment for anchoring the headship.

I am glad, he wrote, that the office should have returned to the ancient metropolitical see while you hold it, and I should hope that the election may lead to a restoration of the office of Archbishop of St. Andrews and Metropolitan, which one would think would be to the benefit of the Church in Scotland. I trust, anyhow, that you may be spared to take your seat as Primus of the Scottish Church in the Lambeth Conference of 1907.

The duties will not, I think, be very heavy, and with God's blessing I trust that you may see a considerable advance in the Church's life alike in depth and in breadth (in a true sense) while you hold this office.

The Bishop himself had entertained similar thoughts—assuredly with no personal desire for titles—though for obvious reasons he does not seem especially to have striven to affix the Primacy to the see which he held. He wrote to the Bishop of Glasgow on September 7, 1904 :

I want to hand over to you a matter which I can no longer touch. At the last Lambeth Conference we unanimously agreed that it was important for all Provinces to get into line with the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church by appointing Archbishops, &c. On this recommendation South Africa, and even Jamaica, have acted. I have pressed it again and again upon the Bishops of the Scottish Church ; but they have shrunk from it. I can of course no longer touch it, so I hand it over to you to make up your mind on the subject, and at such times and seasons as you think best to bring it forward. If the Bishops saw their way, the next Provincial Synod would be a suitable opportunity for bringing it before the Church. No one has a stronger idea than I have as to the value of a National Church, but there is a danger in Scotland lest we should yield too much to our love of being different from other people in our nomenclature. After all, the Catholic Church is wider than Scotland.

Nothing, as yet, has come of this suggestion. It may be that the restoration of the ancient hierarchy is to wait until the accomplishment of other designs for which the new Primus cared infinitely more—when Archbishops of St. Andrews and perhaps Glasgow may rule over a much less divided Scotland.

One of the things which it fell to Bishop Wilkinson's lot as Primus to bring through was a long-deferred piece of legislation regarding the rights and powers of the Laity in the Church of Scotland. The constitution of that Church has only been gradually evolved. The main governing body, consisting of the General or Provincial Synod, is composed of two houses, the Bishops, and Presbyters specially elected for that Synod, with

a few others *ex officio*. Any alteration in the Canons by which the Church is governed requires to be passed by a majority in both houses.

Before the middle of the last century the Scottish laity appear to have had no recognised part in the government of affairs, but in 1852 a letter from Mr. Gladstone to Bishop Skinner made a great stir, in which he urged the injustice and unwisdom of keeping the laity in such a position. Ten years later, in 1862–3, representatives of the laity were admitted to vote in the election of Bishops, and in 1876 a Representative Church Council was formed to deal with matters of finance and external administration. In the controversial labours which led to this development Bishop Wilkinson's eminent predecessor in the see of St. Andrews took—at any rate among those of his own order—a principal share. It was not in Bishop Wilkinson's character to fall behind in such a matter. He had always thrown himself upon the laity at St. Peter's and at Truro, and earlier also, and had not done it in vain. He always urged upon the clergy the importance of delegating as much of their work as possible to competent hands—not only because it was good for the clergy thus to gain time for reflexion and prayer, but because it was good for the laity to be so trusted. He would say, laughingly, 'It is one of my principles never to do a thing myself if I can get somebody else to do it for me.' Nor was he at all jealous with regard to the subjects with which the laity were to deal. While never underrating the sacred authority with which the presbyter and the bishop are charged, he had always recognised the great interests of the laity in matters of teaching and manners of worship, and was very ready that those interests should be expressed in synodical action.

A series of extracts from Mr. Farquhar's diary will again give a conspectus of the movement during Bishop Wilkinson's Scotch episcopate in a more vivid way than a mere summary would do :

Oct. 13, 1900.—As a preliminary to the meetings of the Representative Church Council in Edinburgh, a conference was held, at which the whole question of the lay claims was once

more reopened, after a quiescence of about a quarter of a century. They found a distinguished advocate in the Bishop of Salisbury, who preached in St. Mary's Cathedral. The conference also discussed our Bishop's Temperance scheme.

June 21, 1901.—Finding of the 'Laity Committee' published, in which it is proposed that the Representative Church Council, which is at present strictly financial, should have power given it to discuss all kinds of questions.

Nov. 30, 1901.—The Bishop told me that he had just come from the meetings of the Episcopal Synod in Edinburgh, and that they had resolved that the Bishops are to yield the request of the laity to discuss (without power to legislate, however, doctrinal and other canonical questions in the Representative Church Council. This, I expect, will be an historical point in the Church's annals in Scotland.

Before this resolve was acted upon, it was determined to take the sense of the different Diocesan Synods.

Jan. 2, 1902.—The year has opened with one of the best debates we have ever had in the Diocesan Synod. The question was the proposed admission of the laity to further powers of discussing non-financial questions. I moved the acceptance of the 'Laity Committee's' suggestion, which is that the Representative Church Council should be allowed under certain conditions to discuss such matters. I said I was opposed to granting the laity legislative powers *equal* to those of the Bishops and clergy, but that I thought they were entitled to some recognised means of expressing their opinions. I carried my first motion, to the effect that we were in favour of giving the laity some additional powers. But I was beaten (11 to 8) on the proposal that this additional grant should take the form of new powers to the Representative Church Council. I thought that by letting the laity discuss matters in the financial councils, which have no legislative powers, we should best get exactly what we wanted, but our Synod held that we ought to associate them somehow with the Synods. All very well, but this 'somehow' is the crux; and when, after their victory over me, they took in hand to define it, they got into such a fog that the Bishop adjourned the meeting till after Easter, and appointed a committee to consider the matter in the meantime. To console me for my defeat, he said, 'Never mind, we are only at the beginning.'

Unfortunately Mr. Farquhar has not given us in detail his impressions of the second meeting of the Diocesan Synod, held on Wednesday, April 16. The Bishop there, before calling upon Mr. Meredith, the protagonist against the former scheme, to propose the new resolutions of the committee which had been appointed, explained briefly his own position.

I regard it as my duty, he said, to suspend my own judgment as to which of the alternative schemes should be adopted, until, in consultation with my brother Bishops, I have considered the resolutions of the various Diocesan Synods. So far as possible, also, I desire to-day entirely to keep out of sight my own opinions, and simply, as chairman, to help my Synod to express as clearly as possible its judgment on the important matter which is now laid before it. I need not repeat at length what I have already said at a former Synod, that whatever variety of opinion may exist in the minds of different members of the Synod, as to the course which in this special matter it is best to adopt, the entire Synod is agreed in recognising the debt which the Church owes to its laity, and the change which has been effected in the condition of the Church through the action of those who were the first founders of the Representative Church Council. No one who is accustomed to be present, as many of us are, at the various board meetings of the Representative Church Council can fail to be struck with the earnest purpose, the steadfast perseverance, the loyalty to the Church, which is manifested by those on whom the burden of this important work is laid.

Notwithstanding his resolve to keep his own opinions out of sight, he nevertheless contrived to put some pungent criticisms into the form of questions which he thought it 'important for the mover of the resolutions to make clear to the Synod.' He was himself busily engaged in gathering information from all parts of the globe concerning the position of the laity in various Churches, and asking in private the opinions of theologians and men of judgment in many quarters.

On May 22, 1902, Mr. Farquhar wrote :

We have had our third special Diocesan Synod on the Lay Question to-day, and at last have reached an end—a most indefinite

end of this state of discussion. It has completely baffled them to define the 'somehow' of that connexion with the Synods which they want to give to the laity. In the first special Synod of Jan. 2 they accepted the principle proposed by me that the laity should have some additional powers. But they rejected my second motion to the effect that we should accept the 'Laity Committee's' proposal to keep the laity outside the legislative Synods, but allow them to discuss whatever they chose in their already existing financial councils. Under Canon Meredith's pilotage they voted that the laity should be admitted into the Synods. But how? At our second special Synod we were equally divided for and against giving them an equal vote with the clergy in the Diocesan Synods. To-day Canon Winter, seconded by me, proposed that they should be admitted to the Diocesan Synods, with the vote, but on the understanding that the Diocesan Synods are not, strictly speaking, legislative and that the laity should not be represented in the General (or Provincial) Synod. This I thought would give them the enlarged powers which they are seeking, but not an *equal* power with the Bishops and clergy—and something of that kind is what we ought to aim at. However, our Synod to-day voted equally for and against this motion, so that our three long Synods have resulted in hardly anything but revealing to ourselves what a difficult question it is. The Bishop is certainly somewhat disappointed. He had hoped that his Synod would give an example not only of hard work and good feeling (which they have done) but also of light and leading (which they certainly have not done).

Sept. 22, 1902.—We are certainly in for a revival of the Lay Question in the Scottish Church! The Diocesan Synods have now all been consulted, and upon the whole the balance of their findings is in favour of granting more power to the laity, but in condemnation of the 'Laity Committee's' scheme for doing so, i.e. allowing the Representative Church Council to discuss matters other than financial. Upon this the Primus (Kelly) declared his intention of ascertaining (by asking itself) whether the Representative Church Council wanted the proposed addition to its powers or not. This proposal has produced considerable excitement, protests, &c., &c. However, supported by the majority of the Bishops, the Primus sticks to his guns. . . . I do not look forward to the meeting of the Representative Church Council in Dundee next week. I am afraid feeling will run

high. God guide the ship of the Church safely through the storm.

Oct. 15, 1902.—Well, the Lay Question has decidedly gone a step forward to-day. The Representative Church Council is meeting in Dundee. Much to my surprise, after all the protests, letters to the Editor, &c., &c., against the unconstitutionalism of the step, when the Primus announced that he was going to lay the matter before the Council, we settle quietly down, as a matter of course, to the consideration of the question. Mr. Spens moved the motion in favour of making the Council the vehicle of the enlarged lay powers. It was lost by 150 to 128. The Primus's question had been asked, and the answer was that the Council did not want the additional powers. This vote will certainly make things much easier for the Bishops in preparing the business for the coming Provincial Synod. They can drop the proposal to give the Representative Church Council additional powers, without putting the least slight upon that powerful body.

March 6, 1903.—I have had a great honour conferred on me by the Bishop after taking the advice of the Synod. I have been put upon the Commission which the Bishops have established for devising a scheme to settle the lay claims. After all that has happened, I cannot say that I have got 'light' as to the method by which the laity ought to receive further power.

March 19, 1903.—The Bishops' Commission held their first meeting in our Chapter House to-day.

June 30, 1904.—To-day an Episcopal Synod has been held in our Chapter House . . . Mr. Reid, K.C., who has been Chairman of the Laity Committee, presented our Report to the Bishops.

It was at this Synod that the Bishop of St. Andrews was elected Primus, and became responsible for the chief conduct of the matter.

Sept. 30, 1904.—During the last two days the Scottish Bishops have been meeting in Conference in our Chapter House. They have had a great many important matters to consider, among which were the Report of the Laity Commission; the Christian Unity movement; the Temperance Question, &c. Their deliberations were in private, and I do not know to what conclusions they came, except that I gather they have resolved

substantially to accept the proposals of the Laity Committee. This alone would make it a notable gathering. . . . At night we dined with the Primus. Notwithstanding the day's labours, he looked uncommonly well.

Oct. 27, 1905.—Meeting of the Provincial Synod in Edinburgh. The work done by this meeting of the legislative body of the Scottish Church was very important, i.e. to create according to the recommendation of the Bishops' Laity Commission the new body known as the Consultative Council, of which lay delegates were to be members along with the Bishops and clergy, with power to discuss and make recommendations to the Episcopal Synod on all manner of questions.

After the service in the Cathedral the Primus constituted the Synod. . . . The Bishops then in their scarlet robes proceeded to the Library. Alas! there were only five of them, for the vacancy continues in Aberdeen, and a gloom was cast over the Synod by the news that Argyll (Chinnery-Haldane) was lying at the point of death in Torpichen Street. . . .

After lunch we went back to the Synod. Before long, in came the Bishops' Clerk, asking for a conference between the Clerical and the Episcopal Chambers. So we all crowded into the Library, in our black cassocks, confronting the scarlet and white of the Bishops. The Primus told us in polite and gentle language that their Lordships were very much surprised at our treatment of the Representative Church Council, and told us to go back and reconsider the matter in the light of what the Bishop of Moray would say. A. J. Moravien then made a long speech.

The final scene took place on the third day in the Library, where the Primus and the Prolocutor signed the two new Canons. A committee for printing them was then appointed, of which I was made a member. This honour I expect I owe entirely to the fact that I live near the Primus and it will be handy for him to have a member of committee close beside him.

We returned to Perth by the same train as the Primus. When I spoke to him in Perth station he said he was dead tired.

Dec. 15, 1905.—I have been in Edinburgh attending the meeting of the committee appointed by the Provincial Synod for the printing of the Canons. Only the Primus, the Dean of Edinburgh, Mr. Wood, and myself were present. The Dean

and Mr. Wood did all the talking and the work. I was amused to see the Primus diplomatically maintaining silence on the questions of royalties, quality of paper, printers' bills, &c. I too was trying to look as wise as silence could make me—a sort of understudy to the Primus. At the end he said he would send out a Pastoral on the Provincial Synod to his diocese, and asked me to draw out a conspectus of the legislation.

June 13, 1906.—First meeting of the Consultative Council, but alas! the Primus has not been able to preside. Canon Winter tells me that he has had to undergo an operation, wherever it is in Austria that he is staying.

A second matter in which Bishop Wilkinson took a leading part was the promotion of the cause of Temperance. In earlier days he had not had to deal very actively with the vice of drunkenness. Cornwall was not a drunken county, and Eaton Square was not a drunken neighbourhood. There were already large and flourishing organisations in the English Church to deal with the evil, and there was an abundance of zealous workers. In Scotland, for one reason or another, the Bishop felt compelled to take the question up. At the meeting of the Representative Church Council at Dundee in October 1898, he said:

I will remind you that though Scotland is not worse than other places, there are terrible evils with which we have to contend. In my Synod last week the Dean of my Diocese rose up to tell us that as he walked through the most beautiful parts of our diocese he found strong men . . . lying by the side of the road, in numbers, in helpless intoxication. I would remind you that I speak of the things I know. In one important town of which I have cognisance, where a great work is going on for God and for His Church, there is beneath the surface an amount of evil and of impurity of which I dare not trust myself to speak. We have a small committee of men, wise in understanding, and they failed for two years . . . to find the reality of the facts by which we were confronted; and then, as has been so often the case, . . . a few poor, weak women went to live in a back street in that town, and they went from house to house, and the facts which they ascertained were these: young girls, fourteen and fifteen years of age, in numbers, were steeped in every kind of impurity and intemperance; and on the last

night of the year the houses were left untenanted, as the inhabitants were all bringing in the New Year. . . . in the streets drinking. The only way in which the poor children who were left behind could be saved from being made drunk themselves was by these devoted women going from seven o'clock at night until eight in the morning, and sitting up with them, amusing them and talking to them, so that they might have some way of interesting them, as the parents had locked the door and taken the keys, and there was no other place but the streets in which these children could live for the night.

The 'Scottish Guardian' took up this utterance of the Bishop's, and urged the formation of a Temperance Society for Scotland on a basis similar to that of the Church of England Temperance Society. It asked:

What is our Scottish Branch of the Church Catholic, in her corporate capacity, doing to try and stem this tide of intemperance? . . . It is all very well to have our congregational guilds—and all honour to those congregations where they do exist—but we want something more. At present these isolated guilds are like a rope of sand—there is no cohesion, no unity; we need to be brought into line. . . . We trust that the words of the Bishop of St. Andrews will not be lost sight of and forgotten, but that they will bring forth fruit in the formation of a strong Christian public opinion which will take some practical shape.

The Bishop returned to the charge more fully at the meeting of the same body at Aberdeen the autumn after. 'Our Bishop,' wrote Mr. Farquhar, 'roused things up by pleading for the Church undertaking Temperance work more heartily.' [1]

The ablest and most rousing speech of the day, said the 'Scottish Guardian,' was that of the Bishop of St. Andrews, who moved a motion urging the Home Mission Board to consider the question of intemperance in Scotland. The Bishop drew a touching picture of the miseries caused by excessive drinking, and concluded with an eloquent appeal to the Council to take some practical step in forwarding temperance work.

The point, the Bishop said, which was making him most afraid for their future was that, as far as he could judge, there

[1] *Diary*, October 14, 1899.

was growing up amongst them an indifference to the subject. Fathers and mothers did not seem to be so much ashamed of being drunkards as they used to be. They did not seem to shrink from sharing the drink with their children, so that they also would grow up intemperate. It was no longer, he thought, only silly schoolboys who laughed at the poor drunkard. He had in his mind the picture of the little children taught to lie because they had to stand at the door and say that father and mother are away, because father and mother were unable to speak or move, being below the level of the beasts that perish. . . . He said he knew the difficulties ; he thought they were such that they ought to commit the question to their Home Mission Board to see what they could do, with their limited means—whether they could do anything effective themselves, or whether it would be better to merge their efforts in other efforts that were being made.

The result was that the Council determined to appoint a special committee to deal with the question.

In November 1900 the Bishop said to his Diocesan Synod :

That which we failed to effect as a diocese will, I trust, now be accomplished by the larger organisation of the Representative Church Council. A committee has been appointed, of clergy and laity, to whom is entrusted the care of this important subject. You will probably be asked in different ways to assist them in their work, and I hope that that assistance will not be asked in vain. . . . Unless we have lost all faith in the sanctity of the human body, consecrated as it has been for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit ; unless the fire of patriotism has died out in our hearts so that we can be indifferent to that power of evil which is destroying some of our best and noblest sons, which is crowding our prisons and asylums with its unhappy victims, which is breaking up the peace of many a home, . . . unless (which God forbid) we are indifferent to all these evils which are being wrought on every side by intemperance, we shall surely respond with alacrity to the call of our Church, . . . and do what in us lies, privately and publicly, to efface the stigma which now attaches to this fair country of ours.

He was very willing to co-operate with good men of all persuasions in the furtherance of this great cause. Lord Peel,

in the March of 1901, came down to Edinburgh to speak at a 'Scottish National Conference' with a view to Legislative Temperance Reform for Scotland, on the basis of the famous 'Minority Report' of the Royal Commission over which he had presided. It was a great meeting, in which representatives of all the leading religious bodies in Scotland took part. The Bishop of St. Andrews was the only Bishop present at it. He spoke both at the afternoon meeting and at an overflow meeting in the evening. The former speech was a directly religious address, after his manner, on loyalty to Christ, self-sacrifice and charity, and power from on high. In the evening he went somewhat more into detail in regard to the proposed legislation.

In October of that year he brought up at the Representative Church Council the Report of the Temperance Committee which had been appointed the year before. He said that

there were two principles by which they had been actuated. First, they had not attempted to wage any warfare against the temperate and right use of alcohol. They had only battled with the wrong use of it, and he thought it was important that that should be appreciated in order that the breadth of their platform might be clearly understood. They desired to enlist in co-operation with them all who cared for the temperance of the great Empire to which they belonged. They asked not, they desired not, to interfere with their own individual rights, their own responsibilities. Some, they believed, were called for their own sake, or more even perhaps for the sake of others, to be total abstainers. Others had no such call, and were able to render to them most valuable services by rallying round the banner which had lately been uplifted in this Scotland of theirs on behalf of temperance. The next principle upon which they had endeavoured to act was that they had taken what he believed to be a true and a broad view of the needs of men, and they had appointed a large number of committees to deal with such subjects as the circulation of interesting and healthy literature, the general elevation of public opinion, the housing of the poor and providing for them counter attractions, so that they might not merely ask a man not to drink more than he ought, but might give him something which would provide for him that reasonable recreation which he had a right to ask from those who

intended to represent to him the Lord Jesus Christ. The recommendations that they brought before the Council were very simple. There was, he thought, only one upon which there was likely to be much difference of opinion. It would involve that a Temperance Committee be added to the objects for which funds were raised under the direction of the Council. They asked that a committee should be appointed annually by this Council to watch over and organise temperance work, and, when deemed advisable, to co-operate with other temperance organisations. They asked next that the services of an agent, who might be described as temperance organiser, should be engaged. He would be appointed by the committee, and his salary would be paid out of any funds which might be placed at their disposal for the promotion of temperance work. He believed it had been the experience of all temperance societies that something of this kind was required. They asked next that they should be authorised to raise funds for temperance work, and should have a discretionary power in the disposal of such funds, and it would be their joy and their privilege to report annually to the Council. There might perhaps be a difference of opinion as to how far it was right to give to this committee the power of co-operating with other organisations, and in fact of taking a somewhat independent line during the next twelve months. He would not anticipate the difficulties that might be urged, but he would submit to the Council that at this moment there was a great wave of public opinion flowing over Scotland in the direction of temperance. It was impossible, he thought, for anyone to be present at the conference which was held in Edinburgh in the earlier part of the year without being struck by the number of persons occupying important positions who came forward with real courage, stating that they were prepared to sacrifice the cherished opinions of many years in order that before they died they might have the power by co-operation of securing certain reforms which they felt would be for the good of their fatherland. He could not help thinking that if the committee were strengthened by some who commanded the complete confidence of the Council, not only for their good faith, but for their wisdom and restraint, and for not acting on impulse, they might for the next twelve months trust the committee, who would report to the Council at the end of the year what they had been allowed to do. It was really, in his judgment, very important that they should not lose time. If he remem-

bered rightly, the Methodists, at their Ecumenical Council, put this question of drink in the foreground. Cardinal Vaughan at his Roman Catholic Conference did the same. The Established Church, the United Free Church, all took the same line, that temperance was a burning question, and he greatly desired that they, with their long history behind them, and, please God, their glorious future before them, should do likewise.

The following year he performed a similar office. In submitting his Report, he said

it had been impossible for them to deal with many of those subjects brought before the Council at their meeting in 1900. As yet they had not been able to touch on such questions as literature, social advancement, housing of the poor, counter attractions, and so forth. They had made their report as brief as possible, that it might not occupy more time than was necessary. They had gathered together a certain amount of money—very little, strangely inadequate for the work that was intrusted to them. They had succeeded in finding one who was recommended to them as singularly fitted for the work of temperance organisation, one who would now be at the disposal of the Church, ready to help in every parish, anxious not to interfere with any work already going on, but in the simplest and humblest manner to further what was being attempted in the Church. They proposed to ask the Bishops towards the end of the year to recommend the clergy to call the attention of the people at the latter end of Advent to the terrible evils, with which they were all familiar, which gathered round Christmas and the beginning of the New Year. These were the chief points on which he need touch. As they observed in the report, they had not forgotten their instructions to co-operate with other temperance organisations, taking great care not to commit the Council to anything they had done. They had sent two of their members on to the committee of the Scottish Legislative Board in order to be in touch with the great movement some time ago inaugurated in Edinburgh. For two years they had pleaded with this Church, with all its glorious memories and all its marks of God's presence and blessing, that they should endeavour to remove this, one of the greatest evils by which their national life was dishonoured. It was indeed a great subject, and they desired to work on the largest and widest basis, to gather round

them not only total abstainers, but those who with restrained habits could co-operate with them and help them to grapple with this great power of evil with which they were confronted. To the nation this was of importance. What must it be to those who believed that every one of those poor degraded creatures they saw from time to time reeling about and falling at the railway stations were those whom God Almighty had chosen in order that they might be baptized into the Body of His dear Son, so that they might be redeemed by that most precious Blood, and made partakers of the Divine life, and receive into their inmost being the life of God Himself; and what must it be to God to see that high purpose frustrated? So they went on faithfully, trustfully, hopefully, because they worked not by might or power, but in dependence on the Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Giver of life.

He kept on at it with the diocese.

The Bishop, Mr. Farquhar writes on November 5, 1902, has had a great Temperance day at the Cathedral. We had six services and four sermons: by the Bishop himself, the Bishop of Glasgow (Harrison), Canon Rowland Ellis, and the Provost. He has after much labour got a Temperance Board appointed by the Representative Church Council. Somehow our Church is very hard to move in this matter.

On November 30, 1905:

Last night we had a great Temperance meeting in the Masonic Hall. It was an outcome of the Primus's effort to stir the whole Church on that question. He has taken enormous pains for some years, but only with partial success. We had several hundreds present, and a capital speech from Mr. Eardley Wilmot.

The outcome of the meeting was the establishment of local Temperance Societies at the Cathedral and the Watergate Mission.

The Primus continued to be the mainspring of the action of the Temperance Committee to the last.

CHAPTER VI

THE MISSION OF HELP

THE history of the 'Mission of Help to the Church in South Africa' has been published by a skilled and sympathetic hand. Dr. A. W. Robinson, Vicar of All Hallows Barking, in his book on the subject,[1] says :

For the beginning of the movement which led to the 'Mission of Help' we have to go back to the year 1892. In that year Bishop Wilkinson, who for reasons of health had resigned the bishopric of Truro, was spending some months in South Africa. While in Capetown he was the guest of Sir Henry and Lady Loch at Government House. Under the shadow of Table Mountain they talked much of the importance of strengthening and vitalising the ties between the Home country and the Colonies, and of the sacrifices which might have to be made to bring this about. Years passed, and then came the war. Lord Loch had died, but his widow took up, as a sacred legacy from her husband, the duty of caring for South Africa. She reminded the Bishop of their former talks, and begged him to see whether something might not be done to send help to the Church in South Africa. The Bishop acknowledges that at first he shrank from the task. By degrees, however, it seemed that someone ought to go forward. He wrote to the Archbishop of Capetown, and asked whether the Church of South Africa really needed and desired such assistance as the Church in this country might be ready to render.

The answer was made when on August 24, 1900, the Bishops of the Province of South Africa gathered in Synod and adopted the following resolutions :

The Archbishop and Bishops of the Church of the Province of South Africa desire to offer to the Bishop of St. Andrews their most cordial thanks for his interest in the spiritual welfare

[1] Longmans, Green & Co., 1906.

of the Church in these parts, and accept with heartfelt gratitude his proposal to make arrangements that an organised body of clergy should come from the Mother country on a Mission of special service to the Church of this Province. In their judgment such a Mission would be likely to result in great and lasting good to the Church of Christ, and would be a very material help at the present crisis.

The Bishops thus formally expressed to Bishop Wilkinson their desire that he should take the matter in hand and act for them in making all needed preliminary arrangements. 'It is not too much to say that, generally speaking, the good success of the work has been chiefly due to him. It was he alone who possessed himself, primarily, of the ideal he set before us. He alone could have succeeded in impressing it upon others by the steady persistence of his spiritual vision. He alone could be accepted in trust both by the Church at home and by the Church in South Africa—to which he was personally known—as an authoritative organ through which the act of communion between Church and Church could unreservedly take place.' [1]

Bishop Wilkinson, Lady Loch says, stayed some weeks at Government House, Capetown, in 1892, and always spoke as if he then recovered from his severe illness and after-state of depression. When he found all the power of influence return, he was in high spirits, like a boy out of school, and in one week helped every sort of Church work that had been hanging back for want of funds. . . . For a whole year after, intercessory services started by Bishop Wilkinson were kept up at the Cathedral. He travelled home with the late Lord Loch, who described his wonderful influence on all the passengers and the power he had of drawing people together.

From that time Bishop Wilkinson was deeply interested in the Church work in South Africa. It was in 1898 that the first 'hint' or 'message' about the need in South Africa of a 'Mission of Help' was made to Lady Loch through the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who said to Lady Loch (when talking about funds for the new cathedral) that there were literally no preachers in Cape Colony who could stir them to get 'a coin out of their pockets.' Lady Loch (in a modified form) sent this message to the Bishop of Capetown, and he answered, it was in a measure true, but they could not afford to give enough funds to obtain

[1] From the Rev. H. Scott Holland's sermon after the Mission.

great preachers as well as good workers. I sent all to Bishop Wilkinson, and during the war we constantly talked of how grand it would be to send great preachers in hopes of healing the wounded feelings of English and Dutch, and to try and get money for many great wants partly caused by the war. No one knows, except those who worked in some way with Bishop Wilkinson, what an amount of trouble he took for two years before the special invitation came from the Bishop of Capetown in Synod at Grahamstown,—incessant prayer to be guided aright about the gigantic task he felt God had sent him to undertake, interviewing every sort of person who could help him, and thinking over the preachers whom he would like to go out and who would work with and help every shade of opinion in South Africa. Bishop Wilkinson often almost broke down with the difficulties of the task, but in answer to earnest united prayer the 'command' always seemed to come that the 'Mission of Help' was to take place.

All was done with solemn deliberation. The definite invitation from Africa came, as has been mentioned, in 1900; but it was arranged by the Bishop and his committee that the main Mission should not take place until 1904. There was much to be done meanwhile. A paper put forth in 1903 gave the following account of proceedings:

The South African War will long be remembered for the sacrifices made by all classes at home and in the Colonies. Physicians, surgeons, and men of business, rich and poor—no less than the Army and Navy—gave of their best to manifest their faith in the unity of the Empire. Wives and mothers parted ungrudgingly with those who were dearer to them than their own life. Nor has the Church been forgetful or unready. Not only have her regular services gone silently forward, but special efforts have been made by individuals and by the body corporate.

Among these efforts is 'The Mission of Help to the Church in South Africa.' In 1900 the South African Church, in Synod assembled, appealed for help to the Church at home. It was generally felt that the stimulus and encouragement which would attend, under God's blessing, the visit to South Africa of a body of clergy, who should bear a message of sympathy from the Church at home, and at the same time take their share

in counsel and effort with those who were labouring to reconcile the divided and calm the feverish unrest of all classes, who should preach and teach throughout the land, and encourage all to rise to a higher level of spiritual life, would be of incalculable benefit to the Church of that great country in her hour of need.

A hearty response was made to this appeal, and after careful consultation with Churchmen of all schools of thought a committee was formed which has been gradually increased. . . .

The Bishop of St. Andrews was naturally Chairman of the Committee, and Archdeacon Bourke was Secretary and Treasurer, assisted by the Rev. Wharton B. Smith, Canon of Grahamstown. Dr. Collins, soon afterwards made Bishop of Gibraltar, took a chief place in drawing up the plan of campaign.

In 1902, the paper went on to say, one Bishop and five clergymen,[1] with the hearty approval of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Primus of the Scottish Church, and the Primate of all Ireland, were sent out as pioneers, and to confer with the Archbishop, Bishops, clergy, and laity in South Africa as to the kind of help which was specially needed.

They left England on February 28, 1902, and returned in October of the same year. During the time of their stay in South Africa some members of the party made their way to Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and other centres, preaching Missions, holding conferences with both clergy and laity, and generally striving to quicken spiritual life in the districts visited. Others went to Natal, where the problems of Church life were closely studied, and some of the pressing questions in connexion with them received careful attention. The outlying districts were visited, and the pressure of isolation on the clergy observed and sympathetically considered.

Among many interesting incidents in their tour, which extended as far as to Rhodesia, few, perhaps, were more striking than a crowded meeting, which was held in Johannesburg in the autumn of 1902, over which Lord Milner presided. In a speech containing much interesting matter his Lordship said : ' I hope a great deal from the Mission which is to be sent

[1] These were Bishop Hornby, and the Rev. M. B. Furse, J. P. Maud, V. S. S. Coles, J. Hamlet, and L. Sladen.

out here. . . . I believe that, if they come to us in the spirit of those who have spoken to us to-night, they will find an amount of sympathy and support in this community of which they, in their most hopeful spirit, have a very inadequate idea.'

The committee have carefully considered the reports of this Pioneer Mission, and are making arrangements for a large body of Bishops and clergy to go out and place themselves entirely at the disposal of the South African Church for about six months in 1904. The authorities in South Africa have counselled this delay.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of St. Andrews, the Reverend Canon Scott Holland, and the Very Reverend A. E. Campbell, Provost of St. Ninian's, Perth, propose to go out in July of this year to make preparation for the larger effort of 1904, bearing a letter of hearty commendation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, and the Primus of the Scottish Church.

The money needed for the whole Mission, amounting to about 5000*l.*,[1] is being raised by a committee of ladies, of which the Duchess Adeline of Bedford is President.

The objective of the Mission is briefly this :

To set forth the essential unity of morals and religion (of holiness and righteousness) ; to lay down as a basis of conduct the old foundation of the Ten Commandments ; to proclaim fearlessly the need of repentance ; to bring home to all men the marvellous blessing of free forgiveness and renewal of life through Christ Jesus our Lord ; to raise the spirit of man to the duty of worship ; to nourish it by sacrament and prayer ; to hallow the life of the family by benedictions, and point to the Word of God as the source of wisdom and strength ; to teach men to reverence humanity, whether native or European, to honour a woman and protect a child, to work at their calling and bear their burdens, to love their country and serve their King, to live with dignity, and through Christ our Redeemer to die in peace.

This is a Gospel of Life which may fitly be offered by the messengers of the Church at home to her far-off sons and daughters.

The Mission will be, in a word, the messengers of peace following the army of war. It will be a practical proof of the sympathy of Christians at home for their brethren in South

[1] In the end it came to over 6,000*l.*

Africa. It will carry with it that Gospel of Love, that Divine message of Peace on Earth, goodwill towards men, by which alone the deep wounds of the conflict can be really healed.

The Bishop of St. Andrews, as may be supposed, worked hard at all these preparations. Every detail passed under his hand and eye. He not only attended all the meetings of the main Committee, which were frequent, often coming up from Scotland for the purpose, but he entered with peculiar sympathy into the work of the Ladies' Committee. His heart went out with especial tenderness towards Lady Loch and the Duchess of Bedford, and the others working with them, in their noiseless, secret, prayerful gathering in of money for the Mission. He met them repeatedly in the Duchess's house, and cheered them by his words, and enhanced their ardour by the gratitude with which he met it.

As has been already mentioned, it was decided in the spring of 1903 that the Bishop of St. Andrews, with two companions, should go to South Africa that summer. He was at first inclined to resist the suggestion. He told Archbishop Temple that he did not see how it could be done. 'But you'll have to go,' said the iron-hearted old man, 'if it's your duty.' The way was at length made plain, and it was arranged that Bishop Richardson, who was at that time assisting the Bishop of Brechin, should take the episcopal work in the diocese of St. Andrews during the Bishop's absence.

Speaking to his Diocesan Synod on July 7 the Bishop said :

This year it is felt necessary that two or three persons should go and confer with the Bishops, clergymen, and laymen out there, and do what in them lies to prepare the way for the great missions that are to be held by those forty priests and Bishops of whom I have spoken. The three chosen to go are your own Provost, Canon Scott Holland, and myself. I need hardly say to you, my sons, that I have not undertaken this without long and anxious thought. For two years I tossed the idea aside, as quite out of the question. I realised the need of my own diocese and of the Scottish Church for every man to do his utmost at home. But latterly those whose opinion I am

bound to respect are so clear and so decided, as the result of their prayers, and their thoughts, and their seeking for guidance, that we three ought to go, that I have decided—God helping me, if nothing happens before we sail on August 1—to go. . . . You will pray—I am sure of that. You require no words of mine to tell you what to pray for. They are very simple, our needs—that God's blessed angels may watch over us and over those homes we love and leave behind us ; that God may give us the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that we may know when to speak and when to be silent ; that we may say nothing to hinder and everything which would help the noble branch of the Catholic Church we go out to serve ; and that in all the secret difficulties which are known only to Him—and of which I cannot speak even to you—that in all these secret difficulties which weigh down the spirit save at those times when the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit is living and present in one's soul,—that in all these secret difficulties the God Who loves us and gave His Son to die for us—the God Who does not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities—may enable us for the few years ere our service on earth is finished to have the high privilege of having done something at least to show to Christendom that the British nation does realise what it owes to God as a thankoffering for His goodness on that way through which we have passed, and that the British Church does realise the privilege of helping that African Church, which, amidst all its trials and difficulties, has held firmly to the faith once delivered to the saints. I will keep you no longer. I am sure of your prayers and sure of your sympathy as I am of my own life, and we cast ourselves upon you. I feel sure that the inconvenience which our absence even for that short period may cause some of you will not be weighed in the balance against the high honour it is for a Church and for an individual to help, however humbly and imperfectly, in obeying the last command of our glorious King Who for us was crucified : ' Ye shall be witnesses for Me in Jerusalem and in Egypt, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.'

The Bishop, the Provost, and Mr. Scott Holland sailed for South Africa on Saturday, August 1. On the Thursday before, there was a special celebration of the Holy Communion, with an address by the Bishop (Talbot) of Rochester, who celebrated The missioners bore with them a letter from the Archbishop of

Canterbury, commending not them only but also the whole band who were to follow in the next year. The letter ran :

It is our high privilege to give our earnest and affectionate commendation to the Mission of Help which the Church at home is sending to South Africa at this great juncture in our common life.

Those who go forth upon this visit of brotherly love are among the foremost and most trusted of our Church's leaders and guides, and we are persuaded that by the grace of God they will be enabled to do real service in South Africa for the advancement of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour and for the bettering of the lives of men.

If, under the providential guidance of the King of Kings, the outcome of the terrible years of warfare through which we have passed be a truer understanding, a manly Christian fellowship, and a genuine strengthening of character and purpose on the side of whatsoever things are just and pure and of good report, it will be because we have together striven to hear His Voice, to know His Will, and to carry out what He would have us do.

And perhaps no human influence could be more potent to that great end than such an embassage as that to which, with high hope and fervent prayer, we now wish God-speed.

RANDALL CANTUAR.

The letter was signed also by the Archbishops of York, Armagh, and Dublin, and by the Scottish Primus (Kelly).

The object of this second expedition 'was not so much,' Dr. Robinson says, 'to seek information, as to announce that the Mission was shortly to begin ; to stir the hearts of the faithful to expectancy and prayer and to confer with the leaders of the Church in regard to the final arrangements that had to be made.'

In normal circumstances it might have been expected that the Bishop's heart would have been filled with exhilaration as he drew near again to the country which had so many associations for him, and for which he had so long laboured. But he approached it with shrinking and even with terror. The trouble which befell him at the time when he resigned Truro was liable to recur at intervals. It never again lasted as long as it did

then, and in a sense he knew better how to deal with it. 'Experience,' says the greatest sufferer among the Apostles, 'worketh hope.' Whenever the shadow came over, there came with it the remembrance that he had passed through the same before, and a kind of intuition, in spite of himself, that things would get better again, through faith in God. But for the moment the anguish was extreme. On the whole of the second voyage out to Africa the Bishop's condition was such as Archdeacon Bourke has described on the first voyage. It seemed an impossibility that he should go through the projected work, or even begin upon it. Dr. Holland, for whom the Bishop had none of those concealments which he used with such extraordinary self-command towards others, says that the first day that they were at Capetown together was the worst that he ever spent. Even in the tragic weeks on the Nile in 1890 there had never been anything worse. Dr. Holland could not imagine how the Bishop could be brought to speak at all. He could not feel sure what he might not say if he did. It was a question whether he would not announce his intention of taking the first boat back to England.

Yet, when it came to the point, he was able to speak with a vigour, and a clearness, and an eloquence, and an effectiveness hardly ever surpassed before. The darkness lasted all through the tour, though perhaps it was not quite so black as on board the ship; but in spite of it he laid hold upon his hearers in Africa as he had done in his best days at Auckland or at St. Peter's. Perhaps in a measure his sufferings were relieved by being transferred to the receptive soul of his companion. Dr. Holland felt severely the strain which inevitably fell upon him. He lost his voice and his strength—or felt that he had lost it—and never recovered either during the whole of the campaign. The ill-effects remained long after the return home. It was a perpetual effort to keep the Bishop to his engagements, to persuade him that it was right for him to do the appointed work. But when once the Bishop was at it, the wonder began afresh. When the time came to speak, he spoke exactly as he would have done

if all had been well with him. Archdeacon Bourke speaks of 'the miracle' of his recovery after the resignation.[1] There was no conscious recovery during that African Mission, but there was the almost greater miracle of the daily outburst of triumphant grace from the unrelieved misery with which the Bishop seemed to be overwhelmed. The supernatural history of that Mission could not be understood without the mention of this terrible distress which lay in the background.

Nor was public speaking and preaching the only direction in which the Bishop's power was displayed. Perhaps the thoroughness of his organisation, his determination to leave no detail untouched, were never more seen than then. He was resolved that every priest in every one of the dioceses visited should be seen, questioned, listened to; and practically the resolution was carried out. There was an elaborate arrangement of conferences everywhere. The scheme for the conferences was drawn out with extreme care. Copious notes were taken; volumes were filled with *précis* of what the clergy and churchworkers said at these gatherings, as well as of what the Bishop intended to say to them. Hours and hours were spent in the discussion. 'The Conferences were most deliberately managed,' Dr. Holland says. 'Every priest spoke in turn of his needs, and Campbell was invaluable in speaking out of his own missionary experience, and in drawing out information from others. Altogether the characteristic of the Mission was one of careful and complete arrangement, so that at the end we were in possession of a scheme marking out every place to which a Mission should be sent in each diocese, the type of life in each place, the character of the priest in charge, the form and manner of Mission that would be possible according to varieties of circumstance, and so on. Without this minute and sifted knowledge of each situation the allotment for the next year would have been impossible.'

As a specimen of what happened at these Conferences may be taken the following slightly abridged report from the 'South African News' with regard to the Conferences held at Capetown, where the visitors naturally began:

[1] See above, p. 201.

In pursuance of the plan agreed upon by the Committee of 'The Mission of Help' that the preliminary work of the missioners this year should be to investigate the special needs of the separate organised parishes, with a view to making the best possible arrangements for the larger Mission of Help next year, a conference was arranged in the Church House, Capetown, on Thursday, August 20, so that the clergy of the suburbs, and especially the country clergy, might have an opportunity of meeting the three missioners who had recently arrived, and expressing their opinions as to what they regarded were the special difficulties connected with their work in the more rural districts, and what they thought should be the special character of the assistance given. To insure a large attendance, the Ven. Archdeacon Lightfoot, as Vicar-General, sent an urgent appeal to the clergy in the diocese of Capetown. The invitation was cordially and readily responded to, and a gathering of as many as fifty clergymen assembled to confer with the missioners. At the commencement of the meeting the Archdeacon briefly explained why the meeting had been called, and then asked the Bishop of St. Andrews to take the chair. . . .

[The Bishop] briefly expressed his regret at the absence of the Archbishop of Capetown,[1] and on behalf of his colleagues and himself thanked the clergy for the warm welcome they had given them, and Canon Ogilvie for his hospitality. He then went on to speak of the great openings there were in South Africa at the present time, and of how the thoughts of English Churchmen were being directed towards the development of the country. Members of the Anglican Communion, although separated by some 6000 miles, were still knit together closer than by any merely human ties. The Bishop then came to the chief point, and delivered a deeply earnest address on the meaning, character, and necessary preparation for a mission held in any parish. The committee in England were anxious to know whether it would be best for the missioners to hold a formal mission in each separate parish, or to give some informal help, as was desired and agreed upon. To facilitate the choice between these two alternatives, the Bishop gave a detailed account of what was technically meant 'by a Mission.' . . .

At the conclusion of the address the Bishop invited the clergy to express their opinions individually, which they did,

[1] The Archbishop was ill and away from Capetown.

with the result that a large amount of interesting and important information was brought to the notice of the missioners. In the course of the discussion useful suggestions were made. One was that some experienced Dutch-speaking Anglican clergy should be associated with the missioners next year, to preach especially to the Dutch-speaking coloured congregations. Another was that large, open-air services should be held at Muizenberg, on the beach, to attract those who as a rule never attend any place of worship. A third was that at least two missioners should be detailed to visit the various stations on the railways where railway people were settled. The country clergy almost unanimously accepted with thankfulness the promise of a visit from one of the missioners, though in most cases they thought a formal mission would be impossible to arrange. It was hoped that a missioner would be able to spend a few days with the parish priest and help him with both sympathy and advice. . . .

On the next day, Monday, August 24, a meeting for women was held in the Church House, Capetown, which was very largely attended, the room being full to overflowing. The proceedings having been opened with prayer, the Bishop of St. Andrews, addressing the company as ' My dear daughters in Christ,' expressed his gratification at seeing so large an assembly, which led him to the conviction that God's Spirit was already working in them, to bring forth a ready response to the appeal they had come so far to make. He was particularly anxious that all should begin early to prepare for the visit of the missioners next year. The first thing he wished was, to be told of any needs to be supplied, and any ways by which they might next year help. He hoped they would cherish great expectations. They had to deal with a God of love, who would answer their prayers. One thing he wished to know was if there was any place or person who would receive any women during the Mission who might decide to leave evil ways—and some place where children born with an inherited taint of evil could be brought up. Secondly, he would like people to individualise their prayers, plead for some special person ; he had seen much good done by such prayers, and the missioners would be helped by the atmosphere of prayer.

On the invitation of the Archdeacon several of those present offered suggestions.

One lady suggested monthly meetings of intercession, with special reference to the Mission.

The Bishop replied that he was not in a position to judge of that country, but he had found such meetings helpful in developing friendly feeling and drawing people together. He alluded to many touching instances of intercession for absent ones during the late war.

Many excellent suggestions were made, and at the end of the meeting the Bishop thanked those present, especially Archdeacon Lightfoot, for their helpful remarks. He spoke again at some length on the benefits of the Mission, and the necessity of preparation for it. He hoped their city would not resemble the town where Jesus could do no mighty works because of the prevailing unbelief, and commended his audience to God, that by the blood of Christ their sins might be cleansed.

A largely attended conference of clergy and laity was held in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Capetown, on August 25. Men representing all classes and many spheres of influence were present, and they spoke clearly as to the best means of preparing for the Mission of 1904. Besides some hundreds of laymen, a large number of the clergy attended, but they abstained from speaking, so as to give the laymen an opportunity of expressing their views.

In his opening address the Bishop said that he wished to express his thankfulness for the remarkable kindness which he and his colleagues had received, from his Excellency the Governor [1] downwards, and for the fact that so many had shown themselves interested in the Mission of Help. They were in a critical time, when the spiritual forces lying behind the material must be developed, if the country was to progress. He had tried, he said, to put before the conferences already held the work of next year, and the sort of preparation that was needed for a formal Mission. It was a time for setting forth the foundations of the Christian faith, the Fatherhood of God, and the need of response to the great call, the free pardon offered to sinners, and the power of the Holy Spirit to produce the surrender of body, soul, and spirit to Him who now ruled as King of kings. He then went on to say that a great deal of information had been gathered about some of the parishes, and that he now wanted to hear from laymen what was the special way

[1] The Hon. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson.

in which they could help the Mission : for instance, how central meetings could be arranged—at what time, and where ; how to make the Mission known, so as to supplement the information given in the press ; for although the press had given most generous notices of their present effort, it could not be expected that they should devote more than a certain amount of their space to the purpose. They were to remember how much depended on the individual in work of this sort. There was not a man who had not an opportunity of helping forward this great effort, if he would but ask Christ.

There were many other speakers, each of whom made some interesting contribution to the elucidation of the question under discussion. The greatest problem appeared to be the extreme difficulty of influencing young men in boarding-houses. The conference was brought to an end by one of Canon Scott Holland's most characteristic addresses.

From Capetown the Bishop and Mr. Holland went to Grahamstown, leaving Provost Campbell at Port Elizabeth for a Sunday. Bishop Webb was no longer Bishop of Grahamstown, but had been most useful to the Committee in England.

On Monday, August 31, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Diocesan Training School took place at Grahamstown. It was performed, says a local paper, by the Bishop of St. Andrews, who delivered a short address. He said that he was glad to see so large a body of the clergy present, including their own, as well as those representing—alas ! in these days of differences—other communities. But whatever their differences may be, they were agreed as to the need of training their children. That building was the gift of the Mother Country, as a token of sincere affection and of interest in the work which was going on in South Africa. That country had its many problems and its divers opinions as to their solution, yet none were more important than the question of education, and especially of religious education. They were all agreed on the point of training their children to know God, and to love Him. That was the simple object of the work for which they had assembled that day. It was their desire that the children, who came from all parts, should learn to yield themselves to God, so that when they went forth into all parts of the country, they would be as a centre of light shining all around them. The

task of raising the necessary funds had been a long and difficult one. To the zeal displayed by the Mother Superior the success of the undertaking was in a great measure due, for she had worked with unremitting energy from the beginning. He trusted that the building whose foundation-stone he was about to lay would be successful, and accomplish all it was intended that it should do.

The Mother Superior, it hardly need be said, was the Mother Cecile, already mentioned as intimately associated with the Bishop from the early days in Eaton Square, who has left an undying name in Africa.

On Tuesday evening, September 24, the visitors addressed a largely-attended public meeting held in the Caledonia Hall, Pretoria, under the presidency of the Governor, Sir Arthur Lawley, who was supported on the platform by the Bishop of Pretoria (Carter), and others.

Sir Arthur Lawley in the course of his speech said :

To hear that our Mother Church at home is watching our efforts, to know that she is ready to help us—these are tidings which comfort us very much. I believe that . . . no parallel condition has ever existed before wherein Church and State might join hand in hand . . . as living partners to achieve a great work. In our Civil Service, in our schools, in our social life, there is a vast field in which Church and State may join together hand in hand. . . . I need not enlarge to you upon the influences which the Church may bring to bear upon our social life, through the children of the State, through the teachers of the State. I feel confident that before long we shall have arrived at some system whereby the influence of the Churches of this country will be made felt in the Government schools—mainly, I believe, through our normal schools, and through what I may term the hostel system, which we hope shortly to introduce. I hope that the Churches of this country will help us by undertaking the management of the hostels ; and in that work I hope to see the Anglican Church taking the lead. And so, my lord, I earnestly and simply thank you and those who, with you, have come over the weary waste of waters which lie between us and the Old Home, to tell us that you wish to help us—and you mean to help us. We are grateful indeed

for that assurance of your help, and I only hope that we laymen as well as the clergy of this country will worthily respond to the message which you bring.

The Bishop of St. Andrews said he need not say how thankful he was to be allowed to realise, as he did that night, the unity that existed among all Christians dispersed throughout the world ; nor need he say how thankful he was to be allowed to claim fellowship with them all, and to believe that they would help in this work, which, with a wide sense of its responsibility, they had ventured to undertake. . . . He was grateful to his Excellency that, amid the overpowering cares of his high office, he had found time to come there, and bring the weight of his influence and personal character to bear upon the enterprise which had been entrusted to them. . . . He supposed no one who was not at home at the time could have any idea of the way in which the whole heart of the nation went out to South Africa in those dark days of its trial ; and that feeling went out in continued intercession. Few things were more touching than that daily prayer which went up every day in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and elsewhere, in which, name by name and person by person, those who were in danger in the place which was being attacked were remembered before the High and Lofty One. Now, the sympathy of the Mother Country still went out to South Africa ; but, to be real, that sympathy must find expression in action. It was but a poor thing merely to ask God to take care of a nation, or to help a country, or to bless their brothers and sisters, if they stretched out no hand to give reality to their sympathy, and to emphasise the words they had spoken with their lips. And so, after long waiting, and with many misgivings, they responded right heartily to the request of the South African Church, of the Bishops assembled in their Provincial Synod, that they at home should try to help them in a Mission which they thought it desirable to organise for that great country, so that some peaceable fruit of righteousness might be gathered out of the chastisement which God had allowed to fall upon it. Their office that night was to sound the note of preparation for that visit of the messengers of peace following the army of war. They desired to make the Mission as comprehensive as possible, so that there might be no man who was not able to come within the range of its influence. Having spoken of his own experiences in regard to the quickening and awakening influences of missions which he had watched,

the Bishop went on to enlarge upon the responsibility which the Church at home felt towards her sons and daughters in this Colony, which had been bound so closely to her in all that had happened during these last few years. Surely it was needful that something should be done from time to time to open their eyes to the reality of the Spiritual Kingdom by which they were surrounded. This world with all its glory—God forbid that they should disparage its magnificent progress—had a wonderful power to shut the eyes and to harden the heart—to shut the eyes lest they should see the glory of the invisible kingdom, and to harden the heart lest the word of the living God should come from the far-off land where the blessed ones had entered into their rest. Surely at all times and in all countries they needed some definite effort to make men believe that there was a higher kingdom, a supernatural power, that there were forces all round them which could be evoked by earnest united intercession; that there was meaning in the words of the Master, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' And he believed it was in the power of the Church, God helping her, to bring in just what was needed into that heroic endeavour that was being made to heal the divisions, to unite the people, to raise the standard of morality, to empty gaols, and to take hold of that body of self-satisfied men who were content to criticise instead of throwing in all the power that God had given them, in strengthening and supporting the hands of those upon whom the responsibility and the work depended. What a blessing it would be if only a dozen in each parish were converted by means of this Mission, and made to realise the meaning of the cross marked upon their foreheads, and to stand up and declare openly that they would make Christ's life the model of their own lives.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the meetings and all the sermons and addresses given by the three 'pioneers,' as Sir Arthur Lawley appropriately called them in a speech at Johannesburg—that capital of 'a country of pioneers.' They went to Durban and Pietermaritzburg, to Bloemfontein and Kimberley, besides Johannesburg and the places already mentioned. Provost Campbell extended his tour to include Mashonaland. The three met again at Capetown. In these places and in others also they gave special addresses of various kinds, and

once or twice the Bishop devoted a regular 'Mission Day' to the clergy. Many of them were completely ignorant beforehand—nor was it strange that they should be ignorant—of what a Mission meant. Everywhere the three were warmly welcomed, not least in those few recalcitrant churches which stood, or had till recently stood, aloof from the diocesan organisation. They preached at the two or three which had not yet been reconciled in the diocese of Capetown, as well as in all those which had been newly reconciled in Natal. Dr. Holland preached in two of them at Durban—in one at a wonderful service for men—and in the old church at Maritzburg where Bishop Colenso himself lies buried.

There was a large attendance at the Oak Room of the Young Men's Christian Association, Capetown, on Tuesday, October 6, to bid farewell to the Bishop of St. Andrews and his companions, before they sailed again for England. The Dean of Capetown, who was in the chair, said that the Bishop of St. Andrews had always been a good friend to the daughter Church in South Africa. It was to him and Lady Loch that they were indebted for the three missions to the country. He wished him and his colleagues God-speed, and said that he would have the prayers and hymns for absent friends in the church next Sunday. His concluding words should be 'When your successors come, we will co-operate heart and soul with them to make the Mission a success.'

The Bishop of St. Andrews returned his deep thanks for the kind farewell which had been extended to him, and for the cordial reception which had been given to him and his colleagues in their travels through the country. Not alone had the people received them well, but the Governors of the various Colonies which they had visited had treated them most kindly. It had been gratifying to see the high tone which had been introduced into the government of the new Colonies. He had come back from his tour with bright hopes for the future of South Africa, a country which was so dear to him. He had been asked since his return to Capetown what were the conclusions to which he had come. The matters which were before the country were far too difficult to pronounce an opinion upon

them now. There was one thing which had impressed them in their travels, and that was the importance of the times through which the country was now passing, and their bearing on the future. He would tell his audience, in looking forward to the future of the country and the result of the Mission, to cherish a high ideal for themselves, for the nation, for the Empire, for the Church, and for the world. He would urge them to keep these high and far-reaching ideals above the prevailing spirit of the day—the rush after worldly matters.

As at his former visit to South Africa, the Bishop sent home a series of bright letters to his family, in spite of the heavy depression which weighed upon him; and as at his former visit, the depression ended when the work ended. The voyage back to Europe was as happy as the voyage out was sad. He entered into all the varied life of an ocean liner, delighting in conversations with Colonel Frank Rhodes and other officers who were on board, watching the sports, umpiring for the dresses at the fancy ball, and finishing with a humorous speech at dinner on the night before getting in.

The three missioners reached England before the end of October. Upon their return they presented to the Committee the following Report:

We were sent to make special and exact preparation for the Mission of 1904, in succession to the band of pioneers who went out from the committee in 1902, and to the value of whose work we have received abundant testimony. We confined ourselves throughout our visit, as steadily and thoroughly as was practicable, to this intention.

With this purpose in view:

1. We held, in each diocese, a Quiet Day or half-day of spiritual preparation for clergy and Church workers, in which the outlines and methods of a Mission were laid down, and its possible results sketched. Instruction was also given in the work of prayer, intercession and study of God's Word, by which it must be preceded and followed.

2. We held, in each centre or centres, conferences with the clergy, at which, after putting forth the meaning and scope of a formal or informal Mission, we asked each of the clergy in turn to declare which type of Mission would suit the conditions of his

parish. Records were kept of all such local and particular information.

3. We have also sent out carefully prepared schedules for each to fill in and return to us, describing the peculiarities of his work, and the nature and type of Mission and missioner which he thinks desirable. These help us to understand the conditions suitable for this or that man who may be sent to each separate place.

4. We have obtained, or are obtaining, from each diocese a complete scheme, explaining the way in which the missioners assigned to it can best be utilised and distributed, giving the dates on which they will arrive at each place, the time which will be occupied in their work, in travelling, &c.

5. We also held public meetings in every central town (except Capetown), at which the Governor of the Colony, or the Mayor, or some representative authority took the chair. At these meetings we explained to all the intention and the hopes of the proposed Mission in a more popular manner than was desirable at the conferences of clergy and Church workers. Addresses were also given on wider and more far-reaching results which, with God's blessing, might follow the effort of 1904. These meetings were well attended and well reported.

6. We had a conference of laymen in Capetown, with open talk, and we had, in other places, opportunities of interviewing the various administrative and municipal authorities, of learning their mind, and making them aware of our purpose.

7. We preached sermons everywhere, and gave addresses to men and to communicants.

This is not the place in which to dwell upon the marvellous kindness with which we were everywhere welcomed, the response which was given to the letter of the Archbishops, which we read in every centre, and the gratification and almost surprise which was evinced alike by clergy and laity, that the Church at home really cared for the spiritual needs of her far-distant sons and daughters.

We are constrained, however, to urge the following considerations :

1. We are bound to witness that a great spirit of expectation has been enkindled as to what the Mission of 1904 may accomplish. Laymen have used language about this which frightens us by its intensity. Bands of workers are now engaged in regular intercession for it. If we are to fulfil this expectation

and to prevent Christian people in South Africa from being terribly disappointed, we require the very best men whom we can obtain, and the most careful selection of them for their several posts.

2. Yet, while asking for the service of the very best, we are compelled to warn our missioners that they must be prepared, in many places, for very limited room in which to work, scanty and scattered populations, small gatherings, and few qualified workers. They will often find themselves in places where there is very little knowledge of all which a Mission should mean, or of the after work which it involves.

The missioners of 1904 must be ready, for Christ's sake, cheerfully to accept these limitations. While it is necessary for them to be thoroughly versed in the methods and spiritual forces of a Mission, they must not be bound by any pre-conceived ideas as to the way in which it is to be conducted, and the results which are to be effected. They must cast themselves upon the Holy Spirit, and be absolutely free and elastic in following the guidance which He may vouchsafe through the circumstances in which they are placed.

Good, healthy, simple Gospel work, without eccentricities, is what is required everywhere. 'What we need in 1904,' said the Bishop of Pretoria, 'is the work of *conversion*.'

In country districts, the missioners must take to heart the words of the Bishop of Natal, who writes :

'Missioners ministering to country parishes, and to scattered districts, will remember that in all such country parishes and districts there is great simplicity in externals, there being no second church which people can attend, as in the towns.'

Thus, especially in outlying farms, the missioner will often be dealing with those who have to be taught the first simplicities of how to pray, how to repent, how to turn to God, &c. He will have done much if, in the short time allotted to him, he can just leave behind him a people that says its prayers, and gathers itself in households to remember God.

3. We desire to bear witness, that, whatever the difficulties and limitations, the need for the Mission is urgent, and the moment auspicious. By God's great mercy, it may mean everything for a Church that is face to face with new, pressing and momentous demands upon its spiritual efficiency.

Immense expansion is required of her by growing populations —by enlarged towns—by the general development of the civil

administration—by the extension of State education, which has now reached a critical juncture—by the vastness of energy of new industries. Yet such expansion of the Church is only possible if its *inner* and spiritual resources are increased and intensified so as to enable it to make the effort needed.

There must be a spiritual awakening, a deepened intensity of life, a more powerful cohesion, a gathered energy, if it is to grapple with the new situation, or to verify its claim over the large world of citizenship in the might of the transfiguring Spirit, and in the force of the risen King.

4. Nothing remains but that we should thank those who have remembered us in their intercessions, and beseech them to continue to plead with Almighty God that He may vouchsafe to us all a right judgment in the difficult work which yet remains to be done.

Above all, we have to acknowledge to Him, from Whom all good things do come, the numberless personal mercies which we have received at His hands—the readiness with which our ministrations have been received—the vision which He has vouchsafed to us of the possibilities of the Mission of 1904.

The Bishop found plenty of work awaiting him in connexion with the Mission of Help, not to speak of all else. He spoke fervently at a meeting on behalf of Mother Cecile's work. On Tuesday, November 24, there was a great meeting in Exeter Hall, arranged by the Junior Clergy Missionary Association of the S.P.G., at which the Bishop of St. Andrews made a stirring appeal. He said:

For the few moments that are allotted to me I should like to fix your thoughts upon the fact that God does give to every branch of the Church, just as He gives to every individual, certain definite opportunities, and that everything depends upon the spirit in which His Church rises up to its God-given opportunity. It may be that you have stood sometimes on the shores of the sea, on a cloudy night, and seen dark shadows falling upon the silent waves; but out of the clouds there has come a pathway of bright moonlight, and you have watched some tiny ship coming out of the dark shadow and resting awhile in the light of the radiant moonbeam. If, then, the vessel stays in the light, every spar, every sail, and every tiny part of the vessel is irradiated. If it passes out into the great dark-

ness beyond, it is lost. Even so is it with each branch of the Church. The Lord of heaven and earth is pleased in His own infinite compassion to bring it out into the light of His glorious revelation. If only it will abide in the light, and fulfil the call that has been entrusted to it, and with eager eye and attentive ear watch for the revelation of the Lord God Almighty, 'the high and lofty One Who inhabits eternity,' magnificent possibilities are revealed to it. Every service faithfully discharged will be rewarded by still greater demands upon its self-sacrifice, and that branch of the Church will be honoured in all the history of Christendom. But, if it neglects its opportunities, it is left, and other branches of the Church take its place. Its candlestick is removed, and it passes out into the darkness from which, by the mercy of its God, it was first evoked.

I desire to put before you the solemn manner in which this thought fastened itself upon my own mind as I went up and down that great country, South Africa. I can almost remember a time when a great opportunity was given to the Church at home and that first Bishop was sent out to Capetown. There was behind him all the *prestige* of the National Church, and all that wonderful love for the old country which you find in South Africa wherever you go; and, if only Great Britain had risen to the call of her God, and sent out, not a few great men only, but a large number of her best and noblest sons—if only magnificent offerings had been made, instead of the paltry gifts that were considered a worthy return to be made to the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, who can imagine what would have been the present condition of South Africa? But . . . the needs at home were great, and men had not learnt that he who scatters in God's kingdom increases, and that, if you desire to have a glorious parish, filled with the brightness and the glory of the heavenly King, and if you desire to have great offertories that shall remove all your anxieties for money, you must work in God's way and scatter to the uttermost corners of the earth. This, alas! was not realised, and the opportunity was gone. I can see before me that lion-hearted Bishop Gray, as we stood together in Hyde Park one day when even his courage seemed to have left him, and even his lion heart seemed as if it could not any longer fight the hard battles that had to be fought for Christ in this England of ours. I see his face as he looked upon me and said, 'It is of no use. I cannot touch them. They do not care.'

And now another opportunity has come. God has redeemed the country to Himself by blood. As I went from place to place and looked out upon those lonely graves which, thanks to the loyal women of England, are so lovingly cared for and kept as well as you would keep any graves at home, or as I stood on Waggon Hill and realised that great hand-to-hand conflict and then saw the little group of graves of the Devons, and the Rifle Brigade, and the Imperial Light Horse, I realised what was the cost to England, and Scotland, and Ireland of the victories which had been won. Right heartily the country responded, and mothers gave their sons, and wives parted ungrudgingly with their husbands, and no one cared what it cost, and God's call, as it was humbly thought to be, had a right response. And now, in God's infinite mercy, in spite of those dark days, there is an opportunity such as the Church has never had before of really establishing the kingdom of Jesus Christ, on that side of it, at least, which we who are in this room to-day believe to be most according to the mind and will of our God and Saviour. I cannot say in this room, in the presence of the Archbishop of Capetown, what all whom you would meet in South Africa would tell you of their love and their respect for him. It is not seemly to spend time in telling you of those noble Bishops who need not be ashamed of taking their stand by the side of any Bishops in Christendom for devotion to God and surrender to His will.

Of all the cruel things that have ever been done under the guidance—I say it deliberately—unknown to the persons who have done them, but done under the secret guidance of him who hates every work that is done for God, nothing could be more cruel and more dastardly than to say, as has often been said, that only one school of thought can have any attention or any sympathy or even any toleration in South Africa. It is not true. In one city where I was staying, the clergyman who was known everywhere as the representative—I abominate all these names—but who was known as the representative of what is called the ' evangelical ' side of the Church, laughed at the idea that he was not received and not welcomed and not loved by his Bishop as much as any one else. God have mercy upon those who—it may be through ignorance, imagining that they are doing God service—are spreading disunion in that part of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I wish that I could take them for a moment to one of the chief cities in Natal, and

let them see the representative of what is called—I say, again, I abominate the word, but it saves time when you are limited for moments—the representative of the 'High' Church and the representative of the 'Low' Church joining together to hire a common hall in which to endeavour to educate their communicants and prepare them for the Mission of 1904.

And, when I speak of the clergy, I would speak also of the magnificent opportunity that is being given to the Church by the men into whose hands is entrusted the building up of the Empire after that desolating war. I am unable to speak of Lord Milner because he was not in South Africa when I was there; but if you had heard the sigh of relief—as I might almost call it—that was everywhere heard when it was known that he was not going to abandon Africa, but was going to stand by it till he had seen it through its troubles, you would have realised what an opportunity there is for the future of that country in the man who occupies the highest position there. But there is one man of whom I can speak, and under whose roof I was allowed to stay for some days, and who allowed me to know something, at least, of his large-hearted, generous policy—generous alike to our own people and to those who once were our enemies. I speak of Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of the Transvaal. Any one who had listened to him as he stood on the platform at Johannesburg, at one of our meetings, and any one who had heard him unfold all his plans for the future of South Africa, and seen that noble Christian spirit that shone out in every word and deed of his public life, would thank God that to him in so large a measure has been entrusted that most difficult work of forming a united people out of those discordant elements.

And in that country there is just the opportunity which the Church needs, if only the old mistake is not to be repeated, and if only it is not true which was written out by one who knew London very well to South Africa while I was there, that, now the excitement of the war was over, South Africa had dropped out of the minds of people in London. If only that is not true—and God forbid that it should be true—God forbid that a discipline such as we have received in South Africa, in which the blood of our best and bravest has been shed, should be forgotten in these few short weeks—if only the old mistake is not to be made, if only the opportunity is grasped firmly with self-denial, and with earnest and continued intercession in the

name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, and if only there is a generous abandonment of self, and a large-hearted parting with the very best and noblest of our clergy, and a large-hearted giving of real offerings which cost something to the country, and if the opportunity is now taken, God only can tell what may be the future of South Africa. But if you and I are to get slack in our prayers—if you and I are to join in that pitiable talk that this parish is so important that Africa must be put aside, if you and I are to take for granted that the things on the other side of the street are more important than a great empire like that South African part of our dominions—for I may almost call it a great empire—then God have mercy upon us ! We shall not deserve to live either as a nation or as a Church. I say it calmly, and I say it deliberately. We who are Christians —what are we called to think of it all ? What must it all appear to Him Who, for us men and for our salvation, drank that bitter cup in Gethsemane and bore that awful darkness on Calvary ? I speak with reverence, but what must it seem to Him Who wondered on earth at the marvellous unbelief of those whom He desired to help and to save ? Do we not almost seem to hear the voice of Him Whose hands were nailed to that Cross of old, Whose head was crowned with those cruel thorns ? Do we not almost hear Him say, as one opportunity after another of establishing the Kingdom which He founded in His blood is cast aside, and as one opportunity after another is hardly considered, ' I looked, and there was none to help ; and I wondered that there was none to uphold.' ' By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy Cross and Passion,' oh, good Lord, deliver us from all hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word. Amen.

On Thursday, December 10, 1903, a conference of the missioners for the succeeding year was held in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. The Bishop of St. Andrews presided, and perhaps his powers of chairmanship were never better shown than in the swift, sweet way in which he dealt with the multitudinous questions put to him by thirty or forty eager missioners. The solemn address which he delivered to them is so characteristic of the speaker that it must be given here in full :

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

If you will allow me, my brethren, I will divide what I have to say into four brief divisions.

i. I would offer to you some thoughts as to the tone of mind in which to enter upon your work.

(1) You will have great respect for the Church in South Africa—great respect. She has passed through severe trials; she has made great sacrifices in order to maintain the faith once delivered to the saints; she has developed and strengthened her organisation; she has increased in a wonderful manner; she has reared many devoted servants of God, some of whom are alive and some of whom have now entered into their rest.

(2) Approaching your work in this frame of mind, you will not be disappointed if you find many of the defects which we lament at home reproduced in the life of our daughter Church. For instance, you may find looseness of organisation, want of intercourse and cohesion, a lack of interest in what is being done in another parish, in another diocese, in the Anglican Communion, in the one Catholic Church dispersed throughout the world. In spite of the existence of a little band, a small inner circle of devout instructed people, you may come into contact, alike in clergy and in laity, with much vague, uninstructed, conventional Churchmanship, and you may be startled to find how little there is of a strong grasp upon the nation. You may wonder at the poor little churches which in many places hinder, by their want of accommodation, the development of the spiritual life of the people. But you will not allow yourselves to be disheartened by those and other signs of weakness; still less will you allow that to destroy or even weaken your respect for the South African Church. You will remember that to a very large extent her defects are the result of the niggardly indifference which in former years was exhibited by the Church at home to the needs of her representatives in South Africa; the unbelieving spirit in which Great Britain only regarded her needs at home, and grudged to give to her army abroad the best of her men and to strengthen their hands by adequate supplies. It was simply pathetic when we read out the Archbishops' letter in the different centres to observe the gratification and almost surprise which was evinced, alike by clergy and laity, that the Church at home really cared for the spiritual needs of her far distant sons and daughters.

(3) Approaching your work in this attitude of respect for the Church in South Africa and of humble recognition of our

ill-discharged responsibilities at home, it will be alike your duty and your office to do everything in your power which will strengthen the hands of the Bishops and clergy of South Africa in their difficult enterprise. You will indeed listen, most respectfully and most attentively, to every complaint which may be made to you as to the defects of the past, and every suggestion as to possible improvement in the future. On board ship going out, and as you travel about in the different trains, you will have abundant opportunities, you will find no lack of critics as to what the Church is doing there, and you will listen to it quite quietly and respectfully, but you will resolutely refrain from expressing any opinion at the time—at any rate any opinion which may weaken the influence of that branch of the Catholic Church to which the jurisdiction in South Africa has been entrusted. It is so easy, you will find you can say at once, 'Thank you for what you have told me; I will think it over if you will let me; it will be of great interest to me; but, of course, you know I have not been in the country three months, or one month, perhaps not a week, and it would be ludicrous for me to give an opinion on any question of that sort.'

ii. I venture now, as the second division of my address, to set before you what seems to me to be the objective of the Mission. About this we are happily not left in any uncertainty.

(1) The present needs of the Church in South Africa were expressed to us by the Bishop of Pretoria, whom no one could charge with defective Churchmanship. 'What we need in 1904,' he said, 'is the work of conversion. Everything else can by God's help be taught afterwards.' Of course, in the things which can be 'taught afterwards,' he referred to the deepening of the spiritual life—all that God in His tender love has revealed to us about Holy Communion and the Church and the Risen Lord. The human methods by which men's hearts and minds are to be reached will, of course, vary in different places. It matters little how you get hold of a man. It may be by some appeal to feeling; it may be in the dry light of unimpassioned reason; it matters not if only God's truth is received and the will is yielded to God. But what is required everywhere, and what is the special work of the Mission, is to get into the hearts and minds of men what I may call the elements of religion, the knowledge of God, His Fatherhood, man's guilt, the wages of sin, the Atonement, our Baptism into Christ, and the privileges which it involves; our belief in Jesus Christ as our Saviour;

the need of deliberate exercise of our free will in simple and entire surrender of body, soul, and spirit to Him whom the Father has given to be the Lord of this lower earth.

(2) When the Mission is over much more has to be done. The missioner should gather together those whom God has given to him as the fruits of his toil, and together with the Parochial Clergy should consider how these converts, after being properly instructed and duly confirmed and communicated, can bring their new life to bear on all their duties, social, commercial, political ; how, in fact, they can manifest by their good works the reality of their conversion. These conferences after the Mission are of vital importance. It is far better to shorten the Mission rather than to curtail the one, two, or three days which may be required for this spiritual intercourse. In all probability large questions, far larger than we have ever, perhaps, grappled with at home, will arise, and in such cases when these large questions have been stirred the results of the conference ought to be communicated to the Bishop of the Diocese.

iii. I venture to speak, my dear brethren, in all humility, knowing how tempted we all are to take for granted that some one way in which God has been pleased to bless our own ministry is necessarily the way which He is most likely to bless. At the same time it seems to me that I should be unworthy of the place you have kindly given me in this Chair if I were not in all brotherly confidence to tell you exactly what I have gathered in an experience now of something like forty years in Mission work. Of course, no one—it is almost impertinent to say it—is in the least degree bound to be influenced by one word of this division.

(1) I deprecate the method which now sometimes obtains of crowding the days of the Mission with numbers of extra services. The early celebration, the later celebration for those who are too tired to rise early, a conference of clergy and workers in which to review the results of the previous day, and to seek guidance from the Holy Spirit as to the next step in the Mission —for we cannot do anything in any Mission if it has purely mechanical arrangements all settled before you begin—exactly what you are to do each day, exactly what address you are to give, and exactly how you are to deal with every man, woman and child that comes under your influence. It is simply ludicrous if it were not something worse. You need to meet together, clergy and workers, and to take counsel, at any rate clergy and

missioners to take counsel, from the Holy Spirit as to the next step in the Mission—with a very simple service of intercession. Surely these spiritual efforts, with the great Mission service at night, without any additional things—little services for Guilds and the like—are more than enough to tax the powers of the most advanced Christian ; the celebration, the conference, the service of intercession, and the great effort at night : surely that is enough for one day for anybody.

(2) I deprecate the modern plan of giving instructions at the end of the Mission sermon on some new subject, and it is a great comfort to me to find that in a very remarkable report which has been drawn up by the Committee on Parochial Missions for the Diocese of London, of which Canon Newbolt is the Chairman, all that I am now saying is in substance emphasised by the judgment of missioners of different schools of thought. I deprecate, then, the modern plan of giving instructions on some fresh subject at the close of the Mission sermon. If you desire conversion—I need hardly say to you, I suppose, that I am using the word merely as a convenient way of expressing that on which we all agree—after your sermon, then in the after-meeting you must break up the sermon into simple portions ; you must teach the people how to turn a simple portion into a prayer, and you must then leave them two or three minutes or more in which to do that—to turn it into prayer—and for that you will keep silence ; and then you will sing a hymn ; then you will give a little more teaching taken out of the same sermon thus broken up into small portions ; and in these times of silence it is very helpful to have a few clergy and carefully prepared Church workers who shall kneel quietly by those who are kneeling in that time of silence and just whisper to them, ' Can I be of any help to you, or would you rather be quiet ? ' If they would rather be quiet, leave them alone, of course, for many do not wish to be spoken to, but numbers who now have gone into the Paradise of God have looked back to that simple word in that quiet time in the after-meeting ; it just broke the ice, and very very quickly in the latter days of the Mission came the blessed result.

(3) I venture to suggest to missioners who are only to spend a day in a place, a plan which has been found very useful. I am imagining a missioner with only one day in a place. Adopt the plan of the Good Friday Three Hours in this way : give a little teaching ; instruct the congregation how to turn it into

prayer ; leave them to do so in silence, and then sing a hymn ; and then take a little more—seven subjects, just as you have seven in the Three Hours. The first, God, God's love and our Baptism ; second, Sin ; third, the Wages of Sin here and hereafter ; fourth, the Atonement ; fifth, Forgiveness through the Precious Blood ; sixth, how this is to be received, and the teaching of the Brazen Serpent as applied by our Blessed Lord ; seventh, Surrender of the will. So in one day the fundamentals, so to speak, of the Christian life are taught, and then if you have another day in the place, be at the disposal of anybody who likes, who was present the first day, to come and talk to you and help them in any way that they want to be helped.

iv. I have said nothing to-day about some suggestions and warnings that might be given as to the great care that is required in South Africa as to how you touch burning questions. They do not, of course, really come into the Mission, but you will hear them spoken of—such as the native question. I have left that out, for others who are going to speak about it more or less in the afternoon. And I have said nothing about what might be called the personal preparation, for I am speaking to men who have been chosen for this great work, and men who know what is meant by personal preparation and what is the necessity for it. You can think of that for yourselves.

(1) Of course, first of all, on all the great occasions of our life, my brethren, you and I know we require a fresh realisation of God's love, a fresh realisation of our own awful guilt and unworthiness, a fresh realisation of that merciful forgiveness through Him who died for us on Calvary, a fresh offering up of our poor miserable and unworthy self to Him who died and rose again. We need this surrender over and over again in our life, and you will need it especially, of course, for this Mission, in all sorts of ways. Take the very commonest ; the hospitality out there is very great, and while you eat your luncheon the men whom you have touched in the Mission are watching how much you drink and all about you, how you talk. You are *en évidence*, so to speak ; you cannot help it. God forbid that we should yield our Christian liberty ! That is not what I mean, but you are not going out to the Mission for pleasure nor to see the country ; you are going there, called by the Church of God in South Africa ; sent, we humbly believe, by God, with the blessing of the Church at home, to win souls, probably to alter the whole future of that Church in Africa—of that country. And it may

be for some of you that the work which will be given you to do—while you are preaching and labouring—that the work of all work that God will lay on you will be the dry dreary dark hours of Gethsemane and of Calvary, that your pain may be linked with the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and in some mysterious way come down in blessing on the place in which your sufferings have been endured.

(2) And, of course, you will need a quickening of your faith in the Holy Ghost. You will be powerless unless you are absolutely free and elastic, and ready day by day to follow the guidance of that Holy Spirit whom you have learned to know in this your time of preparation. You will do no earthly good unless you have a good heart, good courage, unless you have learned to look away from yourselves to God. 'Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the Lord, the Everlasting God, the Creator of Heaven and of Earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? to them that have no might He increaseth strength.' 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' It is a glorious opportunity. Oh, my brethren, if we could realise what it all means—what it means to have those tens of thousands of prayers behind us—what it means to have the whole of a great country expecting that something is going to happen—what it means to have been called by God, by a God who never fails to help and govern those whom He brings up in His steadfast fear and love!

The following suggestions to missioners, drawn up by the Bishop, were put into the hands of those who were to take part in the Mission.

Our Help is in the Name of the Lord

1. We go out from the Church at home, in response to a request from the Archbishop and Bishops of the South African Church, with the blessing and commendation of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Armagh and Dublin, and the Primus of the Scottish Church.

2. We go with great love and respect for the South African Church, which, amid sore trials, has steadfastly kept the faith.

3. We go in a spirit of deep sympathy with her in the special afflictions which the war has inflicted upon her; the peculiar difficulties to which she is still exposed.

4. We recognise the deep meaning in God's kingdom of a

severe war—the results which may issue from it ; and we hope to encourage our Brethren in Christ by the thought of the peaceable fruits of righteousness which may be yielded by this grievous chastening.

5. We rejoice to realise that we are members of one Church, and parts of one Empire ; and in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit, we wish to work out, alongside of our brethren in South Africa, the lessons which we ourselves are striving to learn at home.

6. Some of these lessons are briefly, as follows :

(*a*) God will do great things for us. He is waiting to bless us.

(*b*) He has told us that, if we are to qualify ourselves for these blessings, we must :

Sit down in the lowest place.

Confess our Sins.

Believe in the Redeemer, whose Blood cleanses from guilt.

Surrender ourselves in our separate individual being to Him Who died to redeem us and Who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Carry this individual Christian life into every social and national duty.

Manifest its reality by obedience to God, and help to our neighbour.

This Gospel of Life has to be proclaimed everywhere—alike to individuals and communities.

We shall find some already devoted to our LORD and His Church, whose hearts we have to cheer, whose hands have to be strengthened.

We shall find also, as in our own country, men who are indifferent to the ministrations of the Church, and who tell us that her voice has ceased to speak to them in their busy modern life.

We shall invite their confidence, listen quietly to whatever they have to say, only praying that by the Holy Spirit we may be enabled to find out the weak spot in their own lives, and bring them face to face with Christ—in order that humbly receiving His Divine forgiveness, encompassed by the supernatural power of His Holy Spirit, and strengthened by the Grace of His Sacraments, they may become witnesses for the Incarnate God—diffusing everywhere with Divine Enthusiasm His marvellous Life.

The great Mission took place. The number of men engaged in it from the home country was six and thirty. Among them were the Bishops of Chichester (Wilberforce), Gibraltar (Collins), and Burnley (Hoskyns, now Bishop of Southwell), the Rev. E. A. Stuart, now Canon of Canterbury, the Rev. M. C. Bickersteth of the Community of the Resurrection, the Rev. P. N. Waggett of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, and many other well-known names. Some of the South African clergy themselves took part in the work, especially the Dean of Grahamstown (the Very Rev. F. E. Carter). This is not the place in which to give a history of what was done. It will be enough to say that the Archbishop of Capetown wrote at the close to the Bishop of St. Andrews :

It has been *in every way* a wonderful spiritual blessing to us, and the inspiring power of the Holy Spirit has been manifest throughout it. Much as we expected from the Mission, its issue has been a great deal more than we anticipated in our sanguine moments. From almost every parish where the missioners have been at work I have had most grateful letters from the clergy, and most encouraging reports of the wonderful effect the Mission has had on large numbers of their parishioners. Thousands, I am sure, have not only been stirred, but convinced, and have given proof of the reality of their conversion. I cannot express the depth of the obligation under which the Church at home—and especially yourself and the two committees—have placed us.

The Primus, as he was by that time, had been following the work, it is unnecessary to say, with close attention and incessant prayer.

Dearest Bishop, he wrote to the Bishop (Campbell) of Glasgow on September 4, we hear through the Bishop of Burnley that some of the best missioners are dead tired with their long months' work, and have gone to Capetown rather fagged. You know how very important it is that there should be a good finish, God willing. I have cabled to the Archbishop, ' Please tell missioners be of good cheer. Numbers specially interceding.—Primus Scottish Church,' and am writing through the Duchess of Bedford to the hundreds who have promised to help

us with their prayers, asking for special intercession. You will specially, I know, remember it at the altar.

One of the missioners, whose work lay chiefly in the Scottish diocese of Kaffraria, the Rev. E. G. A. Winter, of St. Andrews, was a canon of his own cathedral, and the Bishop went to St. Andrews on September 13 to welcome him home, and took occasion to explain to the people assembled in the garden the nature of the work on which their rector had been engaged. In his address he gave a slight hint of what the Mission had cost him in fatigue—besides his own journey to Africa. 'It was,' he said, 'a continual case of going up to London and back again.' He described vividly the meeting held at Johannesburg.

I wish I had time to tell you of some of these meetings—to tell you what it was at Johannesburg when, after Provost Campbell and myself had done our little best, Canon Scott Holland got up and gathered the whole result of the meeting together, and first told them so many funny stories that the reporters put down their pencils, hid their faces in their hands, and broke down with pure delightful laughter, and then, as he always did, he gradually, as he got hold of the place, lifted it up till the better self of every man in the room—it was mostly crowded with men—was dominant; and he pictured to them all that might be done in that great country of South Africa, that it might be to God and to the Church what it was to the Empire, and then at last he pictured to us as a result of all the preparations for the Mission which he had been describing, all the months of intercession, and of the study of the people and of the strength of their faith—he described to them what the Mission would be when it came amongst them—and, thank God, now that ideal has been realised, and I hear from the Bishop of Pretoria that it was what we hoped and prayed it might be in Johannesburg. Then Dr. Holland with the whole place hanging upon his words—for he was speaking not merely as Dr. Holland, but as the man whom God was using to be the instrument by which thousands and tens of thousands of prayers had gone up for this Mission of Help and were to be answered—he, I say, pictured to us the New Jerusalem coming down into the middle of the streets of Johannesburg, that holy city into

which entereth nothing which defileth nor worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie. Oh ! I wish you could have heard that most solemn silence before the great rounds of applause were heard—it was wonderful ! Then this year forty Bishops and priests have gone out, and amongst them, as you know, was your own rector, and it is now no longer a matter of conjecture what the Mission has done. It is not merely that we have seen it in all the public papers, it is not merely that we have heard from private sources how much has been done, but all the Bishops who have yet had the opportunity of writing bear witness that our God is a God Who answers prayers. I will read to you just a short extract from the Bishop of Grahamstown's letter, who says, ' We have every reason to be deeply thankful to the Church at home for her truly generous gift to the Church in this land. The visits of the priests have been most highly appreciated in the various parishes which they have visited, and in all cases we have every reason to hope that their work will be vigorously followed up. There has been everywhere a real revival of interest in the Church, and I know that many resolutions have been made by men whose spiritual life has been quickened. The congregations throughout have been remarkably good, and they increased as the Mission went on. I fear that many of the missioners must be very much exhausted, as they had a very heavy strain put on them, as Mission followed Mission in quick succession. We can never thank you enough for having originated this movement, and you will have the gratitude for ever of the whole South African Church.' I have similar letters from the Bishop of Pretoria and from the Archbishop of Capetown, who says the Mission is doing splendid work, and one hears on every side of the wonderful way in which through it God is drawing souls to Himself—and that is all we wanted, was it not ? Here I must end. I would only ask you earnestly to pray for that Mission that is now going on in Capetown. The best of the missioners are simply dead tired. Nobody who has not taken a Mission has any idea of the fatigue such work entails. From morning till night it is one continual strain—preaching, praying, and celebrating, often broken nights and anxious days, with the whole principalities and powers of the kingdom of evil working against one. I now ask you to join in intercession to Almighty God, that He will fulfil to those men that promise which stands as sure at the present day as it did in the olden days, viz. : ' They that wait upon the Lord

shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and not faint.'

A great service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, November 15, 1904, to give thanks to God for the blessings bestowed upon the Mission, and a conference in the Caxton Hall in the afternoon. All arrangements had been carefully made. The Bishop of London had spent a long day over them at Perth. The Bishop of St. Andrews was, of course, by the choice of all, to have been the central figure of the day, when he was suddenly struck down by a severe chill in Dr. Scott Holland's house in London. The doctor gave the most stringent orders that he was not to leave his room. At very short notice Dr. Holland was obliged to take his place. There was, at least, one compensation, as the preacher said ; his absence made it possible to speak openly and frankly of him. Some sentences of the loving and well-deserved tribute have already been quoted above ;[1] a few more may be given here.

He it is who has drawn together for counsel those who could give the Mission its representative character. He it is who has always uplifted the ideal standard, keeping us true to the first purpose, and drawing around the Mission the strength of uncounted prayers. He, and he alone, could have persuaded the companies of devoted women to undertake their part in finding the 5000*l.*, by private voluntary effort, without any public appeal, by means of which the missioners were able to be sent out and carried home as a free gift to those that were being visited. He went out himself to clear the way : and no one but he could have presented to those who met him out there at each centre his own conception of what a Mission ought to be, with an authority born of long experience and a spiritual passion which could not be resisted or denied. He did this essential work last year at severe cost to himself ; and without that preliminary work the Mission itself could never have succeeded. The confidence of the whole Province was given to him ; and the missioners themselves would be the first to own how deep is their debt to him who spoke to them last December of all that was then before them and has now been fulfilled. So we thank

[1] See p. 322.

God to-day for all he has been and done in this high cause, praying that health and strength may be given to him to renew his service to Christ's Holy Church.

The conference in the afternoon ended with a tribute, not less well deserved, ' to her Grace, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and the ladies who have worked with her, at the call of the Lord Bishop of St. Andrews, for their zealous and generous labour in raising a sum which has more than sufficed for all the expenses of the Mission, without any general appeal to the public.'

A further conference of the missioners was held on February 28 of the following year, with the Primus in the chair. His care for South Africa was not exhausted by the great effort which closed in 1904. He entered eagerly into a proposal made by the Duchess of Bedford for starting a committee whose business it should be to maintain correspondence with lonely missionaries or settlers in South Africa. For years the Bishop had himself maintained such correspondence, and it was one of the constant questions in his weekly self-examination, whether he had written to any missionary or not.

The Rev. E. C. West, labouring in the diocese of Grahamstown, sends the following incident, to illustrate the Bishop's ready willingness to do anything that might help.

In Lent 1906 I paid a visit to Holy Trinity Mission, Nondyola, near Fort Beaufort, in the diocese of Grahamstown, to prepare for a three weeks ' Mission.' The Mission is in charge of a native priest named Daniel Malgas. I stayed in his house, and the most prominent picture on his walls was a large framed photograph of Bishop Wilkinson. I asked how it came to be there, and Malgas told me that Bishop Wilkinson paid a visit to him with Bishop Webb [in 1892]. Malgas had evidently been very much impressed, and I fancy the Bishop sent him his photograph himself. The ' Mission ' I was going to conduct was the direct outcome of the ' Mission of Help,' which, as you know, was itself inspired by Bishop Wilkinson ; so I wrote to him at once, partly because I felt sure he would like to know that we were trying to learn to send a ' Mission of Help ' to the natives as a result of his own efforts, and partly because I wanted to ask him to write just a line of encouragement to Malgas on such an occasion.

Bishop Wilkinson wrote me a delightful letter in which he said he remembered perfectly and with much pleasure his visit to Holy Trinity, Nondyola; he wished us every blessing upon our effort and promised that he would remember the 'Mission' daily in his prayers during the days on which it was being preached (I had given him the dates). But he did more than that; he wrote a note to Malgas himself, sending his blessing and promising his prayers. I need not tell you how delighted the old native priest was. He showed me the letter with great pride, and in the opening sermon of the 'Mission' I told the people (many of whom had seen the Bishop) that he would be praying for them daily during the three weeks, and they were very much touched.

The Primus was keenly interested in seeing that the work of the Mission should be revisited by one whom he could entirely trust; there was even some thought of his going in person.

To the Bishop of Glasgow

Athenæum: June 8, 1905.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—We had a very good meeting yesterday. We have about 600*l.* to 700*l.* over. We have decided to spend it all within the next two years, that is to say, before the end of 1907, in providing a priest, where the Bishops of South Africa desire it, for an after visit; we paying his journey out and back, and South Africa finding his food and lodging and travelling expenses while in the country. It seems to me that you might quite look forward to going out, please God, in 1907 for two or three months, if it happened to fit in with your other plans. Nothing would be required but for the Bishop of Kaffraria to write to Bourke asking for your travelling expenses.

Ever affectely,

GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

To the same

Feu House, Perth: April 1, 1906.

I have listened quietly to all Winter has told me about the Kaffraria plans. There does not seem any call for me to go, so I have abandoned the idea. I should have liked once more to have seen you in your flannels playing quoits on board. I am the more convinced as to this decision, because I have a formal and very urgent letter from the American Bishops to go as the

representative of the Scottish Church at their tercentenary next year. This call I ought to obey, and my own inner life will be destroyed if I go rushing about from place to place.

My love to Mrs. Campbell. I hope she is going with you.

To the same

Feu House, Perth: April 20, 1906.

I consider it to be important that you should take out a letter to the white and coloured people signed by all the Archbishops and myself, like the one which we took out addressed only to the white people. If you have any difficulty, please remind me nearer the time, and I will get it for you. No answer needed.

To the same, on his return

Feu House, Perth: November 20, 1906.

DEAREST ARCHIE,—The Provost is writing to ask you to come to us with the story of the last chapter in the Mission's History. I know you will come, if you can possibly arrange it.

It is delightful to think of you safely home and heartily welcomed by your diocese and the Church at home. May all blessing be with you, dear Archie.

Ever affectionately,

GEORGE ST. ANDREWS,
Primus.

To the same

Feu House, Perth: March 30, 1907.

DEAREST ARCHIE,—I see that the money is not coming in for the poor lady who wished to visit her daughter's grave. Will you use all, or as much as may be needed, of the enclosed for her?

I trust all has in God's mercy gone well at St. Paul's.

Ever affectely,

GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

In the course of that year the Bishop of Glasgow was pressed to exchange his diocese for that of Mashonaland, and felt strongly attracted to the thought. The Primus wrote to him:

Feu House, Perth: September 7, 1907.

DEAREST ARCHIE,—I have no doubt that you and Helen will be rightly guided by the Holy Spirit, and I trust that you will

not attach too much weight to my words, though I need not say that they are not written without thought and prayer.

I begin with some points to which Bishop Gaul refers.

1. I do not attach much importance to the difficulties which the change would involve for dear Helen. Provided that she was with you, and following God's guidance, she would be happy anywhere.

2. I think that the children must be very carefully considered before a decision is made. When we marry and incur the responsibility of fatherhood it seems to me that we limit ourselves, and are no longer free to go where we like and do what we like.

I have no ground for my belief, but I have always believed that you will end your days in South Africa, but I do not think that the time is come for you to cross the sea. The Scottish Church is a living branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church. She has been wonderfully preserved through manifold difficulties. On the one hand her possibilities as a witness to the truth are very great, but on the other hand she seems to me to be at present in a critical condition, in which in a very few years she might either perish or become so incapable of being a living witness for our Lord that her life would not be worth preserving. Hence it is of supreme importance that she should have the very best men as her Bishops.

I do not, dearest Archie, ignore your weak points, but everything which I hear and see confirms the judgment which I formed when I gave up all my plans and sent you away from Perth. Your link with the west of Scotland, your family traditions, the special social advantages which God has given to your wife, your spiritual power, your human sympathy, &c., &c., are laying hold of Scotland in a marvellous manner. All this blessing from God is sure to involve much inward suffering, a sense of unworthiness, &c., &c. If the power of Christ is to rest upon us, we must be made conscious of our weakness. If we are to be brought out into a place of abundance, we must go through fire and water in our inward experience. Therefore it may be that you are often conscious of failure, &c. But the fact remains: God is evidently blessing you, and enabling you to do a work which *very* few men could do for the Scottish Church.

Therefore I do not see that you could *at present* leave Glasgow. But, as I said at the beginning, others will advise, and their

advice may be the voice of God ; and, if so, God will enable you to hear it.

With love to Helen, ever, my dear Archie,

Very affectely. yours,

GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

You will observe that, of set purpose, I have said nothing of what it would be *to me* if you left Scotland. The loss would be irreparable.

To the same

Feu House, Perth: November 25, 1907.

DEAREST ARCHIE,—I am delighted. It is glorious—3000*l.* It is God's gift to bless you for giving up your will and staying in Scotland.

. . . All blessing and joy be with you both.

Ever affectely.,

G. ST. ANDREWS.

In a review of the Bishop's work in connexion with the Mission of Help, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, writes :

Towards the conclusion of the awful struggle for the mastery of Africa, one idea laid a powerful hold over his mind, and finally took definite shape. He struck out the bold conception of sending to the assistance of the wearied and distracted Church in South Africa a band of missioners, who should convey the sympathy and interest of the Church at home, and strive to heal the wounds created by the war. He bent all his energies, in addition to his ordinary work, to the accomplishment of this great task. The right men were found, the money was raised, and the machinery moved forward. But the inspiring spirit of it all came from himself. He would come to a Ladies' Meeting and fill each one present with longing to have some part or lot in this great enterprise, to make some tangible sacrifice, to show some token for good to the land where their loved ones had suffered and died. In two years the greater part of the sum (3000*l.*) was collected. But it was found to be insufficient. A new committee was formed, fresh resources were drawn upon, a second instalment equal to the first was cheerfully handed over to the Men's Committee. In 1902 he went himself . . . to South Africa, and carried out an exhausting scheme of addresses, interviews, sermons, &c. On his return he set

in motion the principal feature of the scheme, viz. the departure of a large body of missioners for South Africa. When all had returned and the work was over he broke down, and the Thanksgiving Service took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, while he lay in great weakness at Canon Scott Holland's residence in Amen Court.

Throughout this remarkable movement his first inspiration never failed him. Others had waded through seas of accounts, had written innumerable letters, and arranged endless meetings, and though they could say that their tasks were willed in hours of insight, it would have been impossible with any regard for truth to describe them as fulfilled without hours of gloom! But his imagination, once possessed of an idea of great breadth and power, never betrayed him by lowering the ideal. No doubt in times of depression it glowed no more; all was in twilight. But through the gloom the objects he saw were not petty; they were perhaps monstrous, but they were not sordid. The hostile spiritual forces might be deadly, but they could not be commonplace; they might be antagonistic, but not insignificant.

CHAPTER VII

UNITY

No work in which the Bishop of St. Andrews was called to take part was more wholly a labour of love than his efforts for Christian unity. It had been the absorbing interest of his predecessor, whose biographer says of him that to reconcile the Presbyterians to the ancient Church, and thus to create one united body of Christ, primitive, Apostolic, and orthodox, for the three kingdoms, 'became the leading principle of his life; and gave a unity and a dignity to it which otherwise, in so small a sphere, it might have lacked.'[1] Bishop Wilkinson never formulated so definite a policy and programme of union as Bishop Wordsworth, but his ardour for the cause was not less passionate or less persistent.

He gave utterance to his feeling at his first Diocesan Synod in 1893:

How, he asked, shall these miserable walls of division be broken down which part from each other the men who were redeemed by the one Saviour, and who worship the one God and Father of us all? We cannot separate ourselves from the thousands now within the veil who in bygone ages, at the cost of their life-blood, have kept undefiled the faith once delivered to the saints. We must not, in our yearning for union, raise new barriers between the Scottish Church and the world-wide Anglican Communion, with its rich promise of a glorious future. We dare not, as in the sight of God, through our love for brethren who differ from us at home, do anything which may for ever quench the hope of reunion with other branches of the Catholic Church dispersed throughout the world. And yet we long in our inmost heart to have a more living place in the national life of Scotland; to testify to God and man our recognition

[1] *Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth*, p. 37.

of the value of the noble efforts which are being made by other Christian bodies in our land. On these and many other great questions it is not right as yet to speak. One unguarded word, one hasty act, however apparently desirable, might throw back for years the work that lies before us, and which is so dear to the hearts of many amongst us. Instead of speaking, it is well that we should rather pray . . . that we may perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same.

That was indeed his policy and his programme—to pray. Impatient action was to be eschewed. Before his first year at St. Andrews ran out he had been kindly invited to address a body of Presbyterian students, but he refused; and the good Christian man to whom the refusal was addressed, so far from taking offence, privately replied that though he regretted the Bishop's decision, he was certain that it had been arrived at after careful and prayerful consideration, and added, 'I very gratefully thank you for what you say in regard to the future. I do not doubt but that such a quiet meeting would do more good than a public sermon in St. Giles.' [1]

Attempts to promote union are always a provocation to the powers that make for discord; and in 1895, when the Bishop was beginning to take action of a pacific kind, an occasion of bitterness occurred. A prominent ecclesiastic of the diocese was asked to preach in a parish church. He was willing to do so. The parish minister wrote to tell the Bishop. Bishop Wilkinson would not consent. The ecclesiastic showed an edifying example of obedience, though he told the Bishop in private that his predecessor, Bishop Wordsworth, twenty years before, had in vain sought for admission to the pulpit in St. John's parish church at Perth, and that no Presbyterian minister had ever written such a letter to a Bishop before. To the minister from whom the invitation proceeded the Bishop wrote:

My dear Mr. ——,—My whole heart goes out to the spirit which, as I hear, breathes in all your words and deeds—the

[1] The rule under which the Bishop then acted was afterwards, with the concurrence of the other Scotch Bishops, relaxed. It was agreed that clergymen might preach in University or College chapels.

desire for the reunion of Christians. May I call upon you when I go to K——, which I hope to do before the end of the month, and explain to you why I venture to think that the step which you suggest . . . would not really further the cause which we both have at heart ?

The matter got into some of the local papers, which expressed themselves with cruel rancour ; it would have got into a magazine of higher stamp, had not the editor, a Presbyterian minister, with rare good sense consulted the Bishop first. ' Many,' he said, ' have been grieved and disappointed (within the Church of Scotland) at the seeming conclusion of all effort after union in Scotland inaugurated and nourished by Bishop Wordsworth.' He appealed to the Bishop to say something which might remove bitter feeling. Cardinal Vaughan had just at that time put forth a pastoral which roused indignation in England, and the editor thought that it was a bad moment at which to emphasise the divisions between Christians independent of Rome. The Bishop replied that he hoped that the editor would not allow the inflammatory articles to see the light.

Whatever mistakes I may make, he said, I do, I trust, honestly desire reunion, and would make great sacrifices to obtain it. I hope that ere long we may have some conferences which, with the help of the Holy Spirit, will show us what steps we can take in that direction. I feel, however, that such action must be corporate, not individual.

Already indeed he had made the first move in the direction indicated. He had quietly invited several leading Presbyterian ministers together with some members of his own Church to meet under his own roof at Birnam, to discuss a project of united prayer and of possible action. That veteran worker in the cause of union, Lord Nelson, who was invited but unable to attend, expressed his satisfaction with the proposal, and added, ' I can't help thinking, the *more private* it is the better.' That was quite the Bishop's own feeling.

To his Diocesan Synod in the following year (1896) the Bishop said in his Charge :

We have to pray for the reunion of Christendom. The difficulties by which this subject is surrounded are obvious, but there are certain principles which cannot be ignored by any who are striving to order their words and deeds by the rule of God's commandments.

We must have no sympathy with, and by every possible means repudiate, that wretched spirit which speaks of the Church of God as if it were an aggregate of trading establishments, which says that our unhappy divisions promote a generous rivalry, that competition is good for Christians and saves them from apathy and indolence, and so forth. Is it not terrible that those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and read year after year His prayer that the unity of the Church may be manifested in order that the world may be converted, should condescend to these degraded utterances? Is it not strange that sensible persons, qualified to act with judgment in the affairs of this world, should fail to recognise the grievous injury which is being done to Christianity by the fact that we are separated from holy men and women amongst the Presbyterians—the Established, the Free, the United—separated from the great army of saints who, in the Roman and Greek communions, are witnessing for the one Lord, separated from the numbers who have been baptized into His mystical Body? Is it not intolerable that men like Dr. Donald Macleod, the late Moderator, and myself, though joined in the closest bonds of Christian affection, should yet be outwardly separated in the great battlefield of Christendom? Is it not intolerable that in consequence of our unhappy divisions men like Dr. Dale—whose book we recommend to our candidates for ordination—and Professor Milligan—that great and holy theologian—should have passed out of this life to the more immediate presence of the Divine Redeemer without having been able on earth to kneel at our side when we received the Holy Communion and offered the great memorial of the One Redeemer?

If we care for the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands, if we desire to reclaim the masses who at home are living in darkness and in the shadow of death, if we wish to confound the devices of Satan and arrest the progress of unbelief, let us pray, my reverend brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ that by the Holy Spirit we may be delivered from all hatred and prejudice, from everything which would hinder us from seeing the will of God, or weaken our wills in accomplishing

His Divine purpose. Let us resolve that we will not play into Satan's hands by any unbelief, that in spite of all appearances to the contrary we will pray and act as men who expect that this great reunion will, in God's own time and in God's own way, be accomplished. While we jealously guard the truth and refuse by any unworthy compromise to part with one iota of the faith once for all delivered to the saints, let us guard against the spirit which magnifies the accidents of the Kingdom of Christ into essentials. Let us submit our wills to the guidance of the Holy Spirit for wisdom and understanding and counsel and strength. Let us, so far as in us lies, beware of everything, alike in our private and public life, which will offer any hindrance to that godly union and concord for which every Christian heart must long with the deepest longing of his regenerate nature.

He went on to speak with the warmest sympathy of the 'Scottish Church Society,' which has done so much to revive a Catholic tone among the Presbyterians of Scotland.

This Charge called forth a fitting response beyond the pale of its author's communion. Dr. James Cooper, then Minister of the East Parish of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, now Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Glasgow, wrote to the Bishop :

6 Crown Terrace, Aberdeen : September 24, 1896.

Dear Bishop of St. Andrews,—Will you allow me to say in a single word how thankful I am to the great Head of the Church for your Charge. You have spoken as became a chief pastor of His Church, and given us hope that you may be permitted to carry on the work left unfinished by your revered predecessor. I believe that the time is not far distant when a conference might be held on the subject of Scottish reunion. I am sure that if you, with some of the other Scottish Bishops, were to invite some of our leading men to such a conference good might come of it.

Curiously enough on the day before your lordship delivered your Charge the Bishop of Salisbury was with me. We talked on the subject of reunion, and prayed that in God's good time and way we might be led to it, so that for the United Kingdom at least there might be a united national Church, and your name was mentioned as one who had the object deeply at heart, and who, when you did speak on it, would no doubt speak wisely

and powerfully. And lo, whiles we were speaking our prayer was heard !

I suppose that your lordship would have no objection (1) to our hierarchy of Church Courts being retained under a Bishop ; (2) to a wide liberty of form of worship, provided there were forms of unquestionable validity for the administration of the Sacraments ? I venture to think that some approach to each other might be made before the next Lambeth Conference. It would be a good work for Advent.

Allow me also gratefully to thank your lordship for your kind words about the 'Scottish Church Society.' Our influence, we have reason to know, far exceeds our numbers ; and Dr. John Macleod was the unquestioned leader of the last General Assembly.

Believe me ever
Very sincerely yours,
JAMES COOPER.

The Bishop was perhaps not yet prepared to discuss details such as Dr. Cooper's letter touched upon, but he was looking forward, like Dr. Cooper, to bringing the question before the Lambeth Conference in the following year. He desired, however, that every aspect of the case should be considered, and nothing ignored. The following memorandum for the Lambeth Conference was drawn up for him, though it cannot be confidently affirmed that he agreed with every word of it. It bears date October 7, 1896.

The Catholic movement in the Presbyterian Establishment, represented by the Scottish Church Society, is not primarily a movement for reunion, but rather for reviving a belief in the sacramental system among Presbyterians. Some, however, of its leaders, such as Dr. Cooper, wish not only for reunion, but for the episcopal succession and ministrations.

Their action has been met by Liberal High Church Anglicans, notably by Mr. C. G. Lang, and Mr. Simpson of Dundee, with an attempt to form a scheme which may supply the episcopal succession and ministrations, but at the same time avoid insistence upon episcopal government. Emphasis is laid upon such arrangements as those of which St. Jerome speaks as existing at Alexandria, or those which prevailed in early Irish monas-

teries, where the bishop supplied the indispensable ministry of ordination, but was not the ruler of the Church.

It was in view of such a plan as this that Mr. Simpson laid it down at last year's Conference, that no method of ecclesiastical government had an exclusive Divine sanction. He would doubtless hold that the episcopal method of ministration has an exclusive Divine sanction, but not the government.

This line of policy is, of course, very attractive to those Presbyterians who most desire reunion, because it tends to leave undisturbed that government of the Church by Presbyteries, including Lay Elders, which is a living force in Scotland, and the democratic element in which has helped to preserve the Scottish Establishment from many of the evils which have resulted in England from the Royal Supremacy.

It must also be remembered that this system is not so great an innovation upon Scottish episcopal traditions as it would be upon those of the English Church. In the last century Scottish Bishops had no chapters, no cathedrals, usually devoted themselves to a parochial charge, often in another Bishop's diocese, and occasionally made a confirmation tour. The limitations placed by the Scottish Canons upon the right of the Bishop to officiate in any church under his jurisdiction, and the absence of any clear recognition of his diocesan pastorate are indications of the same inadequate view of the pontifical position.

It would be of great advantage to the Church in Scotland if the Bishops at Lambeth would pass any resolutions as to the pontifical and magisterial character of the episcopate, which could be appealed to by those who wish to save the Scottish Church from being drawn into a course which, however truly it may be saved by slender precedents from being fatal to her Catholic claim, seems far from what the whole consent of Christendom has witnessed to as the Divine purpose in the institution of the Apostolic ministry.

On the eve of the Conference Dr. Cooper wrote again :

6 Crown Terrace, Aberdeen: June 17, 1897.

My DEAR BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS,—Allow me to thank you very sincerely for the kind letter just received. It will be a pleasure of no ordinary kind to me to visit your lordship. I should not be able to do so till after August. . . . I am going to Canterbury for the commemoration of St. Augustine, and in

London afterwards, where I hope, if allowed, to see something of the Lambeth Conference.

In regard to the matter of reunion on which you write, I have already had the kindest of letters . . . from the Bishop of Salisbury. [He] makes a proposal which I think admirable, namely that the Conference, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Address voted by the last General Assembly, should try and arrange for the Anglican Church and us doing some theological work in common—such as a Catechism (of a kind he suggested when in Scotland last year). This, his lordship says, 'would make people understand and value each other. Practical work is not so easy to organise. Of course the work done at the Revised Version has already been helpful.' It gave, for example, an entirely new bend to Dr. Milligan's thoughts and desires.

I hope the Scottish Bishops will take part in this if it is proposed. I am confident it will be welcomed by us. On the 29th inst. we have a meeting at which I hope this whole matter will be talked over, and I shall then communicate further with your lordship.

If it could be made plain to us that in a reunion (1) our hierarchy of courts might go on as before, with canonical bishops presiding at all ordinations, moderating at all synods, and acting as superintendents—one of their number being annually chosen as Moderator of the General Assembly, like the *Conservator* at the National Councils before 1440; and (2) that our form of worship would not be interfered with in any sudden or violent way, I believe a great wave of enthusiasm would rise which would *carry* reunion in an incredibly short time. If the Prayer Book were made lawful in our Church, it would come in in virtue of its own excellence, as organs have done, in the space of a few years. But there *must be* an avoidance on both sides of the acts and words which irritate everybody, and call off attention from important things to matters of minor consequence. . . .

Believe me ever, dear Bishop of St. Andrews,

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

JAMES COOPER.

When the Lambeth Conference took place the Bishop of St. Andrews was naturally put on the Committee which dealt with the question of Unity, of which his friend the Archbishop of York was chairman. The Report of the Committee made

special mention of 'the Established Church of Scotland, which approached us at the beginning of the present Conference with a greeting so gracious and so tender,' and remarked that not a few of its sons were 'deeply studying the question of the three Orders in their due and proper relation,' but the Committee had nothing practical to suggest. The fortieth resolution of the Conference, however, determined—without special reference to the Scottish problem—

That the Bishops of the several Churches of the Anglican Communion be urged to appoint Committees of Bishops, where they have not been already appointed, to watch for opportunities of united prayer and mutual conference between representatives of different Christian bodies, and to give counsel where counsel may be asked in this matter. That these Committees confer with and assist each other, and regard themselves as responsible for reporting to the next Lambeth Conference what has been accomplished in this respect.

The Bishop of St. Andrews was not likely to allow this resolution to be idle. At a meeting of the Scottish Bishops on Thursday, December 2, 1897, in answer to his question how to give effect to the resolution, it was agreed :

1. That in accordance with Resolution 40 of the Lambeth Conference, it is desirable to hold a private conference with members of the Established, Free and United Presbyterian bodies, in order to ascertain how far it is possible to arrange for united intercession on behalf of Home Reunion.

2. That the Bishops be requested to ascertain the names of any Presbyterian ministers who would be disposed to take part in such a conference. Any communications with this object by the Bishops to be sent as 'Private and Confidential.'

It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate that a minute thus worded, should have been sent to Presbyterian ministers whom it was intended to attract. A few expressed strong resentment at the choice of the word 'bodies' to describe the Churches to which they belonged. But it was all the more creditable to them that most of those who were invited to a preliminary conference signified their willingness to join. Much good advice

and help was received from Dr. Donald Macleod, Dr. Cooper, and Mr. Lang, then vicar of Portsea. Invitations issued in January 1899 avoided the obnoxious word. At Dr. Macleod's suggestion, the invitations were accompanied by a statement of the 'basis' on which it was proposed to meet. It ran thus :

The following is the basis of our meeting :

1. We meet as Christian men who have been baptized into Christ. We see the Kingdom of our Lord weakened by our divisions, even where there is no bitterness, much more when that bitterness exists.

2. We see things differently, and we naturally feel that the position in which we are placed has laid upon us obligations which we cannot ignore, but we are convinced that there must be some way by which now or hereafter the prayer of our Lord may be fulfilled consistently with our absolute fidelity to the truth which we believe that He has revealed to us.

3. In this meeting, therefore, we go altogether behind our differences, and simply meet on the basis of our baptism. Our intercessions on this basis may be perfectly real. We can all (1) confess our sins ; (2) claim the cleansing of the precious Blood ; (3) claim the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Who we believe especially helps those who know not what to pray for, nor how to pray ; (4) acknowledge the fact of human limitations and possibility of mistakes on all sides ; (5) honestly desire that God's will should be revealed and God's truth manifested.

As the result of the above (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) we can at our first meeting ask God to show us any way in which union may now or hereafter be promoted.

After the Conference we may see (*a*) that in the present circumstances of Scotland it is better for us to take no public step ; (*b*) or that it be desirable to make some public address to Scotland on the subject of union. If nothing public is to be done, we may be able to arrange to meet from time to time, adding to our number any who are of a like mind with ourselves.

The first meeting took place on Friday, June 30, 1899, at the Roxburgh Hotel in Edinburgh. The Bishop of St. Andrews was in the chair. His rough notes of what he said have been preserved. He confined himself to the question :

Whether desirable to endeavour to arrange a day in 1900 on which all Christian people in Scotland may pray to God to

create a desire for union, and to show us ways in which that desire can be fulfilled.

If we agree to this, it will be easy to appoint a committee to give effect to it and report.

On this, if you will allow me, I will concentrate your thoughts at this meeting.

The difficulties in the way of Home Reunion are obvious. These difficulties are the reason for falling back upon God. It is a great mountain which He alone can cast into the sea. Professor Milligan said that what was needed was prayer to God to create in us all a hearty desire for reunion, to prepare our hearts as the preparation for His ear hearkening and His plans being revealed—to give faith that He may not by our unbelief be hindered from doing many mighty works.

It has been said, ' All will pray for different things.' All have different plans, of course, with our limited minds ; but we all desire God's will to be done. If He in answer to our prayers create a hearty desire, if He make us ready for any sacrifice which He may demand, then He will answer prayer in His own way, the best way.

We know that unity is according to His will. We think of our Blessed Lord Who redeemed us with His precious blood, as He bears us on His heart within the veil.

One of the Bishops, since dead, who was present, wrote a few days after to the Bishop of St. Andrews :

When I look back upon our meeting in Edinburgh, I feel, perhaps even more than I did at the time, how very much is owing to you for your forbearing patience—especially towards me. For I fear, without intending it, I did not make your difficult task easier. I felt we were in troubled waters, and I know I showed my impatience and anxiety (perhaps I should say, faithless anxiety) only too plainly. Had my interference met with a rebuff it would have been only what I might have expected—at any rate from anyone but you. But instead of this there was nothing but consideration and kindness on your side. I feel very thankful for the line you followed in turning our thoughts to prayer and mutual love, rather than to those aspects of the questions under discussion which must have led to difficulties.

I fear you must have felt the occasion a trying one in some

respects, though you did not show this for one moment ; and I cannot but believe that the persuasive humility of your opening address will have touched many hearts, as it did mine. May the blessing of Him Who said ' Blessed are the peacemakers ' be upon you, and may He forgive me if, to any extent, I took the contrary part ! In contending for what one feels to be important—especially when want of power has to be made up for by vehemence of expression and pertinacity, one is apt to speak hastily.

So good men write to each other.

Another Bishop wrote :

I think you, and we all, have much cause for thankfulness to God for the meeting at the Roxburgh. Surely the spirit shown was excellent, and the meeting cannot fail at least to quicken in all of us the desire for closer approaches. We owe, I feel, much to you for the admirable management of a delicate business.

Dr. Cameron Lees wrote, with friendly guardedness :

Our last conference was most pleasant in every way, and I think with God's blessing calculated to do good.

The warm-hearted Dr. Cooper wrote in August :

Indeed this is a new opportunity for Scotland, such as has scarcely been given her since Leighton's efforts in the reign of Charles II., and I would fain hope that good men of all parties would be willing to throw their political schemes into the fire and endeavour to secure a real union, which would bind in one National Church, free, endowed, and plainly Catholic, all in Scotland who combine acceptance of the Reformation with belief in the Divine institution of the Church and of its ministry.

The Bishop himself wrote to a lady :

The Meeting of the 30th [June], for which you prayed, was almost overpowering, alike in the position of the men who were present, and in the spirit by which it was pervaded. . . . I shall never forget the personal kindness of every single Minister.

A Committee was formed at the June meeting, which met on October 17, and prepared proposals for a fuller gathering of the friends of the movement.

The fuller gathering is thus described in Mr. Farquhar's diary:

Jan. 4 [1900].—We had rather a remarkable meeting in the Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh, to-day. Our Bishops, particularly St. Andrews, have been the chief movers in it. In obedience to a resolution of the Lambeth Conference they have brought the question of Christian Reunion up. I dare say there were a hundred ministers, of our own (including the Bishops of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen), the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian Churches present, and laymen. It was not a Latitudinarian meeting. Neither was there any general speaking about 'our unhappy divisions' and their causes. Our Bishop was in the chair, and was most warmly received throughout. The proposal was that a Sunday this year should be set apart by each of the four communions in their official capacity for the purpose of praying for union. The Free's and U.P.'s made some difficulties, but were reasonable enough, and eventually fell into line. The Established ministers, however, were very hearty. I daresay they represented their 'High Church' party. Of them there were to my knowledge Dr. Marshall Lang, Professor Cooper, and Principal Story, Dr. Cameron Lees, and younger ones; of the Free's I only knew Dr. Bannerman, but there were others; and of the U.P.'s there were Dr. Robson (Moderator), Dr. MacEwen, Principal Charteris,[1] and others.

Again a Committee was appointed, which prepared a statement for a meeting in May. The same reverend reporter gives this account of it:

May 17 [1900].—We had a remarkable meeting in the Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh, to-day. Our own Bishop took the chair. D—— told us that, humanly speaking, the Bishop is absolutely essential at this stage of proceedings, i.e. when people are being brought together for the first time. He said that, had it not been for him, the whole thing would have flown asunder. Afterwards, when we come to the crucial question of Church government, which will have to be discussed some time, someone else will need to help.

After prayers, &c., the Bishop opened proceedings, and explained that since last meeting of Conference the Committee

[1] This is a mistake; Professor Charteris belonged to the Established Church.

had agreed to recommend the issue of a letter to the People of Scotland, with a view to being extensively signed. If this letter in favour of setting apart a day of prayer for union were largely signed, it might then be presented to the Synods, Assemblies, &c., and the day officially appointed for all. Mr. Rowland Ellis, of St. Paul's, York Place, Edinburgh, was appointed secretary. There were many eminent Presbyterian ministers of all denominations present, and a good many of ours, with the Bishops of Glasgow (Harrison) and Aberdeen (Douglas). Dr. Stalker, Dr. Scott, Dr. Sprott, Dr. MacEwen, Dr. MacGregor, Dr. Leishman, and a Presbyterian missionary all spoke. . . . The proposed letter was unanimously adopted. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the debate. It was noticeable that, except for our Bishop's remarks, and Mr. Ellis's, as secretary, all the speaking was done by Presbyterians. None of ours said anything. It is quite wonderful so far, and I have hopes that something must come of it. I suppose the opposition simply do not attend the meetings, but it surprises me to find how many leading Presbyterian ministers do not belong to the opposition !

The statement adopted was as follows :

In common with very many of our brethren, both clerical and lay, we have had the conviction brought home to our consciences that the lack of visible unity amongst Christian people is one of the chief hindrances by which all efforts to advance the Kingdom of our Lord are impeded. We are impressed with a sense of the obligation which rests upon all true believers in Christ to realise and manifest their unity in Him.

We recognise in the infidelity, the neglect of God, the self-sufficiency, the pride, the love of money, the impurity, the intemperance, the worldliness, and other evils by which we are confronted, an additional call to manifest that unity as a common basis of action against the common foe.

We thankfully acknowledge the truth of the inner union which exists between all who are spiritually united to Him who died for our sins, and ascended into Heaven to be our Mediator and Advocate, and we desire to cherish and promote the manifestation of that essential unity in Christ which exists among true believers, and which is the only sound basis of external union.

We rejoice in the amount of visible unity which has already

been realised, but we regard it as obvious that that visible unity in its completeness has yet to be accomplished.

We are painfully aware of the difficulties by which the whole subject is surrounded.

It is on account of these difficulties that we desire, like Ezra of old, to cast ourselves unitedly upon our God, and to ask Him to 'show us the way.' We have of set purpose avoided the consideration of any of the plans for union which have from time to time been put forward.

We are satisfied from the study of Holy Scripture that before any such consideration is attempted, it is desirable that, after the example of the early Christians, if not in one place, at least *on one day* and *with one accord*, we should kneel together before the throne of the Eternal Father, humbling ourselves for our manifold sins and negligences and ignorances, claiming the forgiveness which we have in Christ through His Precious Blood, beseeching the Holy Spirit to reveal to us anything which we can do to enable the answer to the prayer of our Divine Master to be more fully manifested: 'Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name which Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, even as We are. Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on Me through their word; that they may all be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me.'

We are encouraged, by the marked spirit of brotherly sympathy and fellowship with which all our meetings on this subject have been pervaded, to expect still greater things in the future. We humbly believe that our Heavenly Father is silently working, we know not how, by the Holy Spirit toward a definite end.

This end may not be seen as yet, but we believe that it will be made manifest, in His own time and in His own way, for the honour of Jesus Christ His Son, our Lord.

Before taking steps to obtain, if possible, the setting apart of some day in the year 1901 as a day of prayer and intercession in this matter, it is obviously important that we should ascertain how far this our desire finds a response in the hearts and minds of our fellow-Christians in Scotland. We shall, therefore, be much obliged if those who agree in the above statement will send their names and addresses to any of the subscribers not later than February 15, 1901.

Signed on behalf of the members of Conference by the following:

D. Douglas Bannerman, Northbank, Craigie, Perth.
A. H. F. Barbour, 4 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.
Alex. Crum Brown, 8 Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh.
James Alex. Campbell, Stracatho, Brechin.
J. R. Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, North Ballachulish.
Samuel Chisholm, City Chambers, Glasgow.
James Cooper, University, Glasgow.
Charles Dalrymple, New Hailes, Musselburgh.
J. Myers Danson, 19 Bon Accord Crescent, Aberdeen.
John Dowden, 13 Learmonth Terrace, Edinburgh.
Rowland Ellis, 19 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh.
D. W. Forrest, Skelmorlie, Wemyss Bay.
Charles J. Guthrie, 13 Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
James Hastings, 12 Clarendon Terrace, Dundee.
John Burns Hastings, 5 Osborne Terrace, Edinburgh.
David Hunter, The Manse, Galashiels.
John Marshall Lang, Chanonry Lodge, Aberdeen.
J. Cameron Lees, 33 Blacket Place, Edinburgh.
Alex. R. MacEwen, 25 Woodside Place, Glasgow.
John Robson, 25 Cluny Gardens, Edinburgh.
G. D. F. Salmond, Free Church College, Aberdeen.
James S. Scotland, Newport, Fife.
Archibald Scott, 16 Rothesay Place, Edinburgh.
John Smith, 32 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.
David Somerville, 8 Garscube Terrace, Edinburgh.
R. T. N. Speir, Culdees, Muthill.
John A. Spens, 169 West George Street, Glasgow.
James Stalker, 6 Clairmont Gardens, Glasgow.
Alexander Whyte, 7 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.
George Howard Wilkinson, Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire.
A. Wallace Williamson, 44 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh.

At the time when this statement was adopted, the union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterians was in process of accomplishment. Many not unkindly judges were disposed to consider that remarkable transaction as a political move, directed against the Establishment. The Bishop was urged beforehand to confine his attention to the Established Church, and to leave the other denominations alone; but

eminent members of the Established Church represented, on the other hand, that in that case the mutual approach of themselves and the Episcopal Church might have the appearance of being an equally political counter-move, and that the two other denominations ought certainly to be called in. To make it clear that the Conference and its appeal were in no way hostile to the union of the two contracting bodies, it was decided not to publish the appeal until the end of the year, when the union would have become an achieved fact.

The Bishops, it will be observed, refrained from using in this document their territorial designations, to avoid hurting any susceptibilities.

An English paper contained these comments upon the signatures :

It is very notable that the signatures comprise six clergymen and two laymen of the *then* four Churches : Church of Scotland, Free Church, United Presbyterian Church, and Scottish Episcopal Church.

Englishmen will scarcely appreciate the importance, for the conciliation of Scottish feeling, of the ' self-denying ordinance ' whereby the signatories to the statement have refrained from giving themselves any titles whatever ; or the wisdom of their withholding the statement, though adopted in May, till December, after the contemplated union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian brethren had become an accomplished fact.

Among the names we can, however, discriminate some of the ablest men belonging to the *then* four Churches. Dr. Scott and Principal Lang have been Moderators of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Cooper is Professor of Church History, Glasgow University. Dr. Hunter is a man of great learning and business ability. Dr. Whyte was once Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, and is their greatest preacher. Principals Salmond and Stalker are well-known theologians, whose works are valued in England. Dr. Hastings is editor of the ' New Bible Dictionary.' Dr. Robson was Moderator of the U.P. Synod ; Dr. John Smith their best preacher ; while Dr. MacEwen and Dr. Forrest are noted men of culture. Mr. Chisholm is the genial and popular Lord Provost of Glasgow. Mr. Speir and Mr. Spens are leading laymen of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Dr. Danson

is an eloquent preacher ; Canon Ellis, a highly respected clergyman ; while three of their ablest Bishops can easily be recognised.

. . . . Further advances towards unity are becoming apparent—the United Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh having declined by a large majority to reappoint a committee on disestablishment.

Dr. Stalker sent the following account of the movement to the 'British Weekly' of February 7, 1901 :

The initiative has been taken by the Episcopal Church, and the Bishop of St. Andrews has always occupied the chair. He, I understand, has been acting on the instructions of the last Lambeth Congress, which directed the Bishops of the Anglican communion to put themselves in touch with the Christian bodies in their respective neighbourhoods. And as the Episcopalians have taken most of the trouble, it is probable that they will also reap most of the benefit. The other denominations are already tolerably well accustomed to mutual co-operation, but the position of the Episcopalians in Scotland has long been one of great isolation ; and it is no wonder if the wise among them have felt the necessity of finding some mode of *rapprochement*. Some of my correspondents are evidently suspicious of their sincerity, and believe that they can have no other intention than to swallow the other bodies. In view, however, of the relative magnitudes of the Churches represented, this seems a ludicrous suggestion ; and, at any rate, if anything of the kind were attempted, it would certainly meet with the fate it deserved. It is the judgment of charity that their aims are more modest and brotherly. And it is surely an encouraging, if also a somewhat astonishing, sight to see dignitaries and clergy of the Episcopal Church and ministers of the Presbyterian Churches, along with representative laymen of both communions, kneeling, at meeting after meeting, to offer extempore prayers for unity.

The Conference has not as yet advanced far. Indeed, it has not definitely done anything beyond suggesting a day of prayer. This proposal would probably have been carried out before now ; but it was postponed in deference to the wishes of the representatives of the United Presbyterian and the Free Churches, who naturally desired that public attention should, in the end of last

year, be concentrated on their own Union. One line of the circular is intended as a sympathetic acknowledgment of the importance of the movement which has issued in the United Free Church.

Some of those who have written me assume that by unity is meant incorporating Union. But unity is a term which may cover a good many things. There is, first, the unity of all believers in Christ ; and it is no inconsiderable gain if this is recognised as the common possession of the true members of all Churches and as the invisible basis of all external union. Secondly, there is recognition by the Churches of each other's character and work ; and it would be a gratifying change if the different branches of the Church of Christ, instead of ignoring and depreciating one another's success and each magnifying its own, were quick to acknowledge every sign of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Thirdly, there might be co-operation or federation. In Home Mission effort this has already been attempted in such schemes as the Glasgow Home Mission Union, but with imperfect unanimity ; and every reflective mind must have deplored that, in Foreign Missions, Christianity should be presented to the heathen in so many denominational forms. Fourthly, the perfect attainment would be incorporating union.

The Conference cannot be said to have faced these alternatives yet or to have decided which of them it is seeking ; but it has not agreed to exclude any of them from the scope of its prayers. All present have, I should say, agreed to the first two : that is to say, they recognise one another's Christianity and desire to rejoice in one another's good work. Some of my correspondents appear to doubt whether our Episcopal friends can possibly have gone so far ; but these would otherwise have been misleading us, and we should never have gone a step in Conference on any other footing. Some of those present desired to state publicly that incorporating Union was not aimed at ; but, when we decided to ask the country to pray for unity, it was thought that to exclude this possibility would be to limit the Holy One of Israel. It would have been the despair of human reason too ; for, if there be any form of Church government more Scriptural and reasonable than the rest, why should we give up the hope of all discovering it ? Certainly, as a Presbyterian, I should be gratified if the Conference afforded an opportunity of proving that Presbytery is more in accordance with the Word of God and with right reason than any other ecclesiastical

type ; but, of course, if anyone were to receive this opportunity, he would have to concede a similar liberty to others.

The Conference is far, however, from having got this length, and it cannot be said to have yet faced the real difficulties of the situation. How far it may be able to proceed in the future remains to be seen ; but there is always virtue in prayer and charity.

As I recall the points of interest in the meetings, it is impossible not to refer to the courtesy, wisdom, and spiritual power of the chairman, which have produced a really remarkable impression on all present. Among the representatives of the Church of Scotland what has interested me most has been an idea which was new to me, namely, the aspiration after a single Church which should be conterminous with the British Empire in its widest extent ; but how far this blend of patriotic and religious imperialism may have laid hold of the clergy or laity of this Church I am unable to say. The United Presbyterian and the Free Church representatives have naturally felt the whole thing to be somewhat vague and shadowy in comparison with the substantial Union which they have been helping to bring to pass ; yet the ecclesiastical history of Scotland is not ended even with the Union, and it is possible that in these conferences there may be the germs of ulterior developments.

The Bishop was unwearied in his attendance at committee meetings, which took him constantly to Edinburgh. On December 31, 1900, Mr. Farquhar wrote :

The Bishop has done all he could about his Reunion meetings with the Presbyterians, but the union of the Free's and U.P.'s has rather cut across his scheme at present. Nevertheless his Committee has issued an appeal to the public in favour of a day of united intercession.

The appeal was, of course, the 'statement' given above. What followed may be described in Mr. Farquhar's words :

May 14 [1901].—I see that a few days ago a deputation from the Reunion Association appeared before the Episcopal Synod asking them to appoint a day of prayer. Several prominent Presbyterian ministers appeared before the Bishops in the Chapter House of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh—i.e. Dr. Cameron Lees and Dr. Cooper representing the Established

Church, and Drs. Bannerman and Robson representing the U.F.'s. Never before, since 1689, have Presbyterian ministers appeared before Scottish Bishops! God grant it may be the beginning of happier days!

May 27 [1901].—From the Church point of view the Presbyterian General Assemblies have been notable this year. For the first time since the Great Rebellion a Scottish Bishop has been present to address them. Our Bishop headed a deputation both to the Established and United Free Assemblies, consisting of 'Episcopalians' and Presbyterians of all kinds, asking that a common day of prayer should be authoritatively appointed throughout Scotland, asking God to remove the hindrances which lie in the way of reunion. Certainly the difficulties seem tremendous, but that, I suppose, is all the more reason why we should pray. The Bishop tells me that he was received in both Assemblies with the greatest enthusiasm and affectionate respect. Scotland is now, religiously speaking, in a fluid state. The old arrangements, though standing and living, are melting round their edges and merging into one another, and the next generation will see them poured into new moulds, destined to last for another era. How deeply thankful we ought to be that, contrary to expectation, the 'historic episcopate' has (chiefly through the action of our Bishop) been, so far, respectfully taken into consideration!

The Committee on Christian Unity, at a meeting on June 5, 1901, decided to publish in pamphlet form,—so a prefatory note to the pamphlet tells us,—the speeches of the deputations that appeared before the General Assemblies and before the Episcopal Synod, as well as the speeches of those who introduced the deputations,

believing that, presented in this form, they may be of service in view of the approaching Day of Intercession, and also that many, who have at heart the cause of Christian Unity, will be glad to possess this Memorial of what they cannot but regard as an important event in the history of Scotland marking the first year of the twentieth century, and the opening year of the new reign.

It was indeed a memorial worth preserving. The deputation which appeared before the Bishops was introduced by Mr.

Rowland Ellis. Its chief spokesman was Dr. Cameron Lees, who said :

There was, as their lordships knew, at present a very strong desire for closer Christian unity in Scotland. There had been, like the breath of spring, a desire for closer relations between those who believed in the same Lord and Saviour, and who were equally earnest in doing His work in the world. They felt thankful that there was existing a large amount of spiritual unity in Scotland. . . . But they wanted more than that. . . . As their lordships knew, when they took up the question of what he might call corporate or visible unity, they were at once surrounded by difficulties. The Episcopalians had their objections and Presbyterians had theirs, and it was not easy to see how they could come together. There had been plans and schemes for this end by clever and, what was better, by very devout men, but they had ended in failure, and, with a deep sense of their inability to cope with the situation, they desired to go as Christians to the Throne of Grace and ask for the direction of God—ask the Great Head of the Church to fulfil to them His own prayer that they might all be one. It was for that purpose they were there that day—to ask their lordships to appoint, if they saw fit, a day of prayer in their own Church, and they believed that day of prayer would be observed by other Christians in Scotland. What the answer to their prayer might be they could not tell. They had only to look back upon the history of the Church of Christ to see how God had led it. What had happened in the past might happen still. . . . They had seen children on the shore trying to connect pools of water by digging little canals and making little embankments, but without much success, but when the great tide came rolling in these separate pools became one easily and at once. So their attempts at formal union had not been successful, but by the sending of increased spiritual life and working according to His infinite power, God would be able to bring about Christian unity in a manner they could never have dreamt of.

Dr. Norman MacLeod sympathetically introduced the deputation to the General Assembly of the Established Church. He said that no more remarkable document had ever been laid on the table of the House than the memorial which the deputation had brought, if its substance and the number and position

of those who subscribed to it were taken into account. The chief speaker on this occasion was the Bishop of St. Andrews :

Sir, he said in the course of his address, it is true that we come here without having considered any definite scheme or having formulated any plan for union ; and it is on that account, I think, that almost the only objection I have heard to our work has arisen. We are told—if I may judge from some of the papers which I have read—that we are visionary dreamers, and that in an age and a country like this we must be practical if we are to exercise any influence upon our fellow-countrymen. We are told that we must come down from what is called the heavenly atmosphere and plant our feet more firmly upon the earth in which we live and move and have our being. Would to God, Right Reverend Sir, it were true of us all that we were more in the heavenly places. Would to God that we could in our own spiritual experience know more of what St. Paul knew when he said that 'our conversation—our citizenship—is in heaven,' for if that were the case we should all alike be more fully endowed with that divine 'wisdom which cometh down from the Father of Lights,' and be better fitted to deal with the perplexities by which in every age the followers of the Crucified are surrounded. But if there be any single question that is a practical question, I venture to think that it is the question we suggest to this Assembly to-day. For what are the facts ? Is it not the fact that we have to fight at least as hard a battle against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil as was ever fought by any of our forefathers in the faith ? Is it not the fact that there are problems all around us waiting for solution which would tax the united efforts of our concentrated intelligence ? We all recognise these problems—the relations of capital and labour, the condition of the masses, and how to bring back to the Good Shepherd's fold those who, so far as man can judge—God forbid that we should do more than say that—seem to have strayed away from the Lord, Who loves them as truly as He loves any one of us. All those problems are clamouring for solution, and surely if they are ever to be dealt with in any satisfactory manner we must do what in us lies to reduce the amount of at any rate apparent separation that exists among us. Far be it from me to ignore the reality of the differences to which reference has been made ; far be it from me to come to a Venerable Assembly like this and ask you, Sir, to ignore that which is a fact in history ;

but surely the practical question for practical men is—What is the best practical thing to do under the circumstances? If a man is in a strange country and does not know his way, what does he do? Does he not put his hand into his knapsack and take out his guide-book, and try to find out the road in which he should walk? That, Sir, is all we have done. We have just met together, and we have taken out our guide-book—the Bible, God's guide-book—and for nearly two years we have met together and read our Bible and prayed to God in the name of Jesus Christ, as in that Book He has taught us to do; and we have pleaded as He has taught us to do the merits of our adorable Redeemer; and we have found the old promise fulfilled in those quiet afternoons, and we have been 'filled with great joy and peace in believing,' and we have come not only to know and love each other, but to abound in hope that God has some great thing in store for us, not perhaps in our brief life, but something which we shall be allowed to see in the land where so many whose names are honoured in the Church of Christ have gone, and who have so often in this Assembly spoken of the joy and the glory of Christian unity. It seemed to us that the next practical thing to do was to come to the constituted authorities in the different Churches, and to ask them to appoint a day on which it might be possible for all Scotland, if not in one place, at least with one accord and one heart, to pray to God Almighty to tell us if there be anything that we ought to do with reference to Christian unity. I quite recognise the objection which has been made that those who pray on that day will have very different aims; some will wish for one thing, others for another. But . . . the great Father will gather up all those contradictory (if you like) requests, and He will give back to us that which He sees to be the best for us and for the country that is so dear to us. It may be that He will teach us that His time has not yet come, and that all we can do is, with ever increasing respect and ever increasing love for each other, to watch, and wait, and hope; or it may be, Sir—I have seen wonderful results from days of united prayer in my life—it may be that there is something waiting in the eternal kingdom which God desires to give us in Scotland; ay, in Christendom, for I do not limit my vision. It may be that there is something waiting for the prayers of a united people, something that shall be so wonderful that even the world will be obliged to believe in Jesus Christ, and to say, 'This is so

unexpected. It must be from the Lord. It is marvellous in our eyes.'

The Bishop spoke also, with all his accustomed fervour, on the deputation to the Assembly of the United Free Church; but perhaps the most interesting speech on that occasion was the speech of Principal Lang, who followed next after Mr. C. J. Guthrie, now Lord Guthrie, the introducer. After congratulating the Assembly upon the consummation of their union, for which he said that the whole of Christian Scotland was thankful, he said:

You, fathers and brethren, are rejoicing in a summer day. The brilliant sunshine outside is only a symbol of the sunshine that reigns in your Assembly, and I am sure that, in the warmth of your geniality, there is a preparation for the spirit and the purpose of the conferences to which I have referred. The initiation of these conferences is due to my right reverend friend, Bishop Wilkinson, who is this day to address you; and I desire here publicly to state that to his gentleness, his tact, the elevation of his tone, and the charm of his manner, we are largely indebted for the success which has attended these conferences. Mr. Guthrie spoke of precedents. There is no precedent for the times that have been kept in that upper room of the Roxburghe Hotel in this fair city, which will ever be a sacred spot to some of us. We there and then knelt side by side at the Throne of Grace—ministers and members of the Presbyterian Churches, and ministers and members of the Episcopal Church in this land—and we took counsel together in frank and in loving brotherhood. To me these times seem prophetic hours pledging the day, which may God hasten in His time, when the vision of the Pentecost of the long-agos shall again be realised, and all that believe shall be together. What are the thoughts which dominated in our conference? Moderator, there are three very simple thoughts. But is not simplicity a characteristic of all the great thoughts of the universe? They are—first, that there is an ideal unity which is also a real organic unity; next, that it is the duty of the Church in all its portions to manifest this unity; and then that there are difficulties in the way of a full manifestation of it, which bid us at the present hour simply wait on God for the illumination and direction of His Blessed Spirit. Ever before us there has been

the sense of that real ideal unity to which our Lord pointed us in those words so marvellous that we can scarcely enter into their full significance—for here on earth we have not the celestial language—the words so often quoted, 'As Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.' . . . We feel that it is the duty of the Church to express in the fullest possible way this real and essential unity; and surely there are circumstances in our time, in our Churches, and in our country which make this an imperative obligation upon us. . . . But, Moderator, feeling this, we still recognise the great difficulties there are in the way of a fuller manifestation of this unity. On these I need not dwell. All our Churches have positions from which they are not prepared to recede, which they hold, desiring to speak the truth in love; and we must respect these positions. We must feel that every honest conviction is entitled to the respect of Christian people. It is no incorporating union that we this day propose; that is not our purview. You have had your own share in the labours of an incorporating union, and I daresay you are not willing to recommence these labours so soon; you have to set your own house in order, and you need some time for that. But you have taught Christendom a great object lesson; you have taught it what patience, what toleration of differences, what allowance of a margin for open questions, what desire for *rapprochements* can effect when there is the mind and the will to effect it; and your lesson will not be lost. Meanwhile what we simply put before you is not union in a formal sense, but that which must precede all union in formal senses—the cultivation and development of a real spirit of unity. We desire to press that upon you, for it has pressed upon our own conscience, and the more we feel the difficulties—and we do feel them—the more are we driven to the conclusion that the first duty of the Church and the first privilege of the Church is simply to cast the burden upon its great Lord and Head, and ask Him for His direction and guidance. I am told—I have often been told—that this is nothing practical, that it will not smooth the way for this or for that measure. I believe, on the other hand, that nothing can be more practical; that when we have difficulty it is well to go to the Head of the House and tell Him all, and inquire of Him what we ought to do. And if we believe 'that God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,' we are sure that when we wait on Him—our minds emptied of all pride, of all vainglory,

of all Pharisaical superiority, of all mere denominational feeling—that when we open our mouth wide, in order that He may fill it, we shall not be left without an answer.

It would have been strange if no voices had been raised in opposition to the movement thus begun. Principal Story, a man of definite views and trenchant utterance, opposed in the General Assembly of the Established Church the appointment of the desired day. He had signed the paper which the Union Committee put forth, but in returning it to Bishop Wilkinson he wrote :

With the sentiments and principles expressed in it I thoroughly agree. I hope you will excuse my saying, however, that there appears to me to be a certain indefinable air of unreality brooding over this paper and the signatures which follow it. What can the practical result of it be, or how can we expect any unity or union, closer than already exists, to be promoted by the prayers and efforts of men who, while desiring union, are yet determined in their own hearts to sacrifice for the sake of it none of the special principles or convictions which keep them apart ?

Perhaps the attitude of mind in which this letter was written was not unlike that of a certain Royal Duke, of whom it is said that, when the clergyman began the Prayer for Rain, he was heard to mutter, 'Much good to pray for rain with an east wind!'

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, than whom the Bishop of St. Andrews had no more valued and respected friend, wrote to the Bishop a day or two after the deputation to the Assembly took place :

I must send you a few words to say how profoundly I regret that a Cabinet Council in London on Friday made it impossible for me to be in the Assembly when you and the others of the Deputation were there. This, alike for the sake of the cause you want to plead, and for your own personal sake too. I was in the Assembly all yesterday, and saw many friends. I know your presence did good. It may not have been apparent on the surface, but even this was so, I think. I am told of old men silently weeping, and of tears, actual tears, being seen in their eyes. Your speech made a real impression—God grant it may

be a lasting one. Anyhow you have acted a Christian part in a Christian way, and your reward will not be wanting. . . . Your own words have been mentioned to me with reverence and devout thankfulness, and they will not be lost. Some day you will tell me your own impressions. Now I think we can at least hope that the time of misunderstanding and hostility and the spirit of separation and enmity are passing away. As you know, I do not believe in *union*, and do want and pray for mutual understanding and friendship.

All the authorities who had been approached agreed to the petition presented to them. The day fixed for the joint intercessions was Sunday, October 13, the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Oct. 14 [1901], wrote Mr. Farquhar. The day so long prepared for, the day of Intercession for the Reunion of Scottish Christianity, has come and gone. To our great disappointment the Bishop had caught a chill and could not come in from Pitfour. But, at his request, Canon Body preached two splendid sermons. I took notes of the forenoon one and, having extended them, sent the result to the Bishop. The congregations were large and I felt that they were genuinely moved. Never has there been such a united act on the part of all Scottish Christians (except the Romanists) before.

It was not long before the adversary did his best to annul the good which had been done. The Bishop of St. Andrews was beset with letters asking him to preach or take part in intercessory services in Presbyterian churches. A minister with whom he had been on terms of Christian friendliness wrote :

As you took prominent part in the deputation . . . and are well known to be deeply interested in the subject of this circular, and no doubt ready to give it practical illustration, permit me to suggest that, as Senior Presbyter in this district, you preside at this devotional exercise in this parish. . . . The utmost importance attaches to this whole proposal, and failing your acceptance of my suggestion, I must conscientiously report to the General Assembly, through my Presbytery, that it is impossible for me to join in the movement, because it is an insult to our Divine Head to ask Him to do anything when

we fail to do our part to begin with. I claim liberty in this matter to make public this suggestion and any reply you may deign to give to it. Our joint meeting will thus be advertised.

The Bishop replied :

September 25, 1901.

My dear Mr. ——,—Thank you for your letter of the 23rd which has just reached me.

I remember with much pleasure our Christian intercourse when I lived at ——.

I am very sorry that I am not able to take part in the service to which you invite me. If you will allow me to say so, I do not think that it will help forward the cause of Christian Unity to send this correspondence to the papers.

Hoping that you have good accounts of your daughter in India,

I am, dear Mr. ——,
Yours very truly,
George St. Andrews.

The gentle answer did not prevent his correspondent from rejoining, no doubt in honest perplexity :

You were a great comfort to me and my family when we were in great depths of woe ; and why should there be this great gulf between us in our public prayer ? You will forgive me for saying that I cannot fathom the immeasurable distance between the man, full of human sympathy and kindness, and the Churchman, so narrow and exclusive.

Another, who had taken part in the Conferences wrote :

I hope you will forgive me mentioning some things which have been cast in my teeth, and which, writing in any other spirit, it would be impertinence to mention to you. . . . It is said you are the greatest proselytiser in Scotland, and plant churches for which there is no apparent sufficient reason. On this I say that you would probably reply that this is one of the baneful results of the *status quo* from which you would have all pray to be delivered.

But then it is said that you forbade those under you . . . to unite with ministers of other Churches in united religious worship at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral. To this I have found myself unable to give an answer. . . . You are also said

to have inhibited ministers of your Church from preaching in the pulpits of other Churches. On this I have thought that the laws of your Church may perhaps allow you no choice.

I dare say you may not see any call of duty to dispel publicly whatever error there may be in these allegations, or to justify them in so far as they are not erroneous; yet I should be glad if you would write to me for my private satisfaction and guidance.

To this the Bishop answered:

It is a pleasure to write to you in brotherly confidence.

1. It is a mistake to believe that in the ordinary sense of the word I am a proselytiser. So far as I remember I have never built a church except in a place where there were members of our own Communion, either residents or visitors.

2. I may be wrong, but I have felt that the disorder which is caused by individual breaches of the rule, which rightly or wrongly is generally observed by the Anglican branch of the Church, that her ministers should not preach in the pulpits of other Churches, would be more injurious in the end than what I frankly confess is often a painful rule.

Moreover I see the practical effect of the Presbyterian system upon men who, like Lord Balfour of Burleigh, entirely surrender themselves to its discipline and teaching. I see also the blessed results which come to those who humbly and loyally follow the rites of that branch of the Catholic Church to which I myself belong. One evil in Scotland seems to me to be the habit of going from one communion to another, spending perhaps six months in London at what is called an advanced church of the Episcopal Communion, and then in Scotland never entering an Episcopal Church during the entire summer. The result seems to me (though I frankly acknowledge that I may be wrong) that strong, vigorous Christianity soon fades away out of the religion of those who in this way are always halting between two opinions.

I hope, dear Dr. ——, you will forgive me for writing freely. Your kind letter induces me, as I have said, to write to you in all brotherly confidence.

These cases did not get into the papers. It was otherwise with another, which came to be spoken of as 'the Perth incident.'

On the deputation to the Assembly of the Established Church in May, the speech of one of the number, a respected minister at Perth, had been somewhat ominous of trouble.

It was indicated, he said, that they were satisfied that before any possible plans for union were attempted they 'should kneel together before the throne of the Eternal Father, if not in one place, at least on one day and with one accord.' It would not have occurred to any representative of the Presbyterian Churches to make any difficulty about the place where they should meet. They were accustomed to meet in one place for prayer and conference on all occasions of national concern. One thing that had led him and others to join in the conference was that they welcomed gladly the movement coming from the quarter from which it did—from their brethren in the Scottish Episcopal Church—because it was they who had hitherto found difficulty in meeting for common prayer and conference. He would be very glad if some of those difficulties, by careful and wise consideration, were overcome, and with one accord, and possibly in one place, they might meet for prayer in October next for the manifestation of Christian Unity. They had found it spiritually helpful and profitable in no ordinary degree to meet together in the upper room in the city for the last year, and he trusted it might be found equally profitable, or still more so, to meet together for public prayer and intercession in different centres throughout the land, whether in St. Giles' or St. Mary's or Free St. George's in Edinburgh, or in the choir of the historic church of St. John in his own city of Perth.

Shortly before the day of intercession, he called upon Bishop Wilkinson and asked him to take part in a joint meeting of prayer, late in the evening of the appointed day, so as not to clash with the regular services, in the choir of the aforesaid historic church. All was most friendly, and the minister endeavoured, as far as he felt possible, to keep the Bishop's refusal from becoming public. But the main fact was bound some time to come out, and it came out in a form which the Bishop did not recognise to be correct. There lay an ambiguity in the 'if,' when the 'Statement' spoke of kneeling together on one day, 'if not in one place.' The minister felt, and no doubt with justice,

that the word 'if' had been instinctively chosen to avoid the harshness of the word 'though.' It seemed to hold out the possibility, perhaps the desire, of kneeling 'together' in one place.' He naturally felt that the best place was the choir of St. John's.

The papers took the matter up. The Bishop was denounced in the style which might be expected. An eloquent English dignitary held him up to reprobation before three thousand people at the 'Church Congress.' Mr. Farquhar wrote in his diary:

Oct. 4 [1901].—Letters are appearing in the papers against the Bishop, because his advocacy of union has evidently led the public to imagine that he had committed himself to the Latitudinarian line. Having found out that he is not yet in favour of common services and 'interchange of pulpits,' but only of a universal day of prayer that the difficulties in the way of such things may be removed, they are imagining all sorts of things against him. I am afraid his influence in this direction will be much weakened.

His own clergy wrote to him to know what they were to say.

The Free Church Minister here, wrote one on October 17, 1901, begged me to ask you if you could put out publicly some statement as to the present position your Lordship stands in. He says that the Perth incident has been publicly reported and commented on in the most unfavourable light, and that unless the position in which you now stand towards the Reunion movement is made clear, the impression made at the General Assemblies will be nullified and the whole movement towards unity retarded.

It may well be supposed that the Bishop felt deeply, not only the personal pain of the incident, but the way in which it was checking the work in hand. The question was raised at the Roxburgh Committee. It did not settle down for many months. As late as the following April the Bishop found it necessary to write his version of what had occurred to the minister concerned, and to give copies of the letter to members of the Committee.

This was the letter :

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire : April 21, 1902.

I find that there is some misconception as to what passed between us when you kindly came to Pitfour before the Day of Intercession for Christian Unity.

I was pressed to make a statement to the newspapers, but I declined to do this, as the experience of a life has shown me that the cause of our Lord and His Church is very seldom advanced by correspondence in the newspapers. I think, however, that it may be well for me to explain more fully than I have already done to our Committee and to some of my private friends, what actually passed between us. I kept no notes of our interview, so I shall be thankful if you will correct anything that is mistaken in my recollections of it, or, if our recollections of what passed agree, to kindly tell me that my report is correct.

So far as I remember, you brought me a proposal from a Committee of Perth ministers that I should take part in a service which was to be held in one of the churches of the Church of Scotland, in Perth.

I said that throughout the whole movement we had gone upon the assumption that there were real differences existing between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, but that we could all unite as Christians, with one heart though not in one place, without altering anything in our previous practice, to beseech Almighty God to pardon our sins, negligences, and ignorances, and to show us anything that we could do to further the cause of Christian Unity.

It seemed to me that it would not tend to further our efforts if on the Day of Intercession I were to alter the custom, which wisely or unwisely had existed in the Episcopal Church, of limiting its meetings for United Prayer to places which, so to speak, were neutral ground.

It seemed to me also that inter-communion was the end at which we were aiming, rather than the point of departure from which we were to begin our Intercessions and future efforts.

I suggested that we might meet on some neutral ground, such as the City Hall, on the evening of the Day of Intercession, where as Christian people we might all unite in prayer to Almighty God.

As we continued our conversation, some local difficulties as to a suitable place for such a meeting occurred to us both, and so the matter ended.

He wrote confidentially to Lord Balfour :

Pitfour, Glencarse, Perthshire : May 1, 1902.

There has been, as was to be expected, a little difficulty about our Christian Unity movement. Up to a certain point all was easy. We all recognised that God alone could help and guide us and that the way to obtain His help and guidance was to offer to Him united intercession. This was done, and the various deputations to the Assemblies and to our own Episcopal Synod, and the observation of the Day of Intercession last October, were all things for which to be thankful. A good many, however, of our well-wishers are very disappointed that I did not feel at liberty to join in a united service in the Established Church at Perth. I do not wish you to approve of the course which I have adopted, but I should like you to know exactly my standpoint.

I do not believe that the effect of hundreds of years of separation can be at once undone. There are very real difficulties in adjusting the relations between Episcopalians and Presbyterians. It is comparatively easy for the Church of Scotland and the United Free to worship together, for their standards of faith and their modes of worship are the same. With us, however, it is different, and I find that persons who go alternately to one service and the other are not the strongest type, either of Episcopalians or Presbyterians. Moreover, intercommunion is the end for which we are working and praying, not the point from which we start.

I have therefore decided that for the present, at any rate, the following is the best course for me to adopt.

At some cost of time and trouble I gave an address to the Educational Union at the request of the wife of Dr. Alexander Whyte, the United Free Church minister. I went to the New College of the same body and gave an address to their students on Foreign Missions. I have thrown myself heartily into the united work of all denominations for temperance. I am always delighted to join my fellow-Christians in Bible reading and prayer on any neutral ground, but I do not think that I should further the cause which I have at heart if I were at present, at all events, to take part in Presbyterian services, causing thereby much division amongst the people for whom I am specially responsible.

This is a long story and has more of self in it than I like, but

I think that it puts before you as simply as I am able, the position which at present I think it advisable for us to occupy.

Meanwhile, our Conferences at the Roxburgh Hotel are going on and we are considering many plans for furthering Christian Unity, with the practical advice of laymen like Sir Charles Dalrymple, and some of the best ministers, both of the Established and the United Free Church.

A sorer trial to the Bishop's personal feelings was the sense that in pursuing his great object he had come into conflict to some extent with one of his oldest and dearest friends. Dr. Donald Macleod had at the beginning been somewhat doubtful whether it was expedient to attempt any measures for Reunion, but he threw himself into the cause and greatly aided it up to the time of the joint Day of Intercession. It was inevitable that people should ask, 'What is the next step to be? Is the Day of Intercession to lead to anything practical?' Dr. Macleod had been spending years in studying the points of difference between his Church and that of the Bishop. He wished for a frank and unimpassioned discussion of these points between the heads of the two Churches. At one or more of the meetings in 1901 he singled out one such point. Why did the Episcopal Church insist on Confirmation? When persons who were already communicants in the Presbyterian Church wished to communicate in the other, why were they made to submit to instruction and to be confirmed, instead of being received as already communicants in the one Church of Christ? Did it mean that the Presbyterian sacraments were no sacraments, and their orders no orders? It did not satisfy him that theologians on the Episcopalian side should talk the matter over with him in private: he wished that there should be no risk of misunderstanding, that the answer should be public, authoritative, written.

The Bishops took his demand into consideration. They discussed in Synod the special point which he had raised. They drew up certain heads for an answer. Recognising the special and high position which Dr. Donald Macleod had acquired, they deputed the Bishops of Glasgow (Harrison) and St. Andrews to

confer with him on their behalf, to present and explain their answer. At first he hesitated to meet them; the meeting would not have that public character which he thought would alone make it safe; but afterwards he consented to meet them at Bishop Harrison's house. They gave him, in writing, the assurance that the requirement of Confirmation in such cases as he spoke of was not intended as a denial of the validity of the sacraments of other Churches, upon which the Church that they belonged to had never made a pronouncement. They assured him that while attaching the highest importance to Confirmation they did not desire to enforce the rule in every case, against the conscientious scruples of persons wishing to communicate, but that special circumstances would be always considered by the Bishop of the diocese. They explained that they did not regard Confirmation as merely a rite of admission to the Holy Table; so that however valid the sacrament might be of which such an intending communicant had before partaken, they could not for that reason think it unnecessary for him to be confirmed.

Dr. Macleod was not satisfied. Recognising that the Scottish Bishops could not act independently of their brethren elsewhere, he asked if the Scottish Bishops would express their intention to do their best at the next Lambeth Conference to make some arrangement for greater liberty, at least for the Episcopal Churches of Scotland and America. If they declined to do this, the effect would be painful, and closer union would become impossible. The suggestion was laid before the Scottish Bishops, but they did not see their way to giving any such pledge—for their successors, it might be. The Bishop of St. Andrews wrote on May 10, 1902, to his friend:

Pitfour, Glencarse.

My dearest Donald,—As I said in my last letter, I was not able to attend the Conference of the Bishops, but I have heard from the Primus asking me to reply to your letter on their behalf, as it was addressed to me.

They are very sorry that they are not able to add anything to what was said in their behalf by the Bishop of Glasgow and myself.

If you remember, we tried to point out that our insistence

upon Confirmation is not intended to pronounce any opinion as to the non-validity of Presbyterian orders.

We look upon the gift of the laying on of hands as one of the most solemn parts of the deposit which our Lord has entrusted to His Church, and although it has fallen into disuse with you, we dare not do anything which would give the impression that we considered it of secondary importance.

We feel as much as you can feel the evils which spring from our unhappy separation from each other, and we are doing all in our power to minimise its evil effects, and are praying to God that the time may soon come when there shall be one united Church on earth.

With reference to the latter part of your letter, the whole question of the relation between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church is, I understand, to be brought before the next Lambeth Conference, and then you may rest assured that it is our desire, subject only to the responsibilities which we feel as to guarding the trust committed to us, to do everything which we properly may that makes for peace and unity.

Ever, my dear Donald,
Affectionately yours,
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

This was, of course, a great disappointment to Dr. Macleod; but the friends esteemed each other's personal qualities too highly to allow such differences to impair their friendship. Dr. Macleod writes:

When he became a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church I rejoiced, for my hopes were great as to the possible influence he would exercise in bringing our two Churches into closer relationship. On his request I was able to arrange for his giving an address in our General Assembly upon Unity. It was certainly one of the most moving addresses I ever heard, and a Unity Association was formed which still continues the work of reconciliation. But while my dear friend often spoke to me of the impression made upon him by the ability, spiritual-mindedness and devoutness of many of the Presbyterian clergy with whom he had formed personal friendships, yet I fear he never really understood Scotland. This is, however, a matter on which I refrain from enlarging.

Not long before his death he called for me in Glasgow. He

then seemed terribly out of health, but he was the same holy soul, with the old smile and the old charm, and, as usual, before he left, the quiet word came, 'Dear Donald, let us pray together.' And so, after each had prayed, we parted. Little did I dream that it was to be our last meeting on earth.

It is the lot of true reformers to suffer obloquy and contempt, suspicion and indignation, and the disapproval of many whom they love. The Bishop was not altogether an exception to the rule, nor did he expect to be so. He probably never thought that he would see in his lifetime much result from his prayers and labours for unity. He was content to utter the petition which was so often on his lips, 'Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.'

On Thursday, October 23, 1902, a Committee which had been appointed to draw up a statement of the position of affairs, and to make suggestions as to further action, reported (privately):

1. That it is desirable that meetings for prayer and conference, on the model of the meetings held in Edinburgh, shall be held in other parts of Scotland.

2. That united public devotional meetings might with advantage be held where this can be done without interfering with the recognised order of the Churches.

3. That while many of the suggestions which have been made, such as the formation of Associations, &c., are valuable, and may hereafter be adopted, it is important, as a first step, to ascertain and define the practical hindrances to co-operation and other manifestations of Christian Unity; it is therefore recommended that a sub-committee be appointed for this purpose.

Until that sub-committee should report, it was not deemed advisable to summon the Conference again.

The three resolutions given above were not altogether to the mind of the Bishop of St. Andrews. He felt that he could no longer usefully remain upon the Committee. At a meeting of the sub-committee on April 1, 1903, he explained that the proposal for united public devotional gatherings would

be unacceptable to his own Church at large, though not to all its members. The consideration of this and similar questions during the preceding eighteen months had greatly told upon him. Many anxious days and sleepless nights had brought him into danger of a breakdown. He thought that the work for unity which had been laid upon him was now finished, for the time at all events, and that his continuance on the Committee might injure the movement, if the programme which it had drawn up were carried out. He trusted, however, that the Committee would be advised, instead of carrying out the programme, to content itself for the present with continuing its meetings twice a year at the Roxburgh Hotel for devotion and social intercourse. In conclusion he wished to say emphatically that those who objected to the joint prayer meetings were not wanting in respect for those Churches from which they were separated, but that they felt that union in worship was the end and not the starting-point. They believed that there would be more hope of union in the future, if, while praying for visible unity, they acknowledged the reality of the separating causes. He gave three instances of these causes.

The Episcopal Church attaches great importance to the gift which is conveyed to the baptized and believing Christian by the laying on of hands. It attaches great importance to the Godward aspect of Holy Communion, to that view which describes it as a Memorial Sacrifice. It believes that in the ideal of our Lord for His Kingdom the Episcopate has a real and important place.

He was well aware that these points were not new, but he mentioned them to show that it was of no use to profess to the world by public united prayer meetings that there was already such a union between the Episcopal and other Churches as there was between the various Presbyterian Churches.

The consequence of these representations was that at the ensuing Conference in January 1904, the Committee requested to be discharged. They had, they said, accomplished the particular object which was remitted to them, viz. the setting apart of a Day of Intercession. They believed that an Associa-

tion with kindred aims might with great advantage be organised, but left it to others to propose the foundation.

'The Christian Unity Association of Scotland' was accordingly founded, on January 14, 1904. Its general aims were defined to be:

(1) to maintain, foster, and, as far as possible, express the consciousness of underlying unity that is shared by many members of the different Churches in Scotland; (2) to promote understanding and co-operation in Christian work generally, and particularly in dealing with those special practical problems which from time to time face the Churches; (3) to remove or abate doctrinal and ecclesiastical divergences by frank and confidential discussion of historical and theological topics.

It was to hold regular meetings, consisting of '(*a*) a Morning Devotional Meeting; (*b*) an Afternoon Sederunt for the discussion of a specified topic;' a common luncheon or dinner was to be arranged when possible. No steps involving public action were to be taken except under specified safeguards. Mr. Rowland Ellis, now Bishop of Aberdeen, who had acted as secretary of the Conferences at the Roxburgh Hotel, was elected Chairman of the Association, and Professor MacEwen, of the United Free Church, secretary. The Bishop of St. Andrews was a member of the committee.

In spite of much that was discouraging, the Bishop went on with the great enterprise. The second Sunday in October continued to be observed as 'Unity Sunday.' And there were things to cheer as well as to depress. Mr. Farquhar wrote:

June 16 [1902].—To-day I returned in time to be present at the meeting of the (Established Presbyterian) 'Scottish Church Society.' Provost Campbell picked up the Bishop of Aberdeen, who happened to be attending Evensong at the Cathedral, and we three drove down together. There we met our own Bishop and the Dean, so that we 'Episcopalians' did not do so badly. Drs. Cooper, Leishman, Williamson and others, all leaders of the 'High Church' Presbyterians, were there. Dr. Leishman read an admirable paper insisting on the necessity of reviving belief in the Divine commission of the

visible Catholic Church, as descended from the Day of Pentecost. It was admirable, and our Bishop whispered to me smilingly, 'If you had read that paper in our Synod I should certainly not have called you to order!' and then added more sadly, 'What evil power is it that is keeping men like these and ourselves apart?'[1]

The Bishop of St. Andrews still attended the meetings of the Association whenever he was able, and spoke with unabated earnestness in the cause. But it is to be feared that some of those with whom he had to do began to feel that he was more unyielding in his attitude than at first they had hoped, and were less disposed to listen to him. Mr. Farquhar wrote in June 1906:

I believe it is true that the Primus expressed his meaning unsuccessfully at a Reunion meeting in Edinburgh last autumn, and thereby so annoyed the Presbyterians that he has lost much of his influence amongst them. Knowing him as I do, I am sure that this must be causing him much distress. Whatever it was he *said* at the meeting, his meaning must have been friendly, but in discussing theological points a slight slip in theological terminology sometimes makes all the difference.[2]

Oct. 15 [1906].—The Primus was present at a Reunion meeting in the Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh. He has been taking his place at innumerable services and meetings lately, but we do not feel easy about him. He must have got a bad shake during the summer.

Mr. Speir, speaking not only of his work in the cause of union but in a more general way, writes:

What his influence has done for religion in Scotland I think will never be known till the Day of Judgment. Inside our own Church I believe it is not too much to say that he has given

[1] Dr. Leishman's paper and some of the others appear in *The Pentecostal Gift* (Maclehose, Glasgow, 1906).

[2] I am informed by Dr. Cooper that what the Primus said was 'something to the effect that Presbyterians believed that they became Christians by their own act in conversion, and not by God's act at their baptism.' The Presbyterians present endeavoured to assure him that this was not their belief, and alleged the definition of Baptism in the Shorter Catechism as the sacrament of our ingrafting into Christ.

us a spiritual lift all round, not only in his own diocese but all over the Church. Specially this was the case at the meetings of our Church Council, and at our committees and boards. He never spoke without being attentively listened to, and raising the tone of the discussion to a higher level. Even to dry financial details he gave at once a religious aspect. . . .

Outside the Church I think his influence was even more remarkable; nobody but himself could have organised the conferences between ourselves and the Presbyterians on Christian unity, which brought together the Established and United Free Church ministers in a way that they had never been before, and yet he never gave away one point of principle for the sake of brotherly love or popularity.

It is, I believe, not too much to say that no Bishop since Archbishop Leighton has made his personality so much felt by all that is best in Presbyterianism in Scotland. Not long after he came to Perth he paid a visit to the Presbyterian Assembly then sitting; he was at once recognised by the Moderator, who sent for him to come up and sit beside him; and a day or two after, when the latter took my wife in to the dinner at Holyrood, given by the Lord High Commissioner to the ministers of the Assembly, and she thanked him for the courtesy he had shown her Bishop, he replied, 'Oh, we all in Scotland know what the Bishop of St. Andrews is.'

One day, when I was walking back from a meeting of the Christian Unity Association, with one of the principal ministers of the Presbyterian Church, he remarked to me, 'I am never five minutes in the company of your Bishop without feeling I am lifted up into a different atmosphere.'

As an instance of how the Primus was known and valued by people outside our Church in quite out of the way places, I might mention a letter my son received shortly after his death from one of the cottars in the Island of Arran, a United Free Churchman, in which he said: 'Though I did not know the Bishop personally, I knew of him as a saintly man whose influence made for all that is best in the land. I followed with deep interest his long continued efforts to bring the brethren of Jesus Christ together at home, and his unwearied pleadings for the cause of Missions abroad. Though I am a member of the United Free Church myself, I feel that Bishop Wilkinson was too big for one Church; he belonged to the country.'

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONAL LIFE IN THE LAST DAYS

It would be difficult to attempt to define with any accuracy the modifications and readjustments which took place in the Bishop's way of looking at things during the later years. There was no loosening of his hold upon the great Evangelical doctrines which had been the stay and guide of his whole life. He never allowed himself to sink back upon having experienced the power of them in the past; they were always to him living truths, and he insisted upon their being kept as living truths before all men. But in other respects he had moved far beyond the position which he held when he first went to Eaton Square, and even beyond the position which he held at Truro. Outwardly, although he was as considerate as ever for the feelings of others, he had come to be at home amidst ritual surroundings which would have been strange to him at an earlier time; to officiate in cope and mitre gave him no uneasiness. Reading and thought had brought him to accept more definitely what are called High Church doctrines. It would have been impossible for him ever to become narrow or rigid, but ecclesiastical rules and traditional dogmas came to have clearer outlines for him and more stringent sanctions.

This was, no doubt, partly due to the fact of his work being situated where it was. In certain parts of the country, some questions might never clamour for consideration; but in Cornwall no serious minister of the Church could labour without thinking why he is a Churchman, and no one could be a Bishop in Scotland without thinking why he is not a Presbyterian. The majority of the clergy in the Scottish Church are of a distinctly High Church type; the majority of the laity, even

if they do not adopt those views themselves, appear to acquiesce in them as normal. The Bishop was therefore surrounded with advisers and fellow workers and spiritual subordinates and children in God who took these things for granted, and it was natural that the Bishop himself should become identified with them. So long as the great cardinal principles of Evangelical Christianity were kept fully in sight, he had no great anxiety about developments which at one time might have been looked upon with distrust.

Special interests of a domestic nature grew up about the Bishop during his later years. In June 1901 his youngest daughter, Margaret, was married to the Rev. Edward Cornish Henley, at that time curate of St. Thomas the Martyr, Oxford. Mr. and Mrs. Henley removed two years later to the vicarage of Kirk Hammerton, in the county of York. Kirk Hammerton is situated conveniently near to the great main lines between England and Scotland, and it was a great delight to the Bishop to visit his daughter and her husband and their two little children on his way north or south, or to have them come and meet him at York and spend a few hours with him.

Mrs. Henley says of him in relation to his children and grandchildren :

People in general who knew him, knew his holiness, his tremendous influence, his power of entering into the lives of others, his power of adapting himself to different characters, his very human sympathy with their difficulties.

I am only trying to put a few of the lesser things which yet helped to make him the wonderful friend and father which he was.

I should put first his wonderful sympathy ; not merely sympathy for suffering, but his power of entering into the lives of his children, however different their temperaments and ideas. No one was more keenly interested than he or more glad if one had enjoyed a dance or had a good time in any way. It was not mere dutiful interest, but he really cared about it, and liked to know every detail. One told him things with that keen enjoyment which only comes when one is telling a person who cares as much as one cares oneself.

More than this, he could see other people's point of view so

clearly ; because, for example, he himself would never tire of speaking of holy things, he yet perfectly understood that others, although they really cared, might find it a strain to dwell on them so continually. Provided he knew that the person really cared and was not irreverent, he was never shocked. Thus there was a freedom in talking to him that people might have thought would be absent with a person so intensely wrapt up in religion, and in one who could not in any way tolerate irreverence.

Again, with all his seriousness, he loved a good joke, and he had the most extraordinary capacity for enjoyment. To go out with him for an afternoon, or to be taken out to a tea shop, or to be abroad with him when he was well, were never to be forgotten times, not because he just tried to make one happy, but—partly I suppose from sympathy, but also from a wonderful freshness and youth in him—he really enjoyed it himself. To see him with his grandchildren was a revelation of the extraordinary youthfulness which was in him. Not that he romped with them or played very many games ; it was more that he was absolutely in touch with them, and that they, with the instinct of small children, loved to be with him.

With all this equality with his children in their ideas and feelings, he yet, without the least apparent effort, never let them lose their sense of respect. There was none of the careless familiarity which is often shown when parents are good friends with their children. One could have real fun with him, one could laugh and have great jokes with him at his own expense, but it never degenerated into treating him with the sort of equality of a brother, not from anything he ever said, but simply because it would have been impossible. He stood above and yet one with us.

Another thing which always struck me were his beautiful manners with his family. His absolute courtesy never failed. There was of course no affectation, it was so simple one hardly noticed it, but it was always there and made one feel the manners of those around extraordinarily poor beside his. He would, for instance, always get up to open the door for even the youngest of his daughters, and he would give them all the other little acts of courtesy which many reserve for the world outside their families.

I do not know if any have drawn attention to his wonderful powers of memory. He would talk of his mother, who died before he was nine, with the most vivid recollection ; and of the

time in Rome when he first met my mother, it seemed as if he remembered every day. He would talk of those times so that one really seemed to know them as if one had been there. When I was in Rome with him, every part brought some recollection to him, and the past seemed to live again as he told one of all they had done together.

There is so much one longs to say, but perhaps I may just add a word of his power of making home a real thing to us all. His welcome when one came back was always so absolutely delightful—a thing one looked forward to for days before. He so loved to have us about him. And then his most tender forethought and care for each of us. The weight of all outside cares never prevented or crushed this out. He thought of every little thing that would be a help or give pleasure. These are only, as I said, lesser things ; what his love and sympathy were when one was in trouble, what his understanding of difficulties—those are things which it is quite impossible to write about.

One of his sons writes :

For over thirty-five years I look back and never remember a harsh word to us—or about anyone else, or any action contrary to what he preached. His home life was, if anything, more beautiful and Christ-like than his public life. To the very last he took the deepest interest in all our joys and in our work. In later life he was like an elder brother, to whom we all turned in any difficulty and ever found sympathy. He was never too tired, ill, or busy to respond with loving help in need. I never heard him murmur or complain, nor did he forget his high ideal. One felt that when the mist and darkness of his terrible spiritual trial surrounded him, though almost like a child he wondered why he seemed forsaken, and he could no longer feel the reality of his faith, his faith and religion were on a firm rock, and his real self in heavenly places. Although he was so deeply loved by so many of all classes, and so much was made of him wherever he went by all his friends and all of us—especially in later years of illness—he was never self-conscious or selfish, but to the morning when he was taken he was as simple, humble, lovable, and thoughtful of others as he had ever been.

About a year after the marriage of the Bishop's youngest daughter, the eldest, Constance, was married to his chaplain,

the Rev. Arthur Edward Davies ; but unfortunately Mr. Davies's state of health was not such as to admit of his remaining with his father-in-law for very long after the marriage. After about eighteen months they were obliged to go to the south. To part with Mrs. Davies was a sacrifice of no ordinary kind. Perhaps no father ever made such demands upon a daughter as the Bishop had made upon her. It was always to him a kind of necessity to have some one soul within reach, to which he could pour forth all that was in his heart without reserve. His wife had given him this succour until her death ; from that time, for nearly five and twenty years, he received the same from his eldest daughter. Beginning before she was eighteen years old, she supplied him with the relief that he needed—needed all the more when it was important that the world outside should see in him nothing but composure. This had been the astonishing task of Mrs. Davies, and when she left his home it devolved in great measure upon her next sister. The words of the Bishop on leaving Eaton Square show to how great an extent he was accustomed even then to rely upon his eldest daughter's discernment and critical sagacity.[1] She was, indeed, a second self to him. Her life, as a friend says, was 'wholly taken into his,' yet was sufficiently detached from it to be capable of offering the corrective which was occasionally required, as well as the most loyal sympathy.

Meanwhile Miss Carina Wilkinson, the inseparable companion and nurse of the Bishop's last days, had developed a work at his own doors to which his whole heart went out.

When we were living at Birnam, Miss Wilkinson says, Father and I felt distressed each time we came to Perth, to see the numbers of factory girls, and girls who had lost their character, with no centre in the way of a club or settlement where they could find friends to help them. I asked Father (when Margaret grew up, and Constance had more or less recovered her health) to let me go and live for three weeks in Perth to see what could be done. After three weeks I felt clear that we ought to begin a club for girls who could not be admitted into the Scottish

[1] See above. p. 44.

Girls' Friendly Society, or who were not being looked after by anyone. The S.G.F.S. Associates passed on to us names of girls who had been dismissed, and we have had Roman Catholics and Presbyterians alike giving us names of girls who were living sinful lives and practically without any religion.

About the second year after Father came to Scotland he had a Conference of Women. It was this that made us both realise how many ladies there were in large country houses, who would be able to come to Perth if I had a centre house to which they could come for one or two months, or longer, each year. Father was much relieved when I told him I would set to work to persuade some to come and start this. Miss C. Grant, of Kilgraston, and I began in a lodging. Then Miss M. Grant took her sister's place, and others followed. From this we gradually took up preventive work (as well as the rescue work, which I did alone). Father arranged for a Mission-room to begin the same week in the Watergate, Perth, to which we welcomed all the families we came across who belonged to no Church and lived godless lives.[1] A Church Army Evangelist managed this, under the cathedral clergy, and a most encouraging work has been carried on, amongst men, women, and children.

After a time, the work of the Perth Girls' Club grew so fast that I asked Father to let us try and get two of the Sisters of the Epiphany to live in a separate house and take off us all the Mission visiting, to give us more time for the preventive and rescue work. The latter, and prison visiting, we share with other ladies of all denominations.

The Truro Sisters acceded to the request, and in 1905 sent two of their number to begin work under their founder in the north.

The Sisters have since then taken up Cathedral visiting and classes, and work entirely under the Bishop and Provost, besides keeping on the Mission visiting, which they do in co-operation with Captain Brittain, the Church Army Evangelist.

The happiness that it was to the Bishop to have some of his own Sisters working again under his eye is shown in letters which have been printed above.

Few men of his age have shown so little sign of impaired

[1] See above, p. 264.

vitality as he did. The portrait of him taken in the garden of Mr. Moore's house at Kenwyn in 1903—taken, it may be said, at a moment when he was by no means at his best—gives a good idea of the firmness with which he stood and walked, and how erect his carriage was. There was not a grey hair on his head ; it had the glossy black of youth. His mental keenness was unabated. He continued to take a great interest in current affairs. Not only was it his inclination to do so ; he felt it to be his duty. Every day he studied his newspapers with conscientious care, purposely reading those of varying political opinions. He thought that every clergyman ought to do this, and especially every bishop, in order to understand the times he was living in.

What he was capable of in the way of endurance and fatigue was well shown when, in February, 1906, at the age of nearly seventy-three, he went to attend the funeral of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane, whom he dearly loved. He reached Ballachulish, accompanied by Bishop Richardson, at ten o'clock at night, and had to cross the loch in an open boat. The tide was very low, and it was a slippery journey over stones and seaweed from the station to the boat, by the light of lanterns. The snow was on the ground. It was very late before the Primus could get to bed ; but he was present at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist next morning at 8.30, took part, in cope and mitre, at the funeral in the middle of the day,[1] returned to Perth that night, and started by the early train next morning for London to take part in another funeral service which touched him deeply—the service for his beloved daughter in Christ, the Mother Cecile.

Taken as a whole the period of his Scotch episcopate was one of the most vigorous and effective periods of his life. But it was necessary for him to be economical with his vital resources, especially towards the end, and he was singularly wise and at the same time bold in his management of them. One who had exceptional opportunities of studying the Bishop's character during this period of his life notes especially 'his courageous care of his own body and mind.' This account, of

[1] See *A Pastoral Bishop* (the Memoir of Bishop Chinnery-Haldane), p. 207.

course, applies to particular seasons, rather than to what was habitual and ordinary.

My recollections of his way of living, says this friend, are chiefly concerned with the years in which he made so good a use of impaired powers, and accepted limitations as from the hand of our Lord Himself, no less than he had before accepted extensions of sphere and service. When his health was comparatively good, his devotions began very early ; but he did not feel it necessary to leave his bed before beginning his prayerful use of Holy Scripture, though he would rouse himself thoroughly first. He was always glad when his own strength and other circumstances allowed him to begin the day with the Holy Communion ; but after the celebration, between eight and nine, he did not hurry the family breakfast. He put all work aside until he had finished the prayers with the household in chapel, which began at 10.15. Eleven o'clock was not far off when he opened his letters, and began the morning's work. It was not an unknown occurrence that the Bishop and his Chaplain should take a turn in the garden as a break to work that tried the brain. Luncheon was again, with occasional exceptions, a family meal ; and some time before dinner letters and interviews were laid aside for a ride or a walk. After dinner work was not touched. The hours of work were brief, but they were thoroughly concentrated, and the instrument which maintained the concentration was prayer. From time to time a day, or perhaps a group of days, came, when episcopal ministrations, sermons, conferences, or meetings did not allow of the usual rest and recreation in the fresh air. But these occasions of painful effort were foreseen and prepared for by times of special rest, and measures were taken to bring their exactions to the lowest point. When the Bishop conducted a retreat for the Society of the Resurrection at Selwyn College he stayed with his daughter at one of the Cambridge hotels, and drove down for his duties. No one doubted that the freshness and vigour of his addresses were in a measure due to these precautions. As we grow old, this part of Bishop Wilkinson's example is of great value, and I should like to note some of the conditions which saved his self-protection from being self-indulgence, if, indeed, we may not rescue the word indulgence from its degradation, and say that these conditions made indulgence safe.

First, then, indulgence did not mean carelessness. Restraint

in the use of food and wine was habitual. The utmost reverence in prayer, public and private, was also habitual. Concessions which good men allow were not to be thought of. I was once almost rebuked for a suggestion that two duties may be reconciled by saying Matins in the garden. A severe standard of attention at the choir services was always imposed. I have often heard the Bishop refer with pity and anxiety to the remark of a clergyman in the vestry, 'I shall be able to give you an answer after the service.'

Next, expenditure of time or money was weighed and deliberately decided on. During the first part of his Scottish Episcopate the Bishop rented large houses, belonging in one instance to a duke. He had his reasons for doing this, and he also had his reasons for ending his episcopate in the modest house at Perth which had served his predecessor. The cost of repose in a good hotel in London, the time spent upon distant travel abroad was not feared, but each detail was considered. I feel sure that at the root of his character lay the strong sense that the efficiency of his body and mind, as well as of his spirit, was required of him by our Lord.

Akin to his use of wealth and its advantages was his high sense of what was due to his Apostolic Office. Desirous as he always was to conciliate the friendship of Presbyterians, he never laid aside the tacit claim to be treated as a chief pastor. Greatness was accepted, as were humiliations and limitations, from the same Divine hand.

He maintained to the last those habits of method and order which were characteristic of him, both in religious matters and in secular. Miss Wilkinson says :

We found in his safe, after his death, a handful of envelopes enclosing receipts, &c. On each one were full particulars, and exactly corresponding with the solicitor's list of charities, so that everything explained itself. . . . He trained his sons and daughters to keep their accounts, and in their early days carefully looked into the details of their balance sheets, and took such pleasure when they were neatly and tidily done.

His spiritual diary up to the very day, December 11, had marked down exactly how long each day he had for Spiritual Communion, Meditation, Bible-reading, Matins, Evensong, intercession, &c. This he did regularly ever since he was

ordained, if not before. I have come across at least five copy-books of strings and strings of names of living and departed friends and relations, Confirmation candidates and others, for whom he prayed continually.

It is indeed a touching thing to be allowed to see some of those books of which Miss Wilkinson speaks, containing lists of names to be prayed for, and prayers to be offered, and—like the famous manuscript of Lancelot Andrewes's Devotions—'slubbered with his pious hands, and,' it may be, 'watered with his penitential tears.' Bishop Andrewes's Devotions indeed became dear to him towards the end of life, and greatly influenced his own. The prayers in Bishop Wilkinson's books are, for the most part, simple prayers, such as any Christian man might use, or indeed any Christian child. But mingled with them are many resolutions and cautions and notes of things to be aimed at, which reveal the true man. Here are a few specimens :

Not to guide my words and deeds by judgments of others (e.g. —— and ——),[1] but to believe in my Lord, alive, guiding by the Holy Ghost. To reverence my Christ-given office. Respect for others, their gifts, their position.

Practice of His Presence : inwardly remembering Him and myself in Him, before I speak on ordinary occasions . . . recognising the value of the words of a Bishop.

Courage to hold up when weak, wearied, ill ; bearing pain. Deliverance from impulsiveness—calm, still, recollected.

1896. Gethsemane prayer. He makes an appeal to the fatherly love and omnipotence of God. He does not give up the work of human salvation : He asks only if the Cross is really the indispensable means of gaining this end. . . . So He was required, as we are, to walk by faith, to obey without understanding. Nature rises within Him against this. This repugnance is legitimate. . . . The resistance of natural instinct to the will of the Spirit is exactly what makes it possible for nature to become a real victim, an offering in earnest. Sacrifice begins where conflict begins.

[1] Two of those for whom he had the warmest affection and great respect.

Thoughts on way to Canterbury, Oct. 18, 1896, after his [Archbishop Benson's] ἔξοδος.[1]

Oh my God, I believe in the Communion of Saints. May he be allowed to pray for me as he recalls my defects. Is it true that, as he said in his last sermon, the Blessed Ones look down into the hidden depths of self which are at the bottom of our best and holiest actions ?

Help me to live in heavenly places ; to be content to be quiet, hidden from notice of others, strife of tongues—self lost in Christ, not only for forgiveness but for life. . . .

I remembered what he said :

A. About Y. Z. manifesting effects of early impurity in want of restraint.

B. [About] the desire to appoint Days of Intercession . . . on account of good effect which would be produced by the Church heading these movements, being perilously near to praying to be seen of men (query in this connexion as to telling people that I pray for them).

C. What he said about [not] putting on an artificial voice . . . and [about] my constant reference to St. Peter's. . . .

G. What I learnt from him as to importance of the natural (God, God of nature) ; importance of underlying virtues, truth, &c.

H. Reality, Simplicity.

I. In reviewing all this in 1900 (St. Mark's Day) I ought to remember alike for thankfulness and for deepening responsibility how one so great and wise did really value me. I may therefore humbly believe that God has not left me without a a work to do, and gifts with which to do it, if only I will be sober and watch unto prayer.

It was here [at Milan, February 24, 1900] that I learnt the power of ' In His Name,' as I leant against that chimney-piece and prayed ' In His Name,' with no power to say anything except those three words.

Easter (London) 1901.

St. Luke, xiv. 33 ἀποτάσσεσθαι ' bid farewell.' . . .

In Thy strength I bid farewell to all my ὑπάρχοντα[2] . . . The past, O God, Thou knowest. I leave it at Thy feet. . . .

[1] Departure. [2] Things pertaining to me.

Bishop Wilkinson in 1903.

To bid farewell to health, strength, bodily and mental vigour —all this is before me, unless the Lord's Advent be hastened. Prepare me for this—not too quickly, O my Lord, but step by step, so that step by step I may receive strength to respond to Thy Divine call—to leave *all*, all that is dear on earth, and to go out alone to Thee.

April 30, 1906.—How will it be? How will the departure . . . be accomplished? Will He return, or shall I gradually fail in body, mind, heart, spirit?

Speaking one day to a lady in 1907 about the splendour of Archbishop Benson's death, he said, 'For oneself, of course, one would wish to have a little time to prepare for meeting one's Lord.'

The following prayers and parts of prayers are not dated, and some of them certainly belong to Truro days, but the Bishop appears to have continued to use them to the last:

Thou wilt supply all my need. Give me, I pray Thee, food, exercise, rest, friends, money, all, for myself and my children. Thou knowest all. Give what I need sacramentally. Especially help me in the afternoon and evening, when I am dead and tired and Satan is strong.

Forgive, I beseech Thee, whatever has been wanting in submission to Thy all-holy will, and accept me now, I humbly pray Thee. I am in Thy hands; do with me as seemeth good to Thee. Only, O Lord, strengthen me, for I am weak. Restrain in me every movement which is contrary to Thy holy will. In all my sufferings, whether of darkness, or weariness, or temptations, nervousness (body and soul) or perplexity; in all secret pain of body, mind, heart, spirit; in all upsetting of my own plans, in all thwarting of my own will, in all overstrain of work, in all depression on account of work weighing down my spirit or left undone; hour by hour, keep me still, patient, resigned, receiving all—all pain, all trial, all temptation—all comfort, all joy, all rest and peace—all failure, all success—as Thy will for me, as Thy loving gift to me.

I cannot understand either the mystery of guilt or the mystery of redemption, but I know that I am guilty. I know how utterly wretched I am when I realise even for an hour my guilt. I

thank Thee therefore, O my God, that whatever was needed has been done and suffered by Him who is one with Thee, Thy own Son, Thy well-beloved.

Advent Prayer.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast taught us in Thy holy Word that in an hour that we think not the Son of Man cometh, enable me by the Holy Spirit so steadfastly and without all doubt to believe Thy word, that I may ever live as those who are watching for the appearing of their Lord. Spare me, if it be Thy blessed will, the pains of death. Send forth Thy angels to gather me to Thyself in the day of Thy glorious manifestation. I know that Thou art near to me. I know that at any moment the veil may be withdrawn, and that I may see Thee and know Thee even as I am known. Let the thought of Thy appearing cheer me in every trial, and comfort me in every perplexity, and so uplift me above the things of time and sense, that I may in heart and mind ascend day by day and with Thee continually dwell. O Lord my Saviour, though I see Thee not, I desire to love Thee. Though I see Thee not, yet believing I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Oh glorious day, which may be so near, when the light shall break on the everlasting hills, when I shall see Thee and know Thee and be able to love Thee with a perfect love in that eternal and glorious Kingdom, where Thou art with the Father and the Holy Spirit one God world without end.

Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER IX

THE END

On November 18, 1904, the Precentor of St. Ninian's entered in his diary, 'I do not think he has been his old self since he went to South Africa.' It is to be feared that there was some truth in the observation.

In the middle of May 1906 the Primus was ordered to Marienbad. There he was taken dangerously ill. It was an illness which had been threatening for years. The celebrated Dr. Ott, after visiting him a few times, was himself taken ill and unable to attend him. It became necessary for the Bishop to undergo treatment of a most severe kind. His pain, which was incessant, amounted to agony for the space of three weeks. His daughter Carina, who was with him, nursed him day and night,[1] and by the mercy of God he came through.

He had scarcely arrived in London on July 21, when he was seized with an attack of influenza, and compelled, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, to go to Whitby to recruit and to undergo massage.

Sept. 3, says Mr. Farquhar, while spending our holiday at Whitby last month, to our great surprise we met the Primus and Miss Wilkinson. He was looking poorly. . . . Twice, while we were there, I celebrated the Holy Communion privately for him in his hotel.

Sept. 4.—To-day [at Perth], the Primus called, along with Miss Wilkinson, and presented me with a beautifully bound copy of Hastings's 'Dictionary of the Bible' in five volumes. He said he wanted to give me something in commemoration of our long work together at the Cathedral. I was sorry to

[1] During the last years of his life she always slept with an electric bell beside her, which he could touch at any moment that he wanted her.

see him looking as if he had come through a severe recent illness, but it is delightful to have him back.

The Primus wrote in his private book :

Whitby, Sunday, Aug. 12, 1906.—A review of the illness which in all probability was to end in death. . . .

It depended on a single day's turn of the temperature whether I lived or died. The result is . . . the body [in part] dead for ever. Is the spirit more alive ?

I never thought it possible that any one could show me such continued tender love as Tinie [his daughter Carina] did. . . . The tender abiding love. How God drew the doctors to me. . . .

How near to the other world I have been—almost on the other side. What should I have seen ? What would He have said to me ? What have I done to grieve or please Him ? Practically, I have died. Teach me any lesson, O God, which Thou wouldest have me learn. May this time be to me the beginning of days !

Mr. Farquhar writes again :

Oct. 23.—The Primus met me in St. Ninian's House and asked me to come up to the Feu House at 4.30 P.M. to arrange for the Diocesan Synod. When I arrived, he came into the drawing-room, talking and laughing. He then took me into his library, and, after his usual prayer, fixed December 5 as the date of the Synod. He then began going through the details much more systematically than is necessary at this stage. Having got everything arranged, he told me confidentially that he looks upon it as fixed that he must go through another operation. The Dean and I must carry through the Synod. After he had given me his blessing, he came downstairs to open the door for me and gave me such a long shake of the hand that I was afraid it meant farewell. Do his numerous appearances in public of late simply mean that he has determined to go on to the last, so as not to cause alarm ? He seemed very much pleased to think that he had preached with some of his old vigour in St. Mary's, Glasgow, on Sunday. He was also delighted at the prospect of a Mission Chapel about to be built at Lunanhead.

In spite of these forebodings, the Primus was able to conduct the Diocesan Synod himself. His mind was clear and active,

and his bodily strength remarkable for a man of his age who had gone through so much.

In January, the ladies of the diocese made him a presentation. The idea was to give him a welcome on his recovery from the illness which came upon him in the summer and autumn. They collected a sum of money, which, with an augmentation afterwards made, the Primus gave to the Cathedral, to install electric lighting. The lower part of the building had been so dark before that people could not see to read their books; and he felt that more light would promote attention and reverence.

When April came, the Primus went to St. Andrews, to conduct the devotions of Holy Week. There he was suddenly taken very ill. An ordinary man would have thrown up his work and put himself in the doctor's hands. But the Primus was determined to go through with it. Triumphing over his bodily pain, he preached evening after evening to overflowing congregations with great joy and freedom. Then, instead of returning to his Cathedral for Easter Day, he took the express to London.

Mr. Farquhar wrote:

April 3.—The Primus has gone up to London. We feel anxious.

April 4.—I have to-day received the following letter from Miss Wilkinson: 'You will have heard that my Father had to come to London to consult his doctors. He had a very happy week of work at St. Andrews, but the strain brought on some of the old symptoms. The doctors have agreed to-day that an operation is necessary; but as there is no immediate hurry, he can attend the Church Council at Inverness and fulfil all his engagements till the beginning of May, when he will come south for the operation. He is wonderfully calm and peaceful about it, but of course it is a great disappointment. He sends his love, and knows you will remember us in your prayers.'

April 8.—To-day the Provost received a telegram from Miss Wilkinson saying that the operation on the Primus was performed in London this morning. He will be in a critical state for several days. This is anxious news. It may be serious for the Church at large and our Diocese and Cathedral in par-

ticular. But we must not think of that yet ; may God's blessing rest upon the patient !

In the latter half of April he took a turn for the better. On July 16 he was allowed to go north again, and returned to Perth in an excellent state of health. Within a month or so another trying illness came on. The Precentor wrote :

Sept. 13.—On returning from our holiday in Arran we find that the Primus has been suffering from congestion of the lungs during August. I have seen him twice since we came home. I am not yet without hope about him. His mind is quite clear, his spirits bright, and his interests keen, but as yet he can do only a little work, and then it is too much for him. To-day I went up to arrange the Diocesan Synod Agenda with him, and I found him in bed, but mentally as much ' on the spot ' as ever he was ; but he has had to put off two engagements. He is keen on going to Aberfeldy on Sunday week. He wants to make our Diocesan Synod a two days' affair this year for the first time ; he is so keen about our doing something like justice to the subject of the forthcoming Pan-Anglican Congress. In his usual prayer, which was particularly clear and earnest, he petitioned for the Divine guidance for the Church and country in view of the threatened constitutional changes (i.e. the Government's determination to attack the House of Lords) and with regard to the newly passed Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

Those were indeed anxious months for all who loved the Primus. At any moment in that terrible journey from St. Andrews to London at Easter time he might have died in the train. Humanly speaking, he probably would have succumbed but for the devotion of his daughter. ' Dear Tinie,' he wrote solemnly in his private book, ' what do I not owe to her ? To her I give my Blessing this day, July 15, 1907 ; County Hotel, Durham.' Nothing but extreme necessity could have justified his being submitted to such an operation at his age and in his circumstances. Mr. Coles wrote to him on the eve of the operation in April :

I suppose very few people have had to do special work for our Lord under such repeated strokes of hindrance, which is

after all hardly hindrance, as you have. But it is always happy when there is no question about what has to be done, and if the doctor says that an operation must come, it cannot be refused.

The unseen helpers were many. The Dowager Countess of Glasgow, whose house in Edinburgh was a home to him—it was to be the last in which he was to stay on earth—wrote to Miss Wilkinson :

One morning (it was the first day after the operation, I think) when I was lying awake and thinking about it all, there came such a strange sensation of the sound of the great stream of intercession that was going up. One did not hear with one's hearing, of course, but it was to one's mind like the sound of mighty waters, and somehow it seemed to make one feel one *must* hope.

It was a spell of busy and strenuous activity to which the Primus was restored. Some pieces of work, it is true, to which he had been looking forward, were of necessity abandoned. His visit to the American Church was out of the question. He wrote to the Presiding Bishop (Tuttle) :

Feu House, Perth : March 9, 1907.

My dear Lord Bishop,—It is with unfeigned disappointment that I write this letter.

Ever since you addressed to me your gracious invitation to attend the General Convention in Richmond, I have looked forward with the greatest pleasure to taking part in the deliberations of a Church to which we in Scotland are so closely united.

Since, however, I wrote to you, I have had to undergo a very serious operation from which at one time it did not seem likely that I should recover.[1] Through God's great goodness and in answer to the prayers of my people I am now quite well again. My doctor, however, is decisive that under these circumstances I ought not, in my seventy-fourth year, to incur the strain which so interesting and important a work as your Convention would involve.

I have therefore no alternative but to stay at home and to endeavour by my prayers to further the enterprise which God has entrusted to you.

[1] This refers, of course, to the treatment at Marienbad.

Again thanking you and the American Church for your kindness in inviting me, and heartily wishing all blessing to your deliberations,

I am, my dear Bishop,
With all respect yours affectionately,
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.
Primus of the Scottish Church.

But if he could not go to America he had plenty to do at home. Besides preaching and confirming in various parts of his own diocese, within that last year he preached in London, and took the chair at meetings for Mother Cecile's work, and for Mrs. Ruspini and the Sunbeam Mission; he preached to undergraduates at Cambridge, and to his tenants at Deaf Hill near Durham; he did all his primatial business, attended his committees in Edinburgh and elsewhere, presided at synods and boards and councils of all sorts, entertained people in his house, had any number of interviews with people on business or about their souls, wrote many letters—and this although for five weeks in the summer he was confined to his room with congestion of the lungs, besides all the time which his operation cost. The autumn was gladdened by two anonymous gifts of 10,000*l.* and 1000*l.* respectively for the completion of St. Ninian's. Mr. Atholl MacGregor, besides, had promised nearly 2000*l.* for a side chapel in memory of his wife. The King sent him a kind message from Balmoral on September 23. He was supremely happy in his work through September, October, and November, and the beginning of December. The helper of others' joy to the end, his last entry in the pocket-book was on Sunday, December 8 (the second in Advent): 'Celebrated at Cathedral'—then a mark indicative of specially sacred intercourse with his daughter Carina—then 'Letters ([to the] sick and sorrowful).'

One of the letters was to the Bishop of Wakefield, then recently bereaved, who had written to tell him of the new method which he was employing in his Visitation. It ran:

Feu House, Perth: December 8, 1907.

DEAREST BISHOP,—I cannot tell you how glad and thankful I am to receive your letter. It is delightful to hear of all

the blessing which has come to the Visitation—to the diocese—to yourself. I like to think of you strong and well, and able to grapple with all the needs of those dear North-countrymen.

May our Lord increasingly lift up the light of His countenance upon you, revealing to you new calls, new opportunities of burying the old nature, and of receiving the fulness of Resurrection life by the power of the Holy Ghost.

How wonderful is the thought of all our sins left for ever behind, so far as guilt is concerned, through the outpoured Blood of Calvary, and, so far as their power is concerned, to know that we can triumph in His strength over every temptation. Thanks be to God, who has given us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

So, my dear Brother, we must be strong in the strength which is in Him, sober, restrained, watchful till the veil is drawn back, and He is seen in the glory of His Second Advent.

You will write when you are able, and, still better, come here.

Ever affectely,
GEORGE ST. ANDREWS.

Mr. Farquhar's notes during those last few months were these :

Oct. 1.—The Bishop of Stepney was in Perth yesterday. He addressed two meetings on the subject of founding a Scottish Church Men's Society. . . . The Primus took the chair both times, and so made his first plunge into work after his recent illness and made two speeches. We hear that he is none the worse for his exertions. The Provost and I dined at the Feu House before the evening meeting, and the Primus seemed well and bright.

Oct. 31.—We had our annual Diocesan Synod yesterday. The Primus was able to preside, and did so to all appearance with his usual vigour. So little tired did he seem with his day's work that, after the meeting was over, he came in to tea with us all and stood about and talked to every one. It is encouraging to have him back in full work amongst us again ! The chief features of the Synod were Mr. Mynors' address on the Pan-Anglican Congress, in which the Primus is deeply interested, and a speech by the Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria.

Miss Wilkinson says :

After his operation in April, before which he had quite expected that his life was ending, he expressed thankfulness that he had been spared so that the prayer that he had offered ever since he was a young man might be fulfilled, i.e. that he might be living, if it was God's will, when our Lord appeared. The one longing of his life was ever that he might be fit to meet his Lord, and to show carefulness in the minutest details of preparation for the coming. From that day, and in fact all his life, each day he seemed to be expecting the Coming, and as the season of Advent came round, he seemed more expectant than ever. The week before he preached his last sermon in St. Ninian's Cathedral (December 1), three times over he expressed gladness at being allowed to preach there again, as he said he had special things that he wanted to say to the people ; but each time he said, ' I do not know what is going to happen, but I am glad I may preach there,' and, without telling any one, he engaged a reporter to take down the sermon.

About this sermon the Precentor wrote, a few days after the Bishop's death :

On Sunday he preached for the second time since Easter, and for the last time in his life, in the Cathedral. It was a notable sermon, lasting nearly three-quarters of an hour. It was far more powerful than he has been for about a year, and compelled every one to listen to him all along. He began about himself—how he had been at death's door, first under an operation, and then in an illness ; how he had at last completely recovered ; how, barring the frailty of old age, he never felt better in his life, and yet how he knew he might be called away suddenly without warning at any time. He said that the knowledge that he had a Provost and a Precentor at the Cathedral on whom he could rely had been a great comfort to him.[1] He then went on to speak of the approaching Pan-

[1] The words were :—

' I have learned (if I needed to learn) what a blessing God has given to me in the strength and help of Bishop Richardson, and of my Provost and the Precentor. I have learned what it is to have a beautiful Cathedral like this, with the people trained to worship (God grant the worshipping may be developed a hundredfold), with the verger giving his life to the work of the Church right heartily, with everyone ready to pray, ready to work, ready to co-operate with

Anglican Congress, upon which his heart is much set, and he ended up with the thoughts appropriate to the day (the first Sunday in Advent). The sermon certainly was evidence of renewed vitality and power. He had gathered himself up for a great effort, and yet I felt that the vitality and power were of a different kind from those of old. I could not tell why. I had a curious inexplicable feeling, while he was in the pulpit, without having the slightest suspicion that it was his last discourse.

On the Monday, Miss Wilkinson continues, we drove up to Glenalmond, and he confirmed twelve boys. The chapel was filled with college boys and their parents. Thursday of that week we went to Dunfermline, where there was a most impressive service. Twelve strong, earnest men came in to the Confirmation at Dunfermline; and after it was over, without any break between the services, the Primus addressed those twelve and admitted each one at the chancel steps [into the Men's Society which had just been started], giving to each one the badge, and blessing each man separately. After the service the Primus came back to Pitfirrane full of thankfulness for the work that had been done. On the following Sunday he celebrated for the last time in St. Ninian's Cathedral.

The end was then very near.

On Monday, Miss Wilkinson pursues, we went to Lady Glasgow's, at Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, where Lady Glasgow always gave him a separate set of rooms. The next day's meetings were very heavy; the subject was chiefly education. They lasted from 11 till 1, and 2 till 6. He came back full of thankfulness that all had gone well, and he spoke about the kind way in which he had been received by so many, both clergymen and laity. That evening he was bright and well.

Next day he prepared himself for his meetings as usual with prayer and meditation, kneeling strong and erect, and with his Revised Version of Isaiah before him—the Lesson for the day was the latter part of Isaiah xl., 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles'—looking up and seeking guidance. Then we drove to the meeting. He walked in with his rug on his arm, and the

the Bishop in any plan that is suggested.' The verbatim report of the sermon was given in the *Scottish Chronicle* for January 3, 1908, and is reprinted in the volume called *The Invisible Glory*.

reporters told me afterwards that he had walked into the room looking strong and almost boyish, he was so bright, walking in 'full swing' into the room where the meeting was to be held. Some one who was present told me that while he was speaking his voice became stronger and stronger, and a far-away look came into his face, as if he was almost in God's presence.

An hour before starting for the meeting he wrote—as he was accustomed to do every day—to his daughter Mrs. Davies, full of interest in the new apartments to which she was moving, and in the servants whom she was about to engage. It was his last letter.

The meeting that day was the quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Representative Church Council, and took place in the Board Room of the Council, 13 Queen Street. Mr. Speir, the Convener of the Council, was in the chair. The Bishops of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Brechin, Aberdeen, and Argyll were present, and many leading clergymen and laymen of the Scottish Church. The subject under discussion was a financial one; it was the decrease of the Clergy Sustentation Fund. Various plans were suggested for improving the position of the Fund. The Primus was seated, as was usual, on the left-hand side of the Chairman. A little before noon, at which hour the meeting was to close, he stood up to speak. Some strictures upon the Council had been expressed. The Primus warmly took the part of the Council as against those strictures.

I am satisfied, he said, that the thoughtful men of the Church, clergy and laity, thank God with all their hearts for the work that has been done in this Church, and for the type of men—if I may venture in their presence to say so—who sit upon these Boards. I say unhesitatingly that, wherever you go, through the whole of the Anglican Communion—at least so far as I have had the opportunity of watching its work in different parts of the world,—I believe you will find nowhere a body of men working more loyally with their Bishops, more heartily and unitedly with the clergy, and devoting more fully the best of their strength to help on the work of the Church which is so dear to them; and I feel it right to say this, and to say it deliberately.

He modestly disclaimed any wish or ability to judge between the different suggestions that had been offered.

The men to whom I am speaking, he said, are far more competent than I am, by their practical knowledge of affairs, to give advice as to the best means by which the condition of finance can be met. They are better able than I am to say whether we are in a prosperous or a depressed condition, and, if we give any effect to what I have to suggest, there must be first of all not only far more energy displayed, not merely in the Church, but in every part of the Church and in all the dioceses. It is useless to talk of looking to God unless we are trying to do all that we can with such gifts as He has entrusted to us. Therefore, I welcome thankfully the suggestions made, but I neither endorse nor reject them. What I do venture to do is to bring in my own experience of some fifty years. I know you, sir, and those to whom I speak, pray—I doubt not, far more earnestly than I pray myself. Nothing but a sheer sense of duty would have made one who was conscious of his own unworthiness in matters of devotion rise up and speak as I am speaking ; but I have found over and over again in my life that, when a crisis came in the financial condition of any church or parish, the one first thing to do was openly before God to acknowledge the need. I know full well what is being done by you, sir, and others in the various prayer Associations that exist ; but what I desiderate is that there should be, on some one Sunday in the year, a distinct statement put before every congregation of the needs of the Church, and that those who care for these needs and who believe in prayer should be asked during the week to set apart certain hours in which laymen and clergymen together should kneel before God, and first at the Holy Table in the morning, and afterwards in meetings for prayer and devotion, should lay the special need before God. This was the secret of the great change that has come in England in the whole Foreign Mission work of the Church ; it was the result of an open acknowledgment of the need of God's help which was made on the Day of Intercession in 1872. Thus, again and again, if I may most reluctantly speak of myself, this has been the reason why, in parish after parish, as well as in my own diocese and in my own church, my people have helped me to get thousands and tens of thousands by acknowledging God with a humble, reverent, and united heart, and then telling

Him, as a child would tell its mother, what it needed. The acknowledgment of God will insure that God will bless the work.

The Primus had spoken deliberately—impressively. His hearers seemed to hang on every word ; save for an occasional murmur of appreciation, no sound was heard but the voice of the speaker, the rapt attention of the meeting being the best tribute to the respect with which these sentiments were received. Towards the close he evidently spoke with difficulty, and seemed to brace himself to the effort, and then sat down with a little sigh as of exhaustion. The Convener then rose, just after the clock had struck the hour of noon, with an apology for exceeding the time limit in order that he might make a few remarks in reply to the debate. The meeting had but cordially signified a desire to hear him, when the Primus was seen to sink back in his chair in evident distress and breathing heavily. He was at once lifted in the arms of the Bishops who sat next him and laid on the floor. He only breathed once or twice ; there was no struggle, and it appeared that he had died almost as he was laid down on the floor of the house where he had so often taken a great share in the deliberations for the welfare of the Church.

All who were in the Chambers rose to their feet. A cry was raised—' The Primus has fainted ; run for a doctor.' And while those nearest the head of the table were instant in their endeavours to revive the Primus, others hurried off to secure medical aid. The Bishops of Brechin, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and the Dean of Edinburgh quickly pulled off their coats on which to lay the Primus—and they, with Mr. Speir, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Norie Miller, and Mr. Soutar, loosened his clothing and chafed the inanimate limbs. The medical aid seemed long in coming. Mr. Dunderdale and Mr. Norfor rang up the telephone exchange in the neighbouring room in order to get connexion with a doctor, but the hour was most inopportune, and place after place was tried in rapid succession ; the medical men were all out on their rounds. About a quarter of an hour after the

seizure, a member of the Council caught sight of a lady in the garb of a nurse passing in the street, and ran to secure her aid. She came at once, and, though on a first examination she was convinced that human help was without avail, she lent what aid she could. About ten minutes later Dr. Playfair arrived and pronounced life to be extinct, and, while those who had striven in the vain work of resuscitation continued kneeling in great distress, the Bishop of Glasgow uttered the benediction.

Then followed an impressive scene. The members having reassembled, the whole meeting knelt reverently in the presence of the dead, while the venerable Bishop of Edinburgh, with a voice full of emotion, said prayers ; and as the petition, ' Lord have mercy upon us,' was taken up by the response, ' Christ have mercy upon us,' the sobbing of the men in the room might be heard.

Afterwards the body was laid on the Council table to await the final arrangements.

The Executive, by common consent, suspended its sitting, meetings of other committees for that afternoon were cancelled, and the blinds of the Chambers of the Church were lowered as those of a house in mourning.

As soon as it was fully known that the Primus had passed away the Dean of Edinburgh went to break the news to Miss Wilkinson.[1]

A nurse had already been called in, Miss Wilkinson writes, but I was allowed to robe him, with the help of the Bishop of Glasgow and Mr. Speir. All the family were telegraphed for, and they all arrived early next morning. May arrived in a few hours, and she and I and the two Sisters from All Saints' watched by him in Edinburgh Cathedral through the night, till several of the family arrived in time for the early Eucharist. At 12 a beautiful service was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, at which all the Bishops were present, after which we brought him to Perth, to his own Cathedral.

To-day, Mr. Farquhar wrote, will long be remembered in the Scottish Church. . . . As I was returning from the Children's

[1] Abridged from the *Scottish Chronicle* of December 13.

Wednesday service, I met the Provost looking deeply moved. He gradually broke it to me that he had received a message to the effect that the Primus had fallen down dead at the end of a speech at the Clergy Fund Board in Edinburgh this forenoon. I found it difficult to believe, because I had been at an Education Board meeting in Edinburgh myself yesterday and had seen the Primus there looking keen and well. However, another telegram came from another eye-witness, Canon Winter, and there could not longer be any doubt. The news was a shock to all of us. . . . About 3.30 P.M. the Provost went to the station and met Mr. Norie Miller, who was coming home from the meeting in Edinburgh. He said that the Primus's last words were to this effect : ' We must just go to God in our difficulty and lay it all before Him, as a child would go to its mother, and all will be well.' He then, having finished his speech, sat down : his head fell back, and with one sigh he had ' gone to God,' and the ' difficulty ' existed no more for him.

Writing in the following week, the Precentor says :

. . . The day after the death, the Provost and I set off after an early celebration for Edinburgh, wishing at least to see the coffin in case it should be taken to London. However, when we arrived at Lady Glasgow's, we found that the family had just decided that the body was to be taken back to Perth that very afternoon, and not to London till the next day. So we had to telegraph to Perth, so as to have some preparations made. Then there was a most impressive service in Edinburgh Cathedral, where the body had been lying all night. After that, we went back to the train, which was also conveying the remains, and came to Perth. There the Provost and I hastened up to the Cathedral, and received the body when it arrived from the station. It was laid in front of the Episcopal throne, before the altar. After a while, it was decided to have the coffin opened, so that his own people might have a last look at his features. There was nothing to suggest death in his appearance ; he just seemed to be sleeping, and the expression of the face was one of profound peace. I almost felt inclined to speak to him and ask why he was lying there. We had a short service. Although there had been no time to make things known, numbers of people kept coming to have a last look.

From five o'clock till eleven, Miss Wilkinson says, there was one continual stream of devoted people, rich and poor, who

were thankful to see his face once more. That night the coffin was closed, and throughout the night many of the congregation watched in the Cathedral.

The Provost organised a system of watchers for the night.

Next day, Mr. Farquhar continues, after [two] early celebrations, there was a big service—not the Burial Service, as that would be said in London, but one sanctioned by the Bishop of Edinburgh—at 3 P.M. All the Scottish Bishops and thirty or forty clergy were in the procession. The Provost read prayers ; I read a Lesson ; the choir sang Goss's ' O Saviour of the world ' beautifully ; and the Bishop of Edinburgh gave the blessing. At the special request of the family, the service ended with a sung *Te Deum*, which was indeed a most appropriate end to the now finished episcopate. The Lord Provost and Magistrates and several Presbyterian Ministers were present.

At night, the coffin, followed by a large throng—though not so large as it would have been had there been time to give proper notice—was taken to the station. There a procession was formed through the crowd—but many seem to have been forbidden by the police to enter the station—to the train. The Provost and I walked before the coffin in our surplices, and I was carrying the pastoral staff. On the platform there was a considerable crowd, and the Wilkinson family [accompanied by Bishop Richardson], said good-bye, and the train went off.

The body was taken to London, to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in time for the early celebration of the Eucharist.

The funeral service took place at noon. It was a wild and stormy day. The wind blew furiously round the Square, with lashing scuds of cold rain. The Archbishop of Canterbury came up to London for the funeral. There were many Bishops present, and great numbers of well-known people, old friends and disciples of the Primus. Durham, London, Cornwall, South Africa, Scotland were abundantly and honourably represented. It fell to Mr. George Wilkinson, the son of the Primus, as Precentor of St. Peter's, to arrange the details under the sanction of the Vicar. The Bishop of London, Bishop Richardson, Archdeacon Chapman, Dr. George Body, took part in the service, as well as Mr. Storrs, the Vicar whom the Primus had chosen, with such

laborious and prayerful care, to succeed him at St. Peter's. The pastoral staff which the ladies of St. Peter's had given to the Primus was laid on the altar, at the close of the service, by his son Henry, who had stood with it through the service at the head of the coffin. All the Primus's children were there ; his eldest son, Major Thomas Wilkinson, D.S.O., who had been away, arrived just in time for the service. The Archbishop of Canterbury, standing before the altar, pronounced the benediction at the end of the service ; but before doing so, he said three Collects, the significance of which must have entered deep into many hearts. The first was the Collect for All Saints' Day ; the second, the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent, that the stewards of God's mysteries may prepare the way of Christ after the pattern of St. John the Baptist ; the third, which the Archbishop modified, to make it applicable to the whole of Bishop Wilkinson's ministry, and not to the teaching of the day only, was the prayer that the words heard may be so grafted inwardly in the hearts of the hearers as to bring forth in them the fruits of good living.

From the Church of St. Peter's the coffin was carried to Brompton Cemetery. The grave in which Mrs. Wilkinson's body lay was open and decked with moss and flowers. In the presence of his family, of Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, the daughter of his loyal churchwarden at Bishop Auckland, of Lady Magheramorne, the widow of his loyal churchwarden at St. Peter's, and of her sister, Miss Pennant, of some of the Sisters of his beloved Community, of his old friend, the Hon. W. W. Vernon, who in spite of his years braved the wild weather, of the Kingscotes and the Whites from St. Peter's, of Mr. Speir and Mr. Kinloch from Perthshire, and of other affectionate people, the body of the Primus was committed to the earth. Dr. Scott Holland said the prayers ; Bishop Richardson gave the blessing, and amidst the blasts of the bitter gale the friends round the grave, with some of the choir of St. Peter's, struggled to sing :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

So ended the earthly history of one who has had few like him in the Church of God for severe and unremitting self-discipline in the ways of holiness, for the concentration of all his thoughts and energies, throughout a long life, upon the one aim of serving God, for the intensity with which he realised and the simple directness with which he manifested the invisible things that surround us all, for the vigilance which let slip no opportunity of helping the souls of others, for the great works that he accomplished and the often appalling suffering under which he accomplished them, for the freshness with which he took home to himself—even to the end—the first elements of the Gospel message while learning more and more of its larger aspects. The Dean of Edinburgh, preaching about him on the Sunday after his death, quoted the simple words in which the historian, Dr. Grub, describes Archbishop Leighton's death :

Though in his seventy-fourth year, he seemed to be in good health ; his hair was still black, and all his former liveliness unimpaired. Burnet, who had not seen him for a considerable time, congratulated him on his good looks ; he answered that his work and his journey were both almost done. The next day he was seized with sudden illness, and died about thirty-six hours afterwards.

But Archbishop Leighton had not his successor's mighty power with men, and his sufferings, though considerable, were more ordinary, both in nature and in volume.

The following papers are from the hands of two of those who were best qualified to appreciate the Bishop. The first paper appeared over the well-known signature ' H. S. H.' in the ' Church Times.'

It is useless to attempt to speak of the Bishop of St. Andrews in the haste of the first hours following the news of his tragic death. Only a few words of record are possible. Not an hour should pass without this being said. He has died a death such as he himself would have prayed for. He was in the act of bearing his witness ; he had lifted the dry matter in hand, as usual, on to high spiritual levels ; he had spoken, with clear head, and decisive utterance, and fulness of heart ; and while

his voice was still possessing the souls of his hearers with its strange sway as of old, his head sank; his body grew rigid; and he had passed away. A noble and befitting close to a life lived on the very edge of the Unseen.

For it was the Unseen which was his true home. That was the note of all his influence, of all he said and did. He was there, in sight of it; in touch with it; in communion with it. It was close round him, as a familiar and intimate presence. It enveloped him on every side. He could always put out his hand and find and feel it there. He spoke into it, always, on every opportunity, as the natural and inevitable habit of his mind. He talked about it, as if it were 'in the room'; it was included in all his thinking. This was the secret of his handling of souls, this was the fount of his power to comfort, to guide, to enhearten. He knelt down as a child might kneel, by the side of all who came to him, and sent out his soul in the deep simplicity of a child into the land which was to him so near, and in which he ever felt at home. There was nobody like him in this; and the effect on those for whom he so prayed was profound and overwhelming. It was this native absorption in Unseen Things, which at once gave him his power and also broke down his strength. For the first thirty years of his ministry, closed by the amazing work at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, he lived habitually in the rare air of high spiritual levels, without pause or relief. He saw before him only souls and their salvation. On them he was concentrated; to them he consecrated himself; his world was a world of spirit, in which nothing important proceeded but the work of redemption. His wife's beautiful and skilful understanding of his needs lightened the over-strain by taking off him all necessity of troubling to think how earthly affairs would go on. She made it all exquisitely right for his fastidious sensitiveness of taste, without his trying to think how it was done. She supplied to him the conditions and surroundings which exactly befitted him with intimate judgment, and with unfailing felicity, and so he was set free to devote himself, without let or hindrance, to the spiritual task which he so passionately loved. What her loss cost him it is impossible to measure. She knew so well how to ease his burden. The heroic devotion of his eldest daughter carried on the tradition left by her mother, from the hour of her death; and still, for year after year he was set free to spend himself for others in spiritual ministry. These were his most

wonderful days: at the close of his ministry at St. Peter's, and for the first brimming years in the Bishopric at Truro.

At last all this strain and the expenditure of the spirit began to tell upon him, and, with the pressure of building the Cathedral and of its dedication, his force broke. From that time to the end he had to suffer greatly. It nearly broke his heart to be compelled to surrender the work that he loved in Cornwall. Years of wandering, seeking for health, followed. Then, in time, he learned to balance his religious absorption by counter interests, which could relieve tension. He could spare himself; he could enjoy the lesser pleasures of scenery, and of common human intercourse, with a larger freedom. He gained elasticity. He found, during this time, how rich and full, as well as powerful, the sacramental life was. He had been drawn deeper and deeper into it all through the time at St. Peter's. Now he clung to it with yet firmer intensity, because of its objective validity in days of darkness, and also because of its wide wealth of suggestive beauty and of its bodily glory and earthly significance. He saw how it gathered the wholeness of our human life up into its spiritual transfiguration.

The Scottish Bishopric, given to him as his health returned, was an untold joy. It put him back in the position that was natural to him, and in the work that he loved.

Physically he had throughout a great deal of trouble to endure, but he had gallantly pulled through this. In his famous mission to South Africa he proved what power he could put out, when physical distress was at its very worst.

He has laboured for unity through many difficulties and disappointments; and the great Presbyterian leaders will, we are sure, never forget the man by whose Evangelical fervour they were so intimately drawn together into tender and prayerful companionship in Jesus Christ. But he had been broken by the serious illness and operation of this year. No one could see him without anxiety, dreading lest his life should have definitely dropped to a lower level of possibilities than he could have willingly tolerated. We were wondering, in fear, whether the strength to go on would ever quite return, in spite of the unstinted and ceaseless care given to him day and night, in the devotion of consecrated service, by his second daughter, who waited on his every step to the very end. But, now, all perplexities are ended. God has taken the matter into His own

hand; and the silence shuts him in where he has found his peace.—R.I.P.

The second paper is written by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford:

'Part of our Pentecostal thanksgiving should be not only to give thanks for them He first sent on the very day, but even for them He sent ever since; for these He still sendeth even in these days of ours. To thank Him for His Apostles, thank Him for the ancient Doctors and Fathers; thank Him for those we have, if we have any so much worth.'

These words uttered by one of our great English Divines, nearly 300 years ago, speak to us and to our generation concerning him who has lately gone from us to his rest. For him we may with full hearts thank God.

It may be that while he was with us, we scarcely knew how great he was; now we recognise that one more messenger from God has come and gone. That he delivered his message is certain; at times with great freedom and power and again under great limitations. He has now carried an account of his labours to the Church within the veil.

It is a joy which grows into a duty to strive to recall the tenor of that message, which came to us, not through a voice crying in the wilderness, but by means of a strong personality moving in the crowded ways of men, conversant with their interests and experienced in their concerns.

Bishop Wilkinson will long be remembered as a great saint, but we must on no account ignore the fact of his broad and genuine humanity. The soil of the nature which bore this ripe fruit of sanctity was of rich human quality.

In his dealings with women, for example, he showed not only a peculiar tenderness, but a manly and chivalrous protectiveness; and being deeply impressed with the sensitive condition of the mind and feelings of a woman, he assumed (sometimes erroneously) that emotion was the governing characteristic of her nature.

He had a theory that woman was naturally dominated by man, and that a tremendous responsibility lay with any man who misused his power. When facts pointed to a reversal of this position, he recognised them to the full, but reverted with renewed emphasis to the appeal which he believed to be based on a truer apprehension of the elementary facts of human nature: namely, that man, as the stronger force, should protect

the weak and uphold the faltering steps of the woman, who by the very tenderness of her being might be the more readily exposed to temptation.

He felt deeply the suffering inherent in a woman's life, and was profoundly indignant with those who were indifferent to the fact. It may be that his sympathy had a weakening effect on some characters ; if this was the case he became aware of it, and in later years made clearer calls on self-effacement and self control.

There is no doubt that he regarded a true marriage (the union of body, soul, and spirit) as the highest expression of which human life is capable, the point of contact with the Divine nature from which grace flowed into the life of the family and sanctified the home.

All human relation was in his thought consecrated by the Incarnation, but the ties of blood were ever foremost in his mind ; they partook of a special character of sacredness. Thus each relation of life had its source in that high ground, and friendship had no lower (although perforce a secondary) place in his regard.

To the great, needy, suffering world outside this special circle he showed, like David, the 'Kindness of God' ; none who needed help appealed to him in vain. The peculiar sensibility of his own temperament gave a special touch to his sympathy ; possibly in many a sorrow he suffered as much or perhaps more than the bereaved themselves.

This deep and far-reaching entrance into the very heart of pain attracted from far and near troubled and sin-laden spirits. They 'pressed upon him,' as in his Master's name he poured healing and strength into their wounds.

It is far from improbable that the Bishop would have himself regarded his dealings with individual souls as the most important part of his life-work, although his skill in this respect was not based on what is known as 'the study of human nature.' [1]

He was no psychologist and would have disclaimed any interest in character except in so far as it is susceptible to the action of grace. The supreme interest centred on the state of the soul.

The power to penetrate layers of reserve, the art which

[1] Cf. an interesting passage in the xlv. section of the chapter on the Ducal Palace in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, beginning : 'In the early ages of Christianity there was little care taken to analyse character.'

drew forth a full avowal of a long-concealed sin, the astonishing quickness with which he gauged a condition of spiritual sickness, and the patience with which he laboured for a happy issue, all this and more also he owed not to observation, however acute, nor to study, however prolonged, but to that gift of wisdom from above, which, coming down from the Father of Lights, reveals the deep secret of the relation of a soul to its God.

It seemed as if he forbade himself to face the problems of heredity or temperament, lest such considerations should paralyse or confuse the message he was bound to deliver concerning the inexhaustible resources and triumphant power of Divine Grace. 'With God all things are possible' was the ultimate fact; that 'with men they were impossible' could be no less true.

It need not be said that in questions of conduct he was inexorable. No spiritual experience, however vivid, could stand in lieu of, for instance, scrupulous honesty. Most of his hearers will recall the tone of scorn with which he would speak of 'selfishness,' or the almost prophetic exaltation in which he reasoned with the powerful and wealthy concerning 'justice, temperance, and judgment to come.'

One who was in close spiritual touch with the Bishop has spoken of him as a 'practical mystic.' The truth of the definition cannot be questioned, although it demands some careful thought. He was undoubtedly a practical man of affairs, and this characteristic is not uncommonly combined with the temperament of a mystic. It seems as if some special gifts of insight develop for use in different ranges of vision, and that Divine powers move the intelligence and purify the understanding in matters which concern life and action when the surrendered will makes its full claim on both gifts and guidance. But some of the special marks of a mystic were absent in his case. He dwelt more upon the particular than the general, and was a strong advocate of rules and methods in the spiritual life. He would have been uneasy in any spiritual sphere other than that in which he laboured; a mystic may be said to be at home in all the many mansions of the soul.

It is difficult to approach the sacred subject of the nature of his mysticism. Others will speak of it in connexion with his theology; here only two aspects can be mentioned in regard to (1) sin and (2) pain.

His whole thought, it must be remembered, moved easily and naturally in a region which few can inhabit except at rare intervals of special enlargement of soul. It seemed at times as if the attacks of evil powers (conquered but not destroyed) were in a measure laid bare to his intense and searching gaze, and, when he flashed a light on the common sins and every day temptations, their true origin stood revealed. He sought, under Divine constraint, to awaken in the soul a profound conviction of sin, preparing it for the reception of the message of the Gospel which it was his peculiar glory to set forth, and great and marvellous were the 'reaping times,' to use a favourite expression of his own, which were given him by the Lord of the Harvest. We cannot follow him into these vast fields; suffice it to recall some aspects of his work for individual souls. The peculiar inwardness of his own hold on spiritual things was not, of course, intelligible to all. Many went back and walked no more with him. His attitude towards life seemed to them forced and overstrained. But to those who could receive it, his message conveyed an interpretation of life which was coherent, forceful, and convincing. The new relation to God on which they entered changed their lives; many offered themselves for missionary service, others laboured consistently and silently in the work of the Church at home. All were certain of one thing: they could count on the tender sympathy and fatherly counsel of him who had guided their feet (through many varying paths) into the way of Peace.

No sketch, however faint, of his work as a spiritual guide could be complete without a word about his teaching in regard to Prayer. As Jacob wrestled with God in Penuel, so did he enter into the light and darkness, the conflict and victory of intense experiences of Prayer. He fought his way through all opposing forces, through awful spiritual desolation, and bodily weakness, straight to the feet of his Lord, and, once there, he brooked no denial; his faith had saved him, and others with him. Strengthened by the Spirit in the inner man, he went far into the heavenly places, but not so far as to leave the soul for whom he pleaded out of sight. He prayed as one who 'obtained promises,' and, while wholly in union with the Divine will, nevertheless called upon God to break and disperse all that hindered or obstructed the perfect and beneficent operation of His Purpose.

To one who, in deep distress of mind, had sought his aid

he wrote: 'You are right not to sink into a state of hopeless endurance. Pain, weakness, sin are alien to God who is Health and Strength and Holiness. He often uses them for His Divine ends, but we are to give no place to them. . . . Definite believing prayers have been offered, definite pledges have been given to God; these acts of Faith and Prayer cannot fail. The results may only be known hereafter, but they are certain one day to be known. Meanwhile Faith and Hope must be quickened, and must look (1) for the great object of the Christian hope, the appearing of the King, (2) for a definite deliverance in answer to definite prayer. This expectation is not feverish, but calm, steadfast, patient. From time to time it is definitely renewed, and then, the matter being trusted to God, the ordinary life is continued.'

The problem of Pain (notably of physical suffering) occupied his attention very closely. He boldly classed all suffering among redemptive agencies. He regarded all the suffering of the members of the mystical Body of Christ as part of the work accomplished on Calvary, a fulfilment throughout the ages of the redemption of mankind.

'Prayer is good,' he would say, 'but suffering is better; it effects more than all the rest, when silently offered in union with our Lord to the Father.' It is needless to dwell upon this power, for it will be familiar to all who were conversant with his teaching, but we may note the characteristic omission to construct a logical unity between this view and that given in the letter quoted above. To his vivid spiritual consciousness no discord was apparent, and he would have brushed aside many of the perplexities which surround such questions at the present time.

It may be well to turn here to that side of the Bishop's life and character of which the writer had full and striking experience—namely, his strong dramatic imagination. Many who heard his addresses during the Soudan campaign will recall the vivid pictures he drew of the sufferings and privations of the wounded men, or the strain or suspense to the officer in command; his words during the Boer war could have been no less striking.

After speaking of the Mission of Help in South Africa, the Duchess goes on:

The fine ideal he had formed for the citizen and the Churchman (the two characters he truly felt were complementary)

found expression in a large movement of this character ; he saw both far and near with equal clearness, and in the things which pertained to the Kingdom of God he bore some resemblance to a great contemporary, Cecil Rhodes, of whom it was said that he was accustomed to think ' in Continents.'

The great gathering planned for 1908—the Pan-Anglican Congress—had already touched his imagination and he greatly desired to take part in the Lambeth Conference. But even as he spoke of the future, he would pause and recall how short his time was. Towards the end he spoke often of Death, and of the almost intolerable sense of sin which preceded its approach in some souls. In conversation on the subject it was suggested that this deeper insight into the true condition of the soul was of the essence of that state of purification which prepared the faithful for the Vision of God. He assented ; and on another occasion, when the great release was spoken of as a moment of triumph, he returned to the thought of the burden of conscious guilt as revealed to the clearer vision of those whose work on earth was drawing to a close.

Nevertheless in the last Holy Week he spent on earth a wonderful and joyous baptism of the Spirit visited the soul of the saint. He described it to the writer in vivid terms. The great verities of the Christian faith were laid bare to the eye of the spirit ; they were present not to faith but to sight. ' God enabled me entirely to lay hold on the large congregations (he said) ; I have seldom, if ever, felt anything like it.'

This peculiar outpouring of the Divine power preceded a complete physical collapse ; an operation of great severity took place in Easter week. After a long period of intense suffering and weakness he gradually revived, till after an almost complete recovery he was struck down by pneumonia. Again some return of strength ensued, but those who knew him well noticed a remarkable change when in the month of November 1907 he came to London for a short visit. He listened to some painful facts which were laid before him, as though they had happened long ago and their true bearing had become apparent. All the old story of pain and wrong which had so moved him in former years was now seen *sub specie aeternitatis*, the only vital and lasting part being the effect on character in its relation to God.

Like his Master on the Resurrection morning, he stood on the shore, and watched those who toiled and suffered in the

accomplishment of their life-work. He knew that they, too, through the grace of perseverance, would come to this in their turn, and would say to others 'Peace be unto you,' for all is well.

And so he passed from among us, and we cannot mourn him, or grudge him to the company of the Blessed. 'No smile is like the smile of Death,' for there are no tears in it; the pathos of mortality has passed from it for ever.

INDEX

ADVENT, the Second, i. 65, 67, 262; 41
Aitken, Rev. R., i. 127, 303; ii. 66
Aitken, Rev. W. H. M. H., i. 303, 322, 324, 355 foll., 358: ii. 59, 110
Arnold, Matthew, i. 295
Ashley, Lady H., ii. 15, 144
Ashley, Lord, i. 273; ii. 47
Ashwell, Rev. A. R., i. 198, 358, 377; ii. 27
Atonement, i. 55, 68

BALFOUR of Burleigh, Lord, ii. 390, 393, 397
Baring, Bishop, i. 50, 84, 86, 89, 96, 99, 107, 115, 142 foll., 167 foll., 190, 194 foll., 204 foll.
Bedford, Adeline, Duchess of, i. 400; ii. 95, 96, 326, 354, 358, 362, 438
Benney, Mrs., ii. 71
Benson, Archbishop, i. 369; ii. 7 foll., 22 foll., 42, 53, 101, 102 foll., 119, 133 foll., 151, 182, 184, 186 foll., 197, 233, 236, 274, 297, 416 foll.
Benson, Mr. A. C., ii. 36 foll., 79 foll., 293
Bodington, Rev. C., i. 125, 129, 134, 136, 198, 227, 230, 232, 307, 308, 312 foll., 357, 375 foll., 386 foll.; ii. 35, 108
Body, Rev. G., i. 125, 198, 227, 230, 373, 388; ii. 6, 85, 143, 144, 146, 164, 165, 170, 258, 391, 433
Borlase, Rev. G. W., i. 8
Bourke, Archdeacon, ii. 60, 192 foll., 199, 203, 208, 324
Broadlands, Convention at, i. 321
Brooke, Rev. Stopford A., i. 38, 74, 83
Brown, Rev. J. E., i. 108, 109, 129, 140
Browne, Bishop E. Harold, i. 384; ii. 133

CALLAWAY, Bishop, i. 397
Cambridge, Sermons at, i. 311, 344; ii. 424
Campbell, Bishop A. E., ii. 252 foll., 307, 326, 327 foll., 354, 358 foll., 430 foll.
Carter, Dean, ii. 60, 82, 132, 159, 164, 169, 282, 354
Carter, Rev. T. T., i. 188, 198, 268, 378, 381 foll., 388; ii. 100 foll., 258
Cathedrals, i. 117; ii. 136 foll., 240 foll., 257
Cecile, the Mother, i. 298; ii. 210, 335, 412, 424
Chapman, Archdeacon, i. 39, 62, 66 foll., 91, 135, 191, 220, 285; ii. 111 foll., 433
Chelmsford, the first Lord, i. 254, 312 foll., 376; ii. 46
Chichester, Lady E., i. 3, 267; ii. 78
Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop, ii. 304, 412
Clewer, visit to, i. 141, 188
Coles, Rev. V. S. S., ii. 258, 324, 422
Collins, Bishop W. E., ii. 258, 324, 354
Colville of Culross, Lord, i. 254; ii. 41 foll.
Communion, Holy, i. 18, 48, 76, 94, 131, 135, 140, 161, 181, 187, 204 foll., 223, 268, 269, 308, 335, 348, 367, 392; ii. 100, 261, 270, 271, 276, foll., 279, 402, 413
Communion of Saints, i. 82, 85, 102 foll., 347 foll., 354; ii. 32, 148, 157, 299, 416
Compton, Bishop A., ii. 85
Confession, i. 268, 286, 308 foll., 334, 338, 342, 403; ii. 174, 254, 258, 302
Confirmation, i. 84, 85, 137, 223, 264, 268; ii. 78, 280, 295, 296, 398 foll., 402

Conversion, i. 41, 52, 92, 94, 327, 332 foll., 339, 355 foll. ; ii. 51, 68, 341, 348 foll.
Cooper, Rev. Professor, ii. 368 foll., 370, 373, 375
Cornish, Bishop J. R., ii. 62, 76, 112, 134, 195

Davidson, Archbishop, i. 391 ; ii. 3, 306, 328, 433, 434
Davies, Mrs. (Constance Wilkinson), i. 347 ; ii. 44, 68, 180, 187, 204, 409 foll., 428
Davies, Rev. A. E., ii. 258, 278
Donaldson, Precentor, ii. 59 foll.
Dowden, Bishop, ii. 230, 283, 431, 433

Eden, Bishop G. R., ii. 424
Edward VII., H. M. King, i. 312 ; ii. 27, 132, 135, 424
Elder, E., headmaster of Durham School, i. 3 foll., 10
Epiphany, Community of the, ii. 85, 139 foll., 153 foll., 165 foll., 177, 274, 434, the name 147, work at Perth 173, 411

Farquhar, Rev. G. T. S., ii. 232, 235, 238 foll., 242 foll., 247 foll., 250 foll. 259, 262 foll.. 293, 304 foll., 308 foll., 376 foll., 383 foll., 391, 395, 403 foll., 419, 431 foll.
Farrar, Dean, ii. 74
Farrar, Rev. A. S., i. 9, 23, 25, 42
Fuller, Rev. T., i. 244, 245, 247, 257

Gardiner, Rev. F. E., i. 265 ; ii. 59, 91
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., i. 217 foll., 219 foll., 224 ; ii. 7, 13, 270 foll., 308
Glasgow, Lord and Lady, ii. 241, 423, 427, 432
Goschen, Lord, i. 8, 184
Gott, Bishop, i. 322 foll., ii. 165, 169, 275
Goulburn, Dean, i. 53, 198
Gray, Bishop, ii. 343
Green, Rev. C., i. 45, 46 foll., 51, 78, 102, 108, 142 foll., 175, 194, 244, 307 ; ii. 63, 90, 179
Grey, the Hon. Lady, i. 17, 26 foll., 149, 209, 246 ; ii. 16

Haddington, Earl and Countess of, ii. 144, 153, 163, 169, 189, 202
Hankey, Miss K., i. 406 ; ii. 148
Harvey, Rev. C. F., ii. 59
Henley, Mrs. (Margaret Wilkinson), ii. 407
Herbert, Rev. G. W., i. 227, 230, 232, 233, 304
Hobhouse, Archdeacon, ii. 65, 170
Hogg, Col., afterwards Lord Magheramorne, i. 249 foll., 254 ; ii. 19, 434
Holland, Rev. H. S., i. 275 ; ii. 57, 66, 67, 86, 136, 186, 187, 192, 326, 327 foll., 355, 357, 434, 435
Hopkins, Miss Ellice, ii. 61

Jackson, Bishop, i. 241, 242, 244, 246, 255, 256, 309, 350, 356, 359, 384 ; ii. 4, 14, 40
John's, St., Wilton Road, the church, i. 255, 258
Jones, Archbishop, ii. 200, 223, 227, 229, 321 foll., 354
Julian, the Mother, i. 264 ; ii. 140 foll., 153 foll., 195, 202, 228, 295 foll.

Kempe, Rev. J. E., i. 188, 208, 241, 244
Kingscote, Mr. T., i. 357, 397 ; ii. 434
Kinloch, Mr. R., ii. 247, 254, 434

Leeds, Mission at, i. 322 foll.
Lightfoot, Bishop, ii. 1 foll.
Liddon, Rev. Dr., i. 281, 349 ; ii. 189
Lis Escop, ii. 68, 180
Loch, Lord and Lady, ii. 200, 205, 224, 225 foll., 321, 322, 326
Londonderry, Marchioness of, i. 45, 49, 66, 80, 87 foll., 90, 177
Lyte, Rev. J. M., ii. 57 foll., 73, 203

Maclagan, Archbishop, i. 38, 116, 184, 189, 209, 220, 228, 232, 233, 303, 357, 359, 360, 378 ; ii. 5, 40, 106, 252, 371
Macleod, Very Rev. Donald, i. 13, 17, 116, 119, 145, 162, 184, 319 ; ii. 198, 202, 367, 373, 398 foll., 400
Macleod, Very Rev. Norman, ii. 385
Manchester, see of, offered, ii. 161, 179
Missions, Board of, i. 393 foll.
Mitchinson, Bishop, i. 4, 5

Mitton, Rev. H. A., i. 165, 174, 205 foll.
Moore, Rev. J. H., i. 60, 125, 129, 134, 228, 230, 232, 245, 307, 322 foll.; ii. 7, 59
Mount Edgcumbe, Earl of, ii. 29, 30, 82, 110, 120, 121, 138, 185, 189, 191, 196
Myers, Rev. T., i. 51, 79, 89, 99 foll., 140, 222, 225, 307, 350

NORMANBY, Marquis of, i. 307

PALMES, Rev. A. L., ii. 72
Pearson, Mr. J. L., ii. 120, 242 foll.
Pennant, Hon. E. D., i. 244, 245, 249, 253 foll., 297, 434
Peter's, St., Eaton Square, the church, i. 246, 252 foll., 258
Phillpotts, Rev. T., ii. 92, 130
Pimlico Ladies' Association, i. 400; ii. 96, 273
Porter, Dr., i. 399
Postlethwaite, Rev. T., i. 53, 94, 114, 117, 118, 125, 129, 130, 134, 139, 198
Pusey, Rev. Dr., i. 116

REEVE, Rev. J. A., ii. 66
Richardson, Bishop, ii. 247, 252, 258, 306, 326, 412, 426, 433 foll.
Rosenthal, Rev. M., i. 398; ii. 273
Russell, Right Hon. G. W. E., i. 279

SANDRINGHAM, sermons at, i. 310 foll.
Saunders, Rev. C. M., ii. 142, 303
Scott, Bishop, i. 260, 296, 297, 372, 394 foll.; ii. 30
'Scottish Church Society,' ii. 368
Sheepshanks, Bishop, i. 118, 129; ii. 273
Sinclair, Archdeacon, i. 29, 30, 32, 34, 37, 41, 43
Sisterhoods, ii. 153 foll.
Smith, Mr. R. Pearsall, i. 321; ii. 141
Smith, Rev. Wharton B., ii. 50, 88, 203, 206, 207, 324
Speechly, Bishop, ii. 182
Speir, Mr. R. T. N., ii. 189, 198, 202, 229 foll., 233, 242, 404, 428, 430, 434
'Spiritual Combat,' the, i. 147
Stanley, Dean, i. 26, 30, 32, 65
Stead, Mr. W. T., ii. 61 foll., 112
Stooks, Rev. T. F., i. 24 foll., 44, 183, 184, 209
'Sunbeam Mission,' ii. 274

TAIT, Archbishop, i. 34, 350, 377, 382, 384, 391; ii. 3, 7
Temple, Archbishop, ii. 51 foll., 115, 133, 246 foll., 326
'Times,' the, on Foreign Missions, i. 293; on Truro Cathedral, ii. 122
Tremayne, Col. and Mrs. A., ii. 73, 130, 135, 195
Trotter, Colonel, and family, i. 98, 122, 138, 151, 152, 171, 173, 189, 199, 203, 211, 286, 343; ii. 434
Truro Cathedral, ii. 20, 29, 104 foll., 119 foll., 133
Truro, High School for Girls, ii. 60
Twigg, Rev. R., i. 125, 127, 227, 234, 389

VICTORIA, Queen, i. 255, 310
Villiers, Rev. H. M., i. 384 foll., 388; ii. 143

WADDINGTON, Dean, i. 3, 21, 23
Walpole, Rev. G. H. S., ii. 11
Warrender, Miss Julian, *see* Julian, the Mother
'Watchers and Workers,' Society of, i. 364 foll.; ii. 58, 273
Webb, Bishop, i. 358; ii. 145, 146 203 foll., 206 foll., 334
Westcott, Bishop, i. 208; ii. 18
Westminster, the first Duke of, i. 256
White, Mr. F. A., i. 361; ii. 25, 434
Wilberforce, Bishop E. R., ii. 5, 189
Wilkinson, Caroline, the Bishop's daughter, ii. 264, 410, 414, 419 foll., 421, 422, 426 foll., 431
Wilkinson, Caroline Charlotte, the Bishop's wife, i. 17, 26, 60, 62, 73, 74, 76, 80, 96, 97, 101, 106, 108, 134, 135, 136, 151, 154, 164, 166, 170, 177 foll., 186, 190, 211, 302, 306, 307, 343 foll.; ii. 17
Wilkinson, George, the Bishop's father, i. 2, 10, 11, 24 foll., 27, 45, 145, 155, 157, 203
Wilkinson, George Howard, the Bishop; his pedigree, i. 1; devotion to his mother, i. 2, 3, 103; early inclination to Holy Orders, i. 3, 24; schooldays, i. 3 foll.; at Oxford, i.

6 foll. ; first tour abroad, i. 10 foll ; meets his future wife, i. 17; reads with Mr. Stooks, i. 24 ; engagement i. 26 foll. ; marriage, i. 32; his children, births of, i. 96, 114, 155, 220, 343, 345 ; ordination to curacy of Kensington, i. 34 ; first sermon, i. 34 foll. ; 'finding rest,' i. 41, 92, 93, 94, 95 ; appointment to Seaham Harbour, i. 45; offer of Bishop Auckland, i. 86 foll.; reads himself in, i. 91, 96; difficulties with the Bishop, i. 142 foll., 165 foll. ; his father's death, i. 157; offer of St. Peter's, Windmill Street, i. 188; his uncle's death, i. 191 ; goes to London, i. 209; connexion with Mr. Gladstone, i. 218 foll., 224 ; the Twelve Days' Mission, i. 227 foll. ; offer of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, i. 241 ; instituted, i. 242 ; leaves Windmill Street, i. 242 foll. ; 'desolation' at Eaton Square, i. 244 ; first impressions made there, i. 245, 251; difficulties with churchwarden, i. 248 foll. ; starts Day of Intercession, i. 288 foll. ; troubles about Confession, i. 308; Broadlands Convention, i. 321 ; Leeds Mission, i. 322 foll. ; Nottingham Church Congress, i. 335; Additional Curates' Society, i. 338 foll. ; conversions witnessed, i. 340; his wife's death, i. 345; offer of suffragan bishopric, i. 356; first great illness, i. 361; Society of Watchers and Workers, i. 364 foll. ; Church difficulties, i. 375 foll. ; 'Eastward position,' i. 390; parochial unity, i. 202, 270 foll. ; organisation of relief, i. 273 foll. ; dislike of pew-rents, i. 244; work in Convocation, i. 393; ii. 97 foll. ; offer of Canonry at Durham, ii. 1 ; made Examining Chaplain to Bishop Benson, ii. 7 foll. ; Hon. Canon of Truro, ii. 7, 13 ; first visit to Truro ii. 11, 13; present at foundation of the Cathedral, ii. 20; offered the see of Truro, ii. 7, 14; press comments, ii. 17 foll. ; consecration, ii. 40; enthronement, ii. 51 ; diocesan work, ii. 60 foll. ; his private chapel, ii. 64, 70, 282 ; change of methods, ii. 65 foll. ; care of his clergy, ii. 74 foll. ; his Community, ii. 85, 138 foll., 153 foll. ; London work (when Bishop), ii. 94 foll. ; on Church Reform, ii. 98 ; on Ecclesiastical Courts, ii. 99; work for Truro Cathedral, ii. 119 foll. ; offer of see of Manchester, ii, 161, 179 ; resigns Truro, ii. 190 ; first visit to South Africa, ii. 203 foll. ; offer of work in Scotland, ii. 198, 229 ; enthronement at Perth, ii. 235 ; improvement of the Cathedral, ii. 241 foll. ; Bishop of St. Andrews Fund, ii. 259 foll. ; revisits Cornwall, ii. 274 foll. ; connexion with Durham, ii. 275 foll. ; elected Primus, ii. 304; the Laity Question, ii. 307 foll. ; temperance work, ii. 61, 256, 314 foll. ; purity work, i. 400 foll. ; ii. 61, 184, 314; Mission of Help to South Africa, ii. 321 foll. ; second visit to South Africa, ii. 327 foll. ; illness at thanksgiving for the Mission, ii. 357 ; labours for unity, ii. 364 foll. ; Retreats, i. 116, 335 ; ii. 12, 238, 274, 283, 413 ; women, ideas about, ii. 48 foll., 129, 438; ordinations, ii. 66 foll. ; confirmations, ii. 231, 272, 280 foll., 294, 296; prayer meetings, i. 262, 265, 327, 328, 348; ii. 65, 245, 246; methodical ways, i. 8 foll. ; ii. 414 ; spiritual intensity, i. 266 ; ii. 84, 285 ; prayer, ii. 39, 64, 73, 76, 85, 129, 138, 245, 250, 284, 290, 292, 365 foll., 401, 415, 429, 441 ; sadness, i. 245, 266 ; ii. 265 ; unity of aim, i. 141 ; ii. 71, 436 ; preaching, i. 196, 276 foll., 295 foll., 302 ; ii. 17, 94 foll., 266, 279, 426 ; out-of-door preaching at Auckland, i. 111 foll., in London, 216 ; home life, i. 123, 184, 186, 222, 269, 343 ; ii. 407, 409; Missions (parochial), i. 125 foll., 227 foll., 304 foll., 322 foll., 339 foll., 341 ; ii. 331, 333, 348 foll. ; Missions (foreign), i. 117, 181, 260, 288 foll., 393; love of souls, i. 46, 72, 214 foll. ; method of spreading influence, i. 63, 109, 111, 196, 337; his books, i. 56, 130, 264, 406; ii. 51 ; use of opportunities, i. 124, 177 ; humour, i. 38, 42, 111, 119, 162 ; ii. 267, 290, 294, 295 ; sarcasm, i. 262, 280, 281 ; ii. 72 ; his voice, i. 38, 197, 278, 296; ii. 265 ; interest in art, i. 18, 32, 60, 243 ; ii. 71, 78, 113 foll., 161 ; love of order, ii. 80, 162; anniversaries, remembrance of, i. 2, 50; practical sagacity, i. 52 ; ii. 86; his character, ii. 80, 82, 86, 239, 265;

pastoral incidents, i. 46, 48, 66, 72, 73, 76, 79, 104, 109, 111, 140, 177, 199 foll., 207 foll., 214 foll., 227, 228, 266, 403 foll.; ii. 72 foll., 285, 286, 288 foll.; gratitude for correction, i. 175, 355; ii. 416; influence of Mr. Postlethwaite, i. 115, 139; influence of Mr. T. T. Carter, i. 188; views at various times, i. 40, 48, 52 foll., 64, 70, 79, 117, 161, 187, 197 foll., 239, 241; ii. 7, 9, 18, 239, 406, 437; Church, conception of, i. 107; reverence, i. 14, 18, 59, 263; ii. 414; ill health, i. 148; ii. 180, 328; riding, i. 7 foll., 16 foll., 130

Wilkinson, Mary, the Bishop's mother, i. 2, 3, 103, 328

Wilkinson, Rev. T., the Bishop's uncle, i. 10 foll., 21, 182, 189, 191, 203

Williamson, Rev. A. and Mrs., i. 123, 247, 296; ii. 80, 91

Windsor, sermons at, i. 310 foll.

Woodford, Bishop, i. 377, 382

Wordsworth, Bishop Charles, ii. 229, 231, 238, 243, 364 foll.

Wordsworth, Bishop John, ii. 235, 248, 368, 370

Worlledge, Chancellor, ii. 59, 306

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